Praise the Lord

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GOD'S LOVE STORY;

OR,

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO St. RUTH.

TOGETHER WITH AN EXPOSITION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER, AND OTHER SERMONS.

By GEO. O. BARNES,
"MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST."

EDITED BY
GEO. W. GREENWOOD.

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PREFACE.

I publish these sermons for "the truth" that is in them. I ought not to be ashamed to print what I boldly preach, and I am not.

Believing, therefore, that the message is from God, and the publication timely, I confidently send them forth on their errand, little or great, as may be. Thus publishing for God, —apologies are out of place. I could have wished that light and knowledge, vouchsafed since these sermons were preached, might have accompanied them, and at a later date, I hope to embody in an appendix, or perhaps a supplementary volume, these results, but for the present, the discourses, just as they are, must suffice. My dear brother and fellow-laborer in the gospel, Rev. Geo. W. Greenwood, has, with rare generosity and self denial, undertaken to edit the stenographic reports—not with the view of curtailing any of the truths uttered, but simply to reduce the size of what would otherwise be unwieldy volumes. May the Lord bless him for this "labor of love."

As to the *material* of these sermons, it is what I have gathered at odd times, through the course of a ministry, dating from the time the light of a true justifying faith untrammeled by theology broke in upon my life, to the present.

I have gleaned much from those who have gone before, and if I knew how to do it, would gladly give each one credit for everything received. But these instructions from others have so become mingled with the teachings of the Holy

Spirit, directly imparted in meditation, but especially in the act of preaching, that I cannot discriminate now, even had I the leisure to examine and compare. I can only say, in a general way, that I am indebted, first of all, to JAMES INGLIS, former editor of the WITNESS, though whom the Lord showed me that a sinner was saved by grace through faith, and clearly gave me to apprehend *the back-bone of true theology, the scriptural distinction between a sinner's salvation and a believer's reward.*

Then, after I had withdrawn from the Presbyterian Ministry, I learned much from the writings of the *Plymouth Brethren*, with whom I at one time sought fellowship, and from whom, indeed, Mr. Inglis gained most of the advanced knowledge he so diligently circulated.

About this time, I fell in with the books written by ANDREW JUKES, from whom, above all others, I gained such an insight into the spiritual meaning of the Word, that I count him my most valued instructor. Much from these blessed teachers may be found in the sermons, that can be easily recognized by those familiar with their writings. To the fullest extent, therefore, of indebtedness to others, I carefully disclaim originalty. I am not careful to be known as an original thinker, and only wish to get intelligently before others what has been so invaluable to me.

Yet, beyond all these precious instructions through others, there are teachings of the Spirit to me, that I am most anxious to impart, as He who gave them has said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." And perhaps this is all that is needful to be said on this point.

I leave these sermons as a legacy of love to my native land, now that, as I write, I am on the eve of embarking for the "regions beyond," with little prospect of return. Since I have a growing conviction that I shall not have

"passed over the cities of Israel, until the Son of Man be come." This Scripture takes on a depth of meaning, not before discovered, since I have known assuredly that Britain and America are the "lost ten tribes," of whom so much has been written and said.

And now, to my dear reader, I simply say what one long ago said, "the Lord give thee understanding in all things." If thou art a seeker for truth, thou wilt "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Let not prejudice, false report, nor the bias of early education, close the eye and ear to heaven-descended truth.

"From which things if you keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well." Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.

266 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, Feb. 4, 1883.

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GOD'S LOVE STORY.

First Discourse.

[Ruth, Chap. i.]

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son." "God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "God is love." "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." So you see, dear friends, the story of grace must needs be a love story all the time. Love began it, love continues it, love consummates it. It must be a love story; and here we have one of these love stories of the Bible. There are many there, but here we have one of the sweetest of them all—a love story in three volumes, praise the Lord; and it ends, as all love stories ought to end, in a happy marriage. Boaz and Ruth are united in matrimony. These two hearts and two lives become one; and although the beginning was very unpropitious, as it is with all of us, dear friends, "all is well that ends well." That is a good saying. I like that; and this old love story winds up, as the model love story should wind up, with a happy marriage; and Ruth, the Moabitess, so low down as to birth and position, becomes the great grandmother of David, who was the ancestor according to the flesh of Jesus Christ, who is God over all,

blessed forever more. I wish to trace some of the details of this sweet little love story, if, peradventure, the old, old story should find lodgment in your hearts, and it should seem new and glorious to you.

All this occurred, as the Bible tells us, in the days of the Judges. Now, friends, that was a time when every man did as he seemed right in his own eyes, for there was no king in Israel. That is the history of the Judges, a time of trespass, in which the only thing is for God to raise up believers now and then; but in the main the people did as was right in their own eyes.

In the midst of this scene we find a very happy family. Elimelech was the head of it; Naomi was the mother, and Mahlon and Chilion were the two sons of this happy union. They lived in a delightful, charming place, and the translation of these Hebrew names just tell out the story in a nutshell. Elimelech means *My God is king*. There you have the word Eli,—the word as pronounced on the cross, and Melech,—My God is king; and the name of his wife was Naomi; that is, *beautiful* or *pleasant*, everything delightful is suggested. Then the names of the sons were Mahlon and Chilion—"*Song*" and "*Perfection.*" You could not have two better names for boys than that, and they were Ephrathites of Bethlehem-Judah. Ephrata means *abundance.* Bethlehem means *house of praying.* Judah means *praise.* It would be very difficult to get together as many Hebrew words with a more delightful significance than all these words have. You see there is unclouded sunshine; and the secret of it is discovered in the name of the man, Elimelech, because he was at the head of the house, and that was the key-note to the happiness of the lovely family circle. We are going to see it broken up by-and-bye; and I will tell you how the happiest family circle in the world can

be broken up, but I want to show you that the tap root of the blessedness of it began in Eli, Melech; My God is king. God wants to teach us this lesson, that a man is the head of the household; and he gives tone and character to his house; and if the lesson is needed here to-night, I pray God that it may find permanent lodgment in your hearts. "My God is king." The moment you take God as your king, and you rule as vicegerent in your family, then you have got a happy family. But the minute you assume the reins of authority in your own right, then the devil has the right to come in. To do right is to invite God. To do wrong is to open the door for the entrance of the devil, and he is not slow to come in. He always comes where he is invited; and the way to get the devil out of the house is to change your name to Eli-Melech; that is, My God is king. A bitter experience has taught me this lesson. I can remember the time when our family circle was by no means a happy one; but I do not think it possible to find a happier family circle than mine; and yet the time has been when it was a very unhappy one; and as an honest confession is good for the soul, I will tell you the reason: It was because my name was George Barnes, and not Elimelech.

I was a bad tempered man, and let my temper have its way, and that made all the rest of them bad, because this thing spreads like fire. The stream cannot rise higher than its source, and if the head of the house has got the devil in him, then the house has got the devil in it. The children, who are but the reflex of the parents, will be just like the father or mother. So the devil had his own way in our house pretty much for twenty or thirty years; and now he is entirely cast out, praise the Lord. On the day when I changed my name from George Barnes to Elimelech, that is, "My God is king," ask my wife if she did not get a new

husband. Ask my children if they did not get a new father; ask my servants if they did not get a new master; ask society if it did not get a new citizen. It is as if I had been to a strange planet, had been made over again, and brought back with none of the old characteristics left, and it all came about by just inviting Jesus in to turn the devil out in a trice; and we have had Jesus as a welcome guest ever since. God blesses us all the time, summer and winter, sunshine and rain, every day and every hour his love fills our hearts with joy and gladness. There is a wonderful difference between having Jesus as king of the family circle, and the devil having it pretty much his own way.

I want to give you the secret of making unhappy, restless, discontented family circles all joy and all peace. You can do this by just letting Jesus come in, and say, "My God is king." Remember that you are not king, but you are reigning simply as lieutenant in the place of God. Be "My God is king" from first to last, and if you do not have a happy family, set me down as an impostor. No, indeed; you will come to me and say, "Brother Barnes, 'the half was never told.'" I would to God that every house in the United States had Jesus for its king. There are so many hundreds and hundreds of unhappy families; so many miserable husbands and wives; so many wretched children. Ah, I know the roof covers a great deal; and the blinds, when you draw them down, shut out a great deal. The front door is closed, and that is all the general public knows about it; but there is too often a little hell inside. Many homes are just like cats and dogs; children scuffling, husband and wife scolding; tyranny on one side and rebellion on the other; but let Jesus come; change your name to Elimelech—"My God is king"—and this will all vanish in a trice. Oh, what a happy household you will have if

you will only change your name to Elimelech! The very moment that is done, Naomi becomes sweet and pleasant. My wife was not sweet till I became sweet, but as soon as I became sweet she became sweet. This dear darling is one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen in all my life;* but I can remember when she had a very different temper. She was her father's child, just as exactly like me as one pea is like another; and now she is just like me; because God has sweetened me; and we are all sweet. We are as sweet as maple sugar, praise the Lord, and you cannot get anything sweeter in this world than that. I am telling you a plain story of experience. I am not telling you about second-hand information, but about a thing that I know; that has happened in my own family circle.

The secret of all evil is that men's names are not Elimelech, and the children's names are not Mahlon and Chilion. Mahlon, as I have said, means *song*, and Chilion *perfection*. Mahlon going about singing. Do you not know what a joy it is to have one of your children going about singing as merry as a bird; but you do not want to have all your children singing. That would be monotonous, and so you have got Chilion, a little, quiet, beautiful thing, that makes home full of beauty, peace and rest. You have got one quiet one, and one merry one that is keeping things lively. Variety is the spice of life. Naomi is *sweet;* and surely we will dwell in Ephrata, the land of abundance; we will dwell in the very house of praying, or Bethlehem; and surely we will praise the Lord for all, for Judah means praise. Ah, brethren, the sweet significance of all these old Hebrew names, how they come down into this life of ours.

*The author here refers to his daughter Marie, who has been his faithful companion during the past six years of his evangelistic labors, whose sweet amiability and devoted Christian life has secured for her hosts of admiring friends.—ED.

Now, all this happy scene was broken up. Let me show you how. There came a famine in the land of Canaan; the same thing that had disturbed the rest of Abraham in the olden time, and of Isaac in the olden time ; the thing that keeps men restless by thousands and by millions all the world over. There was the meat and bread question that broke up this happy family circle. Ah, my dear friends, I would to Cod that you had learned that lesson that I taught you not long ago, as the mouth piece of God—"Give us this day our daily bread ;" I would to God you had learned this lesson, "Trust the Lord for your daily wants ;" to bring him in to the little affairs of life. Not the grave crises, for crises you will have, a half dozen, perhaps, in your life ; but if you only trust God during the crises of life, you will have a very restless time the other portion of it. The way to have a continually rested life, is to bring Jesus as king—as ruler into the very smallest details of life, and let him manage the meat and bread question ; and then he will say sweetly to you, be not careful of the morrow, for the morrow shall take care of itself. How are the sparrows fed ? Consider the lilies, how they grow ; consider the birds of the air, how your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much better than the sparrows or lilies ? Certainly. Then take no thought for the morrow what you eat or what you drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed—the question that is agitating hundreds, and thousands of bosoms in all lands. Every soul might be at rest in peace if they would only let Jesus manage the meat and bread question : But men who think they can trust the Lord for their souls, and do, because they cannot save their own souls, and they are bound to entrust them to him, they cannot do any better, think that in the bread and meat question they will let common sense come in, and that is the way they manage that question. The fact

is nine-tenths of the world to-night is disturbed on that very meat and bread question ; and that is a question that lets the devil in more frequently than any other. A man says: Well, I have got my family to support. The world owes me a living and I am bound to have it—and he is a christian man, too—But the devil just opens up a drinking saloon for him, as the only possible opening. He will shut up everything else except the one thing he wants you to go into ; and says: Now, if you do not sell it, somebody else will. There is money in it. There is support for your family in it. There are thousands of Christians that are selling whiskey all over this country to-night. Are they Christians ? Yes, they are ; and some of them are a great deal better Christians than those that do not sell whiskey. They are men that failed where Abram failed. Are you any better than he ? Men that failed where Isaac failed. Are you any better than he ? Not a bit. The devil can get you in a close place if you do not just simply let Jesus come and manage everything, absolutely. Why, dear soul, the devil can get you in that place where he can get you to do a wrong thing ; certainly he can. He said to Lot one day, "Look here, you have got lots of cattle ; and there is a lot of grass down towards the East. Now you just go in that direction. It is true Sodom is down there ; but you are not going to Sodom. Go down where there is grass." Lot went that way—pitched his tents toward Sodom ; and in less than twenty years he was Judge of Sodom—sitting in the gates of Sodom—in the place of judgment. He had married all his daughters to Sodomites, and the devil was having it his own way ; his righteous soul vexed from day to day with the filthy conversation of the wicked. Lot's case is the case of three Christians out of four. Let us learn this lesson. Elimelech failed there. Lot failed there on the meat and bread question.

Isaac failed on the meat and bread question, for when the famine struck Canaan down he went into the land of the Philistines. Famine struck Canaan, and down went Abraham into Egypt, and learned to lie there, just as Isaac learned to lie before the Philistines ; and just as Lot vexed his righteous soul from day to day with the filthy conversation of the wicked. There is no happiness down there. To be sure there is not, but there is meat and bread.

And so Elimelech went to the Land of Moab—a land outside of where God had called them to. Not in Canaan. A land that was under the curse of God. He had commanded them not to have anything to do with Moab. Down into Moab went Elimelech, dragging his lovely family ; and Ephrata he left behind, and Bethlehem was left behind, and Judah was placed in the rear, and that happy family circle was broken into fragments because the head of the house would not trust the Lord for a little meat and bread. That is all. Abraham would not trust the Lord for a little meat and bread, and so he lighted down in Egypt ; Isaac would not trust the Lord for a little meat and bread, and so he went down into the land of the Philistines. Lot would not trust the Lord for meat and bread, and so he dwelt as Judge Lot in the gates of Sodom, and then had to be dragged out of it with the loss of his property; the loss of his wife's life ; the loss of his married daughters ; driven with his two remaining daughters up to that lonely cave in the hillsides, where the curtain drops upon him in his darkness. God have mercy. If the devil ever gets to driving you, friends, with an ox goad he has got you just where he wants you, and the way he begins the thing is by you not trusting the Lord for little things of life.

That was the secret of all the misery that afterwards happened to this family. That was the land of the devil. Moab

was where he had full swing, and retribution comes according to a fixed law. God never did anything to them. They just went out into the darkness—into the enemy's territory. Elimelech was the head of the family, going into darkness and sin; and he had not long dwelt in that land before the devil took an arrow from his quiver, let it fly, and there was no Elimelech. He laid his bones in the land of Moab. Ruin and disaster followed the death of Elimelech. The very atmosphere was an atmosphere of ruin; so the boys went bad, and our lovely Mahlon and Chilion, beautiful and sweet they were, went bad. Did you never see good boys go bad? Did you never see lovely children go to the devil. Do not wonder that Mahlon and Chilion went there; the head of the house was taken off by the devil. He has the power of death. Mahlon and Chilion, resenting maternal rule, go off and take to themselves wives of the daughters of that land. One of them was named Orpha; that means a *skull*—a grinning, ghastly skull and cross-bones; that is the name of Orpha. The other married Ruth, who, notwithstanding the glorious outcome of her life, in the beginning she was just as degraded as Orpha. Ruth means *drunkenness;* and of all things on this earth I think a drunken woman is the most disgusting sight before angels and men. Death and drunkenness—that is what Mahlon and Chilion married in the land of Moab; remember that; and then out in the darkness, their time had come—not God's time. He never cuts off anybody; but the devil had been watching his chance, and when they married these daughters of Moab he came one day and drew an arrow from his quiver—drew it to the head; Good-bye Mahlon; and then, not long afterwards he drew another arrow to its head; good-bye Chilion, and those fine boys are slain by the devil, and lie in their dishonored graves in the land of Moab.

Israelites, my friends, that had dwelt in Ephrata, in Bethlehem-Judah; Elimelech who once had said, "My God is king;" Mahlon and Chilion; "song" and "perfection," the loveliest pair of young Israelites the land could furnish. Naomi left her two sons and her husband buried in Moab, and returned to the land of her fathers, old before her time, prematurely grown gray, haggard and wrinkled, as a woman living down on the devil's territory, losing her husband and her sons in rapid succession, would be. Ten years on the devil's ground had done its fearful work. So changed was that lovely woman, known in the land of Israel as Naomi or pleasant, that when she returned to her old home, the neighbors held up their hands in horror, and said: "Is this Naomi?" And she said, in the bitterness of her soul: "Call me not Naomi. Call me Mara, for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me." Listen to this Job in petticoats. God was doing it all. "The Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord brought me back empty." Lay it on the Lord, Naomi; He is used to that. "I went out full, and the Lord brought me back empty; wherefore call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath afflicted me." "The Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me." Five times she charges God with being the author of it all.

That is the reason Colonel Ingersoll can make infidels by thousands. That is the reason he is drawing to his side our best young men and best old men; thinkers of all ages, all persuasions; that is the reason he is sweeping them off by tens of thousands.

Naomi's representation of God is the God that Colonel Ingersoll attacks. That is the God that he does not believe in; the God that kills and slays and burns and destroys and tears and rends. A God that is deaf to the cry of agony; a God that hears and never answers, though the

dearest of his children cry to him. That is the God that Ingersoll is assailing. I do not blame him at all. Poor man; he has taken the God of theology as the God of the Bible—taken it for granted that the God of theology is the God of the Bible; and then he goes to work and attacks the Bible, because he wants to get at this God, who has driven him to bay as he drove me to bay at fourteen, till I cursed him with my companions, in the bitterness of my heart. He has only been driven to bay by the God of this theology; and thinking that the God of theology is the God of the Bible he has attacked the Bible because he has not gone to the tap root of the thing. Ah, if he knew that the Bible had not told of any such God as that. Col. Ingersoll has not touched my God in one sentence that he ever uttered. He has not come within ten thousand miles of him. I do not believe in that God any more than he does; but I do believe in the God of the Bible. I take this book from lid to lid. There is not one who loves this Bible—every page, every word, every line, every letter of it more than I. I clasp it to my heart as the sweet expression of my loving father, but if you say that this Bible teaches a theological God, I deny it just as fiercely and bitterly as ever Ingersoll did. You see the Christian world is on the side of the devil in the place of God; just like our good Naomi—laying everything on the Lord. "What do you call me Naomi for, seeing that the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me?" "I went out full, and the Lord hath sent me back empty. Why then call you me Naomi?" &c. Poor, old, demoralized back-slider, laying it all on to God and thinking God has done everything. They had been down in the devil's land, and the devil has got a right to shoot his arrows in his own land, though he does not dare to put his dirty foot on the Lord's highway; that way of holiness.

Ah, brother, no lion or any ravenous beast shall be there. Keep yourself in the love of God, and the wicked one toucheth you not; but if you go out of the love of God and get down to Moab, the land of the devil, he has got a right to shoot his artillery in his own land. God gives the devil his due. He does not go down in the land of darkness and make the devil stop shooting there. If I am fool enough to stray off into the land of darkness the devil has got a right to pink me as thick as a pin-cushion, as long as I am there; and the way is to get back in the light, as God is in the light. It is beyond the power of Satan to harm you there. Keep yourself in the love of God, and that wicked one toucheth you not. This wretched laying of all evil on God is the very spawn of hell. I cannot tell you how I have given my life, with all the loyal love I possess to God, just to expose this infernal falsehood of Satan. God will give me plenty of breath to do it That is my mission. That is the reason I turn my back on Kentucky, the land of my birth, forever. I never expect to tread its soil as long as my life shall last. I am telling my story in my simple way, and God will bring out his own blessed results, even though it be through stammering lips. That is exactly what I have given my life to do; and I believe the Lord will save sinners, and uplift saints through that preaching—praise his name forever.

My friends, we have a lesson here. You see they got off into Moab, they became backsliders. That is the lesson found in the first volume of this glorious love story. The first lesson is when these dear, precious children of God backslide; and the next lesson is how they get back. How one of them, at least the one that was left, got back—the restoration from backsliding. Then the next point in the first volume is this; how the sinner is saved by grace; and that

closes the first volume. We have now to do with the first volume in this wonderful love story which I trust, by God's help, to make plain to you.

There is only one way, dear friends, for a backslider to do; and that is to return. God never says to a sinner, return, because they have not been there. My friends, I have returned to Dayton, because I once lived here; but I cannot return to San Francisco, because I have never been there. I might turn and go there. So "re" means you have been there before. The Lord says, "Backslider, return, return, I will heal your backslidings; I will love you freely." But, Lord, if I return haven't you got a switch in soak for me? No, no, no; there is no switch except on the devil's territory. I have not got any such things as that about me. The devil is the switcher, and a hard switcher he is; and if you go out into his land the switch will be laid on your back, and he hurts, too.

I know what switching is. I know what natural switching is and I know what spiritual switching is. Ah, dear friends, there is only one way to get rid of it, and that is to return. "Lord, if I come back will you not switch me?" "No, what would I want to switch you for." "What will you do to me if I return?" "I will heal your backslidings, and I will love you freely." But that is the reason many backsliders are staying out in the cold to-night. They are afraid if they come back that the Lord is going to switch them within an inch of their lives, and nobody wants to be switched.

The devil says to the sinner, if you get Christianity you will have to be as miserable as you can be. You will be like all these gloomy Christians; have to join Sunday School, and go to church three times on Sunday, and to prayer meeting, and you will be killed with religion. What are you

going into such a thing with your eyes open for? Have a good time while you are young; and when you get old and cannot have a good time, in order to get to heaven join any society you please. That is the way the devil keeps a young person from getting into Church. They are afraid if they get to be Christians they will never have any more fun as long as they live. My friends, I wish you would believe the devil is a liar. Allow me to say that he is a liar. He never told anything but lies from the beginning. He makes his living by lying. He lies from morning to night; from one end of the year to the other. Just two things make me feel good. The first is, to say, "praise the Lord" a great many times a day—two hundred about on an average—and the other is to tell the devil he is a "liar," and make the people believe he is a liar. My friends, he is a liar; and so he makes the poor backslider stay backsliding, because they are afraid if they come back the good God has got a switch in soak for them, and he will lay it on. Well, this is purely an invention of the Wicked One. The loving God says "Come back to me," and I will heal your backsliding. He says, "I have loved you all the time since you have been gone; loved you in all your wanderings, thought of you by day and by night, missed you in the family circle, and there is a place that is vacant, and never will be filled up until you come. My heart is longing for you to come back. See how I will love you and heal your backslidings. Come, dear wandering child." That is what the Lord speaks. I will defy you to find anything else in the Bible. "I will heal your backslidings, and love you freely." There, Lord, can I ask for anything better than that?

And so Naomi returned in a wretched, disgraceful condition; returned in a demoralized condition; returned with a charge against God in her mouth, and that more or less

crippled her ; but thank God she returned to the dear, dear old love, to have her poor, hollow checks filled out, and to have her poor, wasted life gladdened ; and lived to nurse two generations of grandchildren upon her knees, a happy, happy, old age ; and yet at one time she bid fair to die and rot in the land of Moab, and lay her bones in the unhallowed grave beside her husband and two sons. That is what the Lord will do for a person that has been down in the land of Moab.

Ah, my brother, sister, have you been in the land of Moab? In the land that does not belong to the called of God. Have you got away from God, for some reason or other? Then come back. God speaks through his angel, and says ; "Come, I want to heal the backslider, and love you freely," just as he says, "poor sinner, do not be afraid to come to me. The whole question of sin has been settled by my Son on the cross. Come out of the darkness into the light ; come and let me love you ; come and let me show you how I love a sinner. Come and welcome, sinner, come."

So the dear Lord speaks to us all, if you would only hear him, instead of listening to the devil's lie. Then, dear friends, what is there about the way a sinner is to be saved? He does not return at all, but does turn. That is what dear Ruth did.

Dear friends, here is an epitome of life in this first chapter. There is Naomi ; the only one that knew the truth at all. There was dear Ruth, a sinner of Moab, and there was Orpha, another sinner of Moab, just like those two thieves on the cross. There was a sinner on one side, and a sinner on the other, and the blessed dispenser of life right between them, and one of them went to hell, and the other went to heaven ; and here Orpha and Ruth are represented to us in

the same condition. There was one who knew the truth and rejected it, and there was one who knew the truth and received it. There was one who went back to her land and to her gods—the land of darkness, the land of the devil, the land of death—and he who follows the devil wilfully and willingly, my friends, must share his fate by a decree that is as mighty as the devil. God himself—remember that—God cannot alter it; for these decrees are more binding than the laws of the Medes and Persians; they alter not. If you willingly go off into the devil's land, and follow the devil, you shall have a place with the accursed in everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. God never lit the fires of hell for any human being. These fires were prepared for the devil and his angels. It is not even said God prepared them. They were prepared. Here was one who chose deliberately to go back to her own land, and her own gods, and she was the type of the one who perished. The other chose to turn, and go to the land of blessing, and was blessed and married Boaz, and became the ancestress in a direct line of Jesus Christ, who was God over all, blessed for evermore. Oh, what a fine turning point it is; as thin as a knife blade; as fine as the point of a cambric needle. The point where I will or I will not settled the eternal destiny, as it settles eternal destinies to-day, and every day since sin entered the world.

Now notice, dear friends, crying does not do a bit of good. The first thing they did was to cry. Poor old, backsliding, demoralized Naomi, she did not have anything to give to these poor creatures. A backslider never has. Lot cannot help the men of Sodom. He can only be soured by contact with them, but he cannot help them. You never heard of his saving a Sodomite. The light has been hid under a bushel, and it gives light to nobody, and so she says

to them both : "Go back to your gods and your country." Just think of that ; a saint. I am broken down. I am going back to lay my bones in the land of my fathers ; and I have nothing to offer you. Return each to your mother's house. They all lifted up their voices and wept together. That did not do a bit of good. Tears never do. Sam Slick says they never wound a watch or ran a steam engine. You might shed a barrel of tears, and it would never get you one inch nearer the land of Canaan. So Orpha cried and cried ; and when she went back to the gods of her fathers, dear friends, she went on crying and crying, and may have gone to hell crying. I will tell you what this other one did. All at once she stopped crying. Tears are no good. Tears are not going to save you. No salvation at all in them. All at once she stopped crying ; and I can see her now, wiping the tears away, and with resolution beaming in her eye and unwavering firmness in her voice, she says, "Mother, entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, and thy people shall be my people, and where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." There is the word with the bark on it. What do you say to that! When she saw that she was steadfastly minded, she left off speaking to her. That is salvation. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "Trust ye in my will. How often willed I to gather you as the hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye willed not." God puts everything under the will. That is the human heart that is the king of the soul, as this mortal heart of ours is king of the body. That is the deciding point. It is not a matter how you feel or think. It has nothing to do with your feelings ;

it has to do with your heart. She said, "Mother-in-law, I will go with you." When she saw she was steadfastly minded she left off talking to her.

Are you saved? Do not stand back, saying, "I will wait a little longer. I am going to attend to this matter some of these days or nights. I know there is a hell and a heaven, and I am not going to let the devil catch me." All I can say is, hell is paved with good intentions. There were hundreds that said just exactly what you are saying, and if you do not look out you will be one of the number. Millions are saying it. Hell is paved with good intentions. That is what one of your own men said. I will take Jesus now. That is what you should say; I will take him now. Entreat me not to leave thee. Where thou goest I will go. She was steadfastly minded. Oh, may you drive the devil out of your life at once by saying, I will come to Jesus.

GOD'S LOVE STORY.

Second Discourse.

[Gen. Chap. 2.]

The second chapter in this love story corresponds with the second day of the new and old creations; corresponds with the second life among the patriarchs; corresponds with the second stage in Paul's life; the first being the joy of God's salvation, or what is known by the name of first love, which is followed by that chill which comes so often upon Christians, and which we all so well know by experience.

I want to talk to you a little about this lower life and this higher life. I do not object to the names at all; I think they ought to be emphasized; life and life more abundantly, lower life and higher life; for, indiscreet as may be the advocates of a higher life, and superciliously as they may sometimes look down upon those who are beneath them—and that is all wrong—(It is not a token of a higher life to be looking down upon those that are below us, and it should be no discouragement to the higher life Christians because certain envious lower life people sneer at them. Supercilliousness on the one hand and sneering hatred on the other, because they know that others are in a position that they are not in.)—I say, in spite of all this exhibition from above and from below, and I would not utter one single word in favor of either side, but in spite of all this, there is a higher life and a lower life, and what is more, all of us know it.

and there is no use in hoodwinking or ignoring the thing, or wearing a mask. It is an abomination in the sight of God to ignore this simple fact that there is a higher life and there is a lower life, and every man knows it. The man that is living in the higher life knows that he is in the higher life, and the man that is living in the lower life knows that he is in the lower life. We never can make anything by ignoring facts.

We have an exhibition of the lower life in this second chapter of Ruth. Here was a creature who, in virtue of her lineage or marriage with an Israelite, had a right to be married to Boaz. She had that right just as much when she was working in the harvest fields under the burning harvest sun as she had afterwards, every bit. She had that right just as much when her hands were browned and tanned with the fiery sun and her delicate complexion was spoiled by her hard life ; she had just as much that right then as she had afterwards, when she was in the full enjoyment of Boaz's palace, and of his wealth. I want to show you as best I can how it is that Christians stay in a lower position when it is their birthright to be in a higher one, and then I want to show you the way out of it as the Lord shall give me utterance. You see the difficulty—the main spring of the difficulty in the case of Ruth was this : that she looked for advice to one who was incapable of giving it. Naomi was an old, demoralized backslider, who had been ten years living down in Moab, becoming more and more demoralized every day. She had lived there so long that she did not know God from the devil ; and that is a thing that is very common to-day ; Christians who do not know God from the devil, and the simple proof of it is that, when she was asked about her trouble, she laid it all on the Lord. "The Lord hath dealt bitterly with me. The Lord hath afflicted

me. I went out full, and the Lord hath sent me back empty." The Lord sent; Like Adam in the 3d of Genesis, "The woman that Thou gavest me." There is the man who set the key note of all this devilment. The worst sinner that ever the world saw was Adam. "The woman that Thou gavest me." If you had not given me the woman I would not have been in the scrape; and so he set the key note, and Christians have not been slow to follow him; and all these people who are laying the devil's work on the Lord are doing that thing; it does not matter where they are living. Although some of those things accompany us up into the higher life, and cling unto us as an old habit will, even to those who get up into a higher place, yet it is a certain mark of the lower life that a man does not know God from the devil. Anybody that lives down in Moab where Naomi lived gets into that miserable condition; and, of course, the stream does not rise higher than its source; and if poor Ruth will go and ask advice from Naomi, why, she will get the advice that will send her into the harvest fields, and never into the palace of Boaz, never, never.

By-and-bye, when dear old Naomi is thoroughly delivered from her backsliding, and she herself gets out into the joy of the Lord we find out that she gives Ruth very different advice from going into the harvest field to glean and labor with Boaz's maidens. She wakes up one day to the knowledge of what she ought to have known all along, and ought to have advised her young kinswoman, that there is a man who ought to be her husband. What are you living on a bare ephah or two of barley for, when you might both be in the palace of this mighty man of wealth? And now, my daughter, go down and claim the place at his board; and she did it, and that was the wind up of the story; but I want you to see why this was not done at first. Ruth went to this

old frost-bitten saint, that did not know God from the devil; that had lived so long down in Moab, and was not thoroughly restored to the joy of God's salvation; had not come into the full blessing of Canaan life again; and so when she said, Mother-in-law, it looks as if we are going to starve, poor Ruth did not know how to trust the Lord for meat and bread now, she says, I will go down and glean in some man's field; and poor Naomi said: "Go, my daughter, and the Lord be with you."

Oh, what a beautiful thing this might have been, and how it illustrates real life. A young Christian comes into the church, full of glowing zeal, hot with first love, and wants to know what to do; and then some poor, old frost-bitten Christian that has been grinding along in a course of servitude for some twenty or thirty years—some old spy in the prayer meeting or class room, that brings up every evil report, and squirms at the idea of the higher life, says: I will tell you what to do. "Now that you have made a profession of religion, boys, I don't think you ought to laugh quite so much." You ought never to do, anything now that will bring reproach upon the religion of your dear Saviour; and if you ask me what to do, I would advise you to read two chapters in the morning, and two at night before you go to bed; take a class in Sunday School, join the choir, and always be in your place in the Bible class; and go and visit the sick; be sure to quit dancing," and quit this and that and the other, and so and so. And they lay so many burdens on you, that you are just like our poor Ruth in the harvest field; hard work and very little pay; like that poor servant that was stopping and feeding cattle in the field—just one of these lower life Christians, that after having come in and girded himself and served his master and given him something to eat, got this ungracious message: "Now, that I am

satisfied, go and get something yourself." Does that master thank that servant? I trow not. That is hard. And so you, after you have done all, are but unprofitable servants. You have done that which it was your duty to do. That is the harvest field. That is the meaning of being in the lower life. That is the second day in the new creation. That is the 7th of Romans, my friends. That is the lower life. Think of the poor saint of the Lord, saying, "O Lord, increase my faith, and howling it out and groaning it out, and agonizing it out, as they call it, agonizing in prayer. "O Lord, increase my faith," as though faith were going to come up in a large express package, by the box, done up in a bundle as big as a store box, and as though the Lord was going all at once to take you in to get the first blessing. Ah, my friends, that prayer is a lower life prayer; that service is service of the lower life. Come up into something better than that, my friends.

If, instead of standing with that little grain of mustard seed in your fingers, and saying: "What a little seed that is, how very little faith I have got, yes, I can hardly see it; I have to turn it up between me and the light in order to see it all," you, poor fool, stop doing that, put that little seed in the ground, and you will be perfectly astonished at the way it will grow. That is no place to put a grain of mustard seed, between your thumb and finger. Put it in the ground and let it grow; and though it is the least of all seeds, by-and-bye it will flourish with life, so that the very birds of the air will come and find lodgment in its branches. Oh, dear, dear soul, come, now, I want you to get something better than that. That is not what the Lord wants you to have. He wants you to have something better than that. "Lord, increase our faith," says Jesus; "I am not going to increase it. Increase it yourself." "How, Lord?

how can I do that?" "Plant your grain of mustard seed. You have got that. Everybody has got that. You stick it in the ground. I cannot do it for you. Put it in the ground. I can give growth to it; certainly I can." Ah, dear soul, that is what the Lord says to us; and if you were to commence this afternoon with just the faith you have, instead of saying: "What a little faith I have got," your faith would grow.

Did you ever see a man that grew wealthy by sitting on a store box, and saying: "I wish I had lots of money;" as if it were going to rain down out of the skies. A man that will make nickels and save them will get rich. He is bound to do it; and if you will plant the grain of mustard seed you have, it will not do much now, but it is glorious for the possibilities that are in it. A grain of mustard seed cannot remove mountains; but if you have got a grain of mustard seed—and everyone of you has—why, it will grow into this faith that will remove a mountain. Paul never says nor indicates, and there is nothing in the teaching of the Bible to the effect that mustard seed faith will remove mountains. Paul says, "If I had all faith I could remove mountains." There is in that mustard seed the possibilities of glorious things that will come from growth. We grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; and at every stage of this divine life, it is first the blade then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. Oh, what a happy man I was when I found that out, the 25th of August, 1876; and I planted my little grain of mustard seed, and I said, praise the Lord, I am sanctified, I am sanctified.

What do you mean by being sanctified? I mean that a man that plants his grain of mustard seed is a sanctified man—instead of holding it in his fingers and saying, Lord increase my faith, he sticks his grain of mustard seed in the

ground ; then he is sanctified, and if that man's faith does not grow it will be because it is bad seed ; but the seed is good seed. It is God's own purpose, given to you. It is the dearest blood of Jesus Christ, and it is bound to be good seed. All the power is given to him in heaven and earth- and he will give it undying growth ; and if you will just bury that grain of mustard seed in the ground, how you will gaze with eyes of wild surprise upon the wondrous growth it will make. Plant the seed and God certainly will give the increase. He does not ask you to do what he alone can do; but he holds you responsible for the planting ; and that is exactly what the lower life Christian does not do. They sit groaning and saying : Oh, I wish I were better. You never will be better as long as you talk that way. Trust the Lord with what faith you have got. That is the way we grow in every department. I do not know whether you have got faith enough to cure you to-day, but I know you have got a mustard seed ; and if you will plant it, and let the Lord give it growth, you are just as certain to get well as that there is a God in heaven. You can say positively I will not die. I believe, and I will declare the lovingkindness of the Lord, and the Lord will take every word you say; praise his name forever ; for faith pleases the Lord ; and without faith it is impossible to please him ; and we have all got enough faith to please him if we will just exercise what we have got.

Now, dear friends, when Ruth went into the harvest field, it was her hap to light upon a certain field that belonged to Boaz. That little word "hap" shows that she was out of the Lord's plan. There is no hap about the Lord's plans at all. His plans are perfect, and they are certain. The word hap, or perhaps, or peradventure—they are not in the Lord's plan at all. The word hap belongs to the lower life. The word

hap belongs to the harvest field. She did not happen to sit there at that pile of wheat when she got the best blessing. There was no hap about that. She went according to the divine, fixed purpose, and knew what she was going to get, and knew why she went there. But as long as you are in the harvest field, and living in the lower life, there is always more or less hap about your life. Hap, you remember, means "Fortune." It is a poor, blind goddess of the ancients, with a cornucopia, scattering dollars and cents blindly down for anybody to catch them that can. That is hap, chance, fortune. There is no such thing in God's plan. That belongs to the harvest field. It is not God's plan to have you in the harvest field. It is not God's plan that the bride of his son should go down there and scorch her pretty skin, and harden her soft hands, working like a common laborer in the harvest field, any more than it is God's desire that the bride of his Son should keep the door of his house. He has got plenty of angels for door keepers; and dear friends, "if I can only be a door keeper in the house of my God, I will be satisfied." Yes, that is what the devil wants you to do; but the Lord is not satisfied with that if you are. If you are satisfied with what the Lord is not satisfied with, the devil has got hold of you in some shape or other. I should not be satisfied to be the door-keeper. I can say, just as David did, I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Have you got no better choice than that? I would rather barely squeeze into heaven than go to hell. Is that the only choice you have got? That is not the choice that is before us. God's plan is to take us up to the very front. God wants us to be in the palace of Boaz.

Notice, this man's name was Boaz. I will tell you what Boaz means. It means *strength.* Jachin and Boaz are the

pillars of Masonry and the temple. Boaz means *strength* and Jachin *establishment.* This word Boaz means he was all power—a type of Jesus Christ. It means all power or all strength committed to him in heaven and earth.

Now, I want you to make a distinction so that you will never forget it, that Ruth was a type of the lower life Christian through ignorance ; for, mark you, there is a difference between lower life Christians. There is the lower life through ignorance, and there is the lower life through wilfulness. Poor Ruth was gleaning in the harvest field because she did not know any better. Lot was a dweller in Sodom because he was wilfully in the lower life. He knew he had no business there. He knew he ought not to be there. His righteous soul vexed itself from day to day with the filthy conversation of the wicked ; and yet, dear friends, the devil so twisted him up in his web that he stayed there until his daughters were married, and that formed another tie; and his property was all invested there, and that formed another tie ; and they elected him to be county judge, and that was another tie ; so that he became Judge Lot, sitting in the devil's own temple, right in the land of the Sodomites, calling the Sodomites brethren ; and he all the time knew that he was doing the wrong thing.

I want you to discriminate between the retribution that comes to these two. Dear Ruth did not know any better. She went by the advice of one who ought to have advised her well, but who was so demoralized that she did not give her the right advice, and she got off with burned hands and blistered feet,sore feet and hard work, and grime and sweat in the harvest field, living on two ephahs of barley a day ; which was bare support for her and her mother-in-law ; and after she had worked hard all day she had to come home and cook it for old Naomi, and there the old backslider

stayed, first living on barley, and then on wheat, and did not give any better advice. But remember the difference between her and Lot, the wilful backslider. Ah, my friends, there is the difference between many stripes and few stripes. That servant which knew his master's will and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes, but that servant that did not know his master's will, yet did things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. Dear Ruth was of the latter sort. She received but few stripes ; her punishment was light. Lot's was many stripes, turned out from all his possessions with the loss of everything and he covered with retribution because of his great crime. Whether saint or sinner, what a man sows that he will reap ; and while Ruth got off with sun-burned hands, hard work and little recompense, Lot was peremptorily dragged out of Sodom with the loss of every cent of property ; his wife turned into a pillar of salt before his eyes ; his children destroyed in the fiery shower that swept off the city, and he put off yonder in that dark cave in the mountain side. He that knoweth the master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. That is not the Lord's will, but the Lord cannot prevent the devil harassing him ; only he says : don't you harass him much ; just as he said in the case of Job, don't you lay your hands on his life ; remember you have got no right to do that. If Job had gone on with what he did do, my friends, I have no doubt the devil would have pulled a death's arrow on him—killed him, dead, dead, dead. That is the simple teaching of the word. I want you to notice how these things are going on, and discriminate.

Boaz, remember, was a man that had a good, old-fashioned kind of religion. I would to God I could be instrumental in introducing it in every city in the world. I wish you dear people would start it to-day, and keep it up after I

am gone. You see, Boaz was a sort of "praise the Lord" man. He never let the confession of the Lord's name sour on him. Do you know that an unconfessed blessing will sour on you; that evil in your heart will turn it as sour as vinegar if you do not confess it? David says, "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge." I want you to think it; I want you to ponder it; I want you to master it. I want you to say, the Lord, he is my refuge. I will give him the fruit of my lips; I will praise him with my mouth. People say: I do not like all this ostentation. It sounds like cant to be going around saying praise the Lord. That is exactly what the devil says to you. The devil is awfully afraid of cant. Do you know that, while you are so afraid of cant, your life is oozing away, and your whole soul is getting to be so threadbare that you will soon be of no account in the world? There is only one way to prevent that; by the confession of the good, old-fashioned religion, where men went about saying, "Praise the Lord." When Boaz came among his reapers in the harvest-field, he said, "The Lord be with you, brethren;" and then the reapers said, "The Lord bless thee;" for like master, like men. You will find pious servants where there is a pious master, just as when the head of the house is Elimelech all the house will be sweet. If one of our merchants that has a dozen clerks should go into his store in the morning and say, "My friends, the Lord be with you," they would run out of the back door as hard as their legs could carry them. They would think the master had gone crazy. The idea of a man with a lot of employees going in to them and saying, "The Lord bless you to-day." Who ever heard of such a thing? Did you ever hear of it here! Ah, friends, happy is the man whose God is the Lord, and who is not afraid to say it; who is not ashamed to say it. Boaz was not. "The Lord

be with thee." Ah, that is very sweet, that old response in the Episcopal prayer-book. I would to God we would carry it outside of the prayer-book and outside of the church walls ; be bold enough to say it in the presence of everybody. I began it about five years and a half ago, under the advice of a person that has talked to me just as I am talking to you to-day—said, "Dear soul, you commence and say praise the Lord to-day ;" and I said, "I will do it if it kills me." It did nearly choke me to death the first time I said, Praise the Lord. A person came and said, "Brother Barnes, how are you?" "I am pretty well, praise the Lord." I got it out just like a chicken with a piece of stone in its throat. The next time I said it I did not feel much like it. I choked a little bit. I do not now have the least trouble. It is just as hard to break a good habit as a bad habit, and the Lord has so fixed it upon me that it is quite a controlling habit. The more I say it, the more I want to say it. The oftener I say it, the more I delight to say it. Now, if you say, "How do you do, Brother Barnes?" I do not say, "I am well, I thank you." I have got nothing to thank you about ; I say, "I am well, praise the Lord," because he made me well. I would not rob the Lord. Every time you say "I am well, thank you," you say thank you to the man that is kind enough to inquire about you, but do not thank the Lord who made you well. My dear souls, try the experiment. If it does not come very easy at first, never mind that. The second or third time it will begin to taste sweet in your mouth, and from that time on it will be the very strength of your life. I could not live without saying praise the Lord about two hundred times a day. It keeps me in perfect spiritual health. Boaz was one of those old-fashioned Christians. Would to God the fashion would prevail among Christians.

People will, of course, call you a hypocrite. They will say that is all cant; but you can very well afford to endure all that sort of talk, as long as your heart is warmed up with the dear love of God, and your life is blooming, and budding, and blossoming, and bringing luscious fruit. You can very well afford to have a little loose talk around your ears for that.

Just notice now. I want to show you if we will not come into the palace, he will come out into the harvest field. The minute Boaz came into that harvest field and looked at Ruth, he said, Who is that fair damsel! There was love at first sight. That is a story of true love. True love does not always run smoothly, my friends; that is an adage among men, and that is a famous story, "True love never does run smoothly;" but here we have a case of love at first sight. "Who is this damsel;" and when it was told him he said to her; "Damsel, go not into any other field. Abide here fast by my maidens. I will give commandment to my men that they shall not trouble you; and when you are athirst go and drink of the water that the young men have drawn; and when they come to the harvest dinner, you come in, and dip your morsel in the vinegar boldly and eat; and get what you can in the harvest field;" and when they all sat down to eat he handed her parched corn. That will keep starvation off; parched corn and a bit of bread sopped in vinegar and water will keep starvation away, certainly. I do not say that the Christian in the 7th of Romans is not a Christian. He is. The farther I go and the more I know, the more Christians I find all over the country; even people that are never suspected of being Christians. I am thoroughly pursuaded that they are Christians; but they are just these vinegar sop Christians; they are these parched corn Christians; they are these gleaning and beating Christians;

and the world is full of them, and the church is full of them; for many are called and few are chosen. Ah, friends, their religion is an orange about six or seven days old, with the juice all out of it. These poor Christians hang upon the knowledge of some favorite preacher; and suck a dry sermon that has not got more than five drops of milk in it, and a little handful of parched corn now and then, and a little sop in the vinegar, and then work in the blazing sun in the harvest field; and after you get through go up and go to work and cook what you have got and feed your mother-in-law; like the servant plowing in the field and feeding cattle in the field. There is nothing to thank him for. He is an unprofitable servant. He is a servant that is not worth his wages. Is not that a good definition? A profitable servant is one that is worth more than his wages. I lived thirty-five years not worth my wages, and now I am worth more than my wages; and I would tell as big a lie if I were to say I am an unprofitable servant, as I would ten years ago if I said I was a profitable servant. Then I was not earning my wages; and the Lord never had occasion to thank me; but, bless you, I have had many a word of thanks since then, because I deserved it; because I am a profitable servant, made so by the sweet grace of my blessed Jesus; to whom I am married; even Jesus, risen from the dead, that I may bring forth fruit unto God; and the servant that is worth more than his wages is a profitable servant all the world around. I am inviting you to come from that lower, miserable, half-starved life—I am inviting you to come to Boaz's palace; where there is bread enough and to spare; and where you may be the mistress of broad acres where once you worked as a slave in the harvest field; and then, here is another thing: If we will go into the harvest field the good Lord will come down and just do his best for us. Do

not think that the Lord is not good to a man, and does not love him because he, deliberately, either wilfully or ignorantly selected the harvest field or Sodom. Do not think that the Lord does not love us. He does love the man that is in Sodom, and he will take no end of trouble to deliver him from the destruction that is coming upon Sodom; and to the poor girl in the harvest field he will give explicit directions, and give word to his men and maidens to treat us well; and let us sop our bread in the vinegar and have his laborers let drop handfuls on purpose for us; and let us glean among the sheaves unrebuked. All these kindnesses will Boaz, our friend, our husband, do for us. Why? Because that is the best we can do; and he will do the best he can always. Whether it be salvation or the higher life, if there be first a willing spirit on your part, God can save you as a sinner or lift you up to a higher place as a saint; but if you are not willing, then He will come down to you on your selected plane, and there he will do his very best for you. In the midst of all this unfaithfulness of ours the faithfulness of God is beyond words to express.

I declare to you that the most touching things in this world is where the Lord comes down to his people of old, even when they had ignorantly done a great many wrong things; and then for thirty-eight years wilfully did many things, the Lord came down and tabernacled with them all the time. And Caleb and Joshua, who were men of the Lord, went with them.

That is the reason I persuade nobody to get out of the church. The call to get out of these corrupt churches has not come yet. If anybody says, I will starve to death with the preaching I get, I say, do you believe with the belief of Caleb and Joshua? I know they are a stiff-necked people, but I say, just as Caleb and Joshua did, Stay in there and do

the best you can. I know it is a time of great tribulation. The call from God Himself will be, Come out of her, my people. I dare you to find any such call in the Bible. The call has not gone out. When God gives the call then it will be time enough to obey it. In the meanwhile stay where you are. Be a center of light and blessing where you are. Obey the Lord. He comes down into the harvest field; and dear, dear friends, you and I can afford to stay in company with those that live in the harvest field; and remember this: the dear blessed God comes down and does the very best he can do; does the very best he can for those who will be servants instead of friends; but if you want to come up into the higher life, Jesus says, I call you no longer servants, but friends. That is, he called us servants when we wanted to be servants. When we obtained the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father, he ceased to call us servants. Remember all that are saved do not have the spirit of adoption. They are children, but do not know their privileges. Like a babe they suck from time to time a little milk and one thing and another, but they have not got the spirit of adoption whereby they say, Abba, Father; oh, no, no; they do not know what it is to say, dear Father. They do not know what it is to throw their arms around his neck. They have the spirit of bondage to fear; but as soon as they get the spirit of adoption, whereby they cry, Abba, Father, day and night, then they have got freedom indeed.

And so, God comes down into the harvest field and does the best he can for us. He will tabernacle with poor Israel when they tramp around in the hot sand of the desert for forty years—during two years of ignorant wandering, and thirty-eight years of wilful wandering, God never left them. That is why I am going to stick to the people of God. I remem-

ber once that I made a mistake and came out from among them ; anticipating the call, come out from among them and be ye separate. I anticipated that call, and I will tell you what happened to me. I got spiritually so poor that you could hear my bones rattle ; and now, my friends, I have changed the plan entirely ; and I say, The place where the shepherd ought to be is where the sheep are ; and if God's sheep have fallen down in a gully and have broken their legs or bumped their heads, I, as a good shepherd ought, go down in the gully, and try to get them out ; and if they go out and crop a little dry goose grass that is not fit for sheep to live on, it is my business to go and show them where, in some sequestered nook, down some shady vale, the pastures are good, where the grass is green, and where quiet waters run. This thing of standing out and abandoning sheep to their fate, I believe is of the devil. This plan to break up the churches is of the devil. It never succeeded. It has always failed. One sect after another has been chopped off. I have been invited five hundred times to form a sect, and I could have a little bit of a scraggy sect by the name of Barnesites—a poor little, scraggy, scrawny, lame, miserable little sect called the Barnesite Sect. Good Lord, to think that I ever added number three hundred and fifty-one to the three hundred and fifty already established. Of this wretched come-out business God says : "These are they that separate themselves not having the spirit." If you are in the church stay there like Caleb and Joshua, and do the best you can. If your preacher starves you, say, Praise the Lord, and you feed somebody that you can feed, and warm up some poor heart that sits next to you, and may be the fire will get into the pulpit, and then it will begin to blaze ; and you will be in God's hands the direct instrument for infusing that glorious life into the church.

And so, dear friends, our Boaz always comes down into the harvest field, that is, if we go there, but he would rather have us in the palace ; but he will do his best for us where we choose to stay ; and I do not pretend to say that there is not a certain growth even in the harvest field. When Ruth was in the harvest field the barley came first, and then the wheat, and wheat is a stronger grain than barley. She gleaned through all the barley harvest and through all the wheat harvest that followed it. She gleaned through the whole season. There is some little progress in the 7th of Romans. Surely in all our cases there is a little feeble growth. There was some progress in my life for thirty-five years ; but ah, dear brother, sister, I want to know how much progress you have made in the twenty, thirty or forty years that you have belonged to the church. How that question would have brought me almost to death five and a half or six years ago ; because I could not dare to look in God's face and say I have grown symmetrical or grown rapidly ; no, no, my friends, I had lived that miserable, starved life, that medicated life, that had a little bit of sickly growth in it. I had been so much trouble to my heavenly Father, like sickly children that have little growth, but dear me, they are so much trouble to their parents to keep them everlastingly wrapped up. I know there is a little growth ; poor little, spindle-shanked, small-visaged creatures that they are. It is from the barley to the wheat harvest, but nothing but gleaning all the way along. It is progress on a low plane. The good Lord pities us, and he wants us to get up higher. There is a higher life, let us talk as we may, and that is what I want to speak more particularly about when we come together again ; that is the glorious wedded life in the history of Ruth and Boaz ; the third volume in this sweet little love story.

GOD'S LOVE STORY.

Third Discourse.

[Ruth iii—iv.]

This is the third volume in our little love story. This is placed at the winding up, as far as earth is concerned, for you cannot get any further than this blessed consummation down here in the world ; and this Bible was written for the earth, my friends, remember that. It is not something that is going to happen in heaven ; it is not a nuptial ceremony performed up yonder ; it is not the marriage supper of the Lamb, but it is the union of two loving hearts that are made for each other. It is an earthly marriage, that shall find, of course, its most perfect consummation in the heavenly world, when we see Jesus as he is, and when we are with him ; but this rather expresses, dear friends, what we experience when he comes down to be with us where we are, and becomes consciously the partner of our lives ; the dear Saviour ; the Son of God, whom we have known as a Saviour, surely we have, and yet in whose service we have found labor and toil, "cumbered with care and cumbered with much serving," and in whose serving there is much care and painstaking, for the yoke is not easy, and the burden is not light. It is hard work in the harvest field. It is legal obedience when they are in the seventh chapter of Romans, before they have been emancipated and get out into the eighth. It is that form of service that is typified

in the life of Martha, who had not chosen the better portion. There is a better portion, and the Lord Jesus Christ does not depreciate what she did. He would never have opened his mouth unless she had come and compared her services with Mary's services ; and he says : You think you have got a better thing than she, but she has got the better portion that will not be taken away. Martha, you are careful and cumbered about much service. He appreciated her love and kindness, and it was good as far as it went, but it was kindness to a weary traveller ; He saw it was kindness to a tired man. But if you get no further than that you have a portion that is full of trouble and care ; cumbered and careful about much serving. We must come as Mary did to the blessed Son of God. She could sit at his feet, though the sweat of the highway was upon his brow, and the dust of the highway was upon his sandals ; at his feet she could sit and be filled with his fullness ; for she walked not by sight. She walked by faith, for that reveals Jesus Christ in a higher, deeper, grander character than as one who is to be ministered unto by us ; for remember he himself describes his own services, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." To give is his. To fill with blessing is his, and, dear friends, we never know the perfection of our Saviour's love until we get in that position where we are perfect receivers of his fulness. To receive him as saviour is to be called a child of God ; I know that as well as you do ; but to receive of his fullness, that is nothing. To comprehend Jesus Christ in his full character ; to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And so, dear friends, I want to talk to you about this higher life. The second chapter of Ruth tells about the lower life ; the gleaning and beating in the harvest field ; the life of the many Christians who are called. The third

chapter tells out the sweet privileges of the few that are chosen. I want you to be among that number, friends; and I am quite sure that the Lord, some time or other, puts before us this blessed destiny that belongs only to the few that are chosen. I am quite sure of that. Many as sinners forfeit salvation; by carelessness, by turning aside to the farm or to merchandise, by having a newly married wife or five yoke of oxen or a piece of land—anything. Anything can forfeit a crown as well as anything can forfeit an eternal life. I know full well that many to whom God offers this higher position and this better portion forfeit it through the failure to receive it; but that is not the Lord's fault; just as he offers to every sinner the salvation that Jesus Christ came down to purchase for all in common, by the grace of God, tasting death for every man. So, dear friends, every one that is saved by grace, as sure as God is God, has a chance for this blessed crown; has a chance for the higher place, and the better portion; has an opportunity to get not only life, but life more abundantly. The forfeiting of it is another thing. I am sorry to say that most saints forfeit it, just as most sinners to whom the offer of salvation comes forfeit it, by rejection; by neglect; by refusal; but we must carefully understand, dear friends, that that is not God's fault.

And so I want to place this better portion before you, for I know something about it, praise his dear name; and I am not talking about second-hand religion. I am talking about something that I know something about. I want to talk about the better portion—the life more abundantly; and this, if I understand it, is to know Jesus Christ as our husband; as our companion; as the friend of our life. It is not to know him simply as the giver of salvation, but it is to know him as the partner of our lives; in other words,

dear friends, it is the transition from the condition of salvation where we are looking for a thing, to the place where we will lean our heads upon the bosom of a person. That is what it is. It is the place where we no longer learn of Jesus—know him as Jesus, but as Jesus, the Christ. It is the knowledge of a person; and, dear friends, when you come to analyze your own experience, this all comes out, if you are at all intelligent in the analysis; if you can at all understand the workings of the love of God in your own soul.

When I am delivered from hell, that is all very sweet, that is all very blessed. I rejoice in that; I am more than glad that I am not going to hell. Well, that is the negative side. And then there is another thought comes into my mind that I not only am not going to hell, which I was facing all the time when I was a lost sinner, but I am going to heaven. Well, that is very sweet, that is positive joy. I am going to heaven. I am going to be happy forever, I! I! I! All very good. The Lord does not object to your enjoying what "I" is going to get. Not a bit. He says, well, that is a state of childhood. Every child must live as a child, and think as a child, and act as a child. A child cannot eat strong meat. It lives on. After a while you become a man or woman, then put away childish things.

I take just about as little comfort as any one you know in thinking I am not going to hell, and am going to heaven. I think very little of heaven; do you know that? I think very little of hell. I take very little positive enjoyment in the idea that I am saved from hell, or am going to heaven; though that was the very center of my life at one time; and in the lower stage of Christianity, when I did not know what it was to rest my head by day and night upon the living, beating heart of my Saviour. I assure you that that consti-

tuted the warp and woof of my enjoyment, I am going to heaven; and sometimes I thought, Oh, that I had the wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest. I wanted to be in heaven many times, and longed to go, and used to think about it, and used to anticipate its joys. That thing has all cleared out of my life pretty much. I take less thought about going to heaven, and less care about not going to hell, and think very little about it, and I want to think about it less as the days go by. But I will tell you what I do think about more. To me heaven is not up yonder in the golden city. That is in the dim distance. It is a beautiful thing. It is like a pretty picture, but it is something that does not satisfy my soul. I will tell you what does satisfy it. It is to have a present Jesus with me. When I go he leads me. When I sleep he keeps me; when I wake he still talks to me. It is a mark of spiritual childhood to be anticipating heaven, and living in heaven, and thinking about heaven; be sure of that. I can always tell where men and women are; whether they are grown up folks or not, by the way they talk about heaven, and think about it and want to be there, and all that.

"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand."

That is very poor. The man that made that did not know Jesus, and did not know what the Lord had done for him. He may have been a very good man, or she may have been a very good woman. I do not want to be an angel. I never can be an angel. I am bound to be something better than an angel. An angel is nothing but a ministering spirit sent forth to minister to them that are the heirs of salvation. I might just as well say, I want to be my servant as to say I want to be an angel. You get all sorts of blundering notions and sit and sing, I want to be an angel, and "Oh, what a

blessed time we will have when we walk the golden streets," and "On Jordan's banks I stand and cast a wistful eye to Canaan's fair and happy lands where my possessions lie."

"Oh, could I stand where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er,
Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, could fright me from the shore."

I begin to get rusty in my memory of these songs.

"When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes."

You are looking at that landscape, and it looks a long way off, and you are happy in the thought that some time or other you will get there, and so your mind is forever turning upon these things. That is very sweet and nice for a child. I am sorry to say that most of the songs in our hymn books are of this kind. They are fit for the low state of Christian life in which I existed for thirty-five years. It is no presumption, or self conceit; it is nothing but pure love of Christ that makes me say, Thank God, I have got past that. It does not give me any joy to sing those songs. I would as soon think of cursing and swearing as to sing—

"When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies" or,
"Do I love the Lord or not? Am I his or am I not?"

That is the kind of songs that are sung in our churches, and,

"Return, O holy dove, return; sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, and drove thee from my breast,
The peaceful hours I once enjoyed, How sweet their memory still,
But they have left an aching void the world can never fill."

Ah, those are devil's ditties. We sing them in our churches, and think they are very pious. It is the devil's arrangement to keep us down in the lower life; and keep

us at the milk bottle, instead of taking meat, when God wants us to eat meat and grow stronger. Poor souls. Before I would give out such songs, or sing them, I would let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget its cunning. What I want you to learn is to learn a better, a higher class of singing, and a higher class of prayer, and all these things that are so common in our churches; and so on in our lives; and I speak as one who is perfectly familiar with them all. I have been over the road. It is all a part of this wilderness journey. A wilderness song is not a Canaan song and a wilderness enjoyment is not a Canaan enjoyment. I do not say that in the 7th of Romans there are not pleasant hours that we have; not at all; but oh, dear friends, it is so much below what the Lord intended. This is what I want to urge you to come up to this life more abundantly for. Jesus Christ came that you might have life and life more abundantly; and while the harvest field will give a bare living, and the singing of this sort of song will give you some enjoyment, it is not the thing that the Lord wants you to do. Ah, my friends, I am sorry to say that the song often expresses the religious state, but how sad it is for the Lord's dear sake. Do not let us set it to music—this condition of our souls. Do not let us bring it into the sanctuary and sing it. If you ever hear one of those songs given out do not you sing it. Sit with your lips sealed, and say praise the Lord; praise the Lord, till they get done singing; but do not sing those mournful devil's ditties, by which he keeps poor children down in the lower stage. Take this song:—

"It is a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not.

You know that dear old song of Newton's. You have sung it many a time. It is in all your hymn books. Bring that down to your lives. Suppose, dear husband, that your wives were to get together every Wednesday evening—just once a week, we will say, and sing such songs

"It is a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love my man or no?
Am I his or am I not?"

"Oh, I am so sorry; I love ten or fifteen other men a great deal better than my husband. It is a perfect shame, and it grieves me to have to say or sing it. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

If you would not enjoy that kind of prayer meeting with your wives, tell me how you suppose God enjoys that kind of prayer meeting when his blessed children get together by the hundred, and say,

"It is a point I long to know, &c.*

Do you suppose that the Lord cannot be cut with that sort of singing? Do you suppose he is not jealous? He is ten times more jealous than you are in your affection for your wife. Ah, brother; if you would not like to have her sing such songs as that about you, then never sing that kind of songs about the bridegroom of your soul. That is the reason these services leave us down-cast. Do you wonder that these Wednesday evening meetings come to nought, and these prayer meetings come to nothing, when they come together and listen to that sort of talk, and hear that sort of exhortation? I do not at all. The only wonder is that anybody has got grace enough to go and sit through the whole thing. The remedy is this: it is to come out of that place where we are looking for things, and looking at things, and

get into the presence of a person. Sooner or later, dear friends, the Lord will bring this thing before every one of us; you may be sure of that; for he gives us all a chance. I do not know whether your chance has come to you and you have neglected it, and it is gone forever. I know, dear friends, that a time came to me when I was no longer satisfied with my religion; when I was no longer satisfied with the attainments that I had made; when I was no longer satisfied with my service; when I became deeply dissatisfied with the gleaning and the beating, and the hot sun of the harvest field, and with being careful and encumbered about much serving, and the plowing and feeding cattle in the field, and waiting on my master until he had eaten his supper, when my legs were so tired I could hardly stand up, and then have him say I was an unprofitable servant. I have done that which it was my duty to do, and I said, Is there nothing better in Christianity than that? My soul cleaveth to the dust. In that way the Lord revealed himself to me as something better. He says; my child, it is your own fault. You have set your will against mine these many years. I wanted you long, long ago to come up higher. I said, Lord, I see it now. It is my fault. It is not your fault. It was not written in the councils of God that I should wander in the wilderness thirty-five years, any more than it was written in God's plan that the children of Israel should wander forty years in the wilderness and lay their bones there. I dishonored God, and I said "*Mea culpa*;" and I want to take what you have got. It is my fault. That moment I knew the sweet experience of the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. Ruth; and so, dear friends, that became the sweet and joyous experience of my life; and I want to tell you a little about it. I passed over from the Martha to the Mary state; from the "careful and

cumbered about much serving" to the bosom of his love; and I have been there ever since, and I am going to be there until faith is lost in sight; and I shall see him for myself.

Dear friends, dear old Naomi finds this out. She eats barley, and does not know anything about it; she has forgotten all about it. Barley is food for horses, and barley never would make her find out anything. She is a poor, demoralized, gray headed old creature, prematurely so, with the marks of Moab upon her. By-and-bye Ruth begins to glean in the wheat. That is a different grain. That was made for men and women to grow on; and by-and-bye, after she had been eating wheat a little while, she says: "Dear Ruth, I have got something better for you than this." You don't say, Naomi. Bless her old heart, she turned out very sweet, but just at this juncture I felt as if I would like to scold her a little for keeping that poor creature down in the harvest field. She had just as much right to Boaz before the barley harvest was over as after. Ruth's rights did not accrue on account of going into the harvest field. No. That was a terrible episode in her life, brought about by her own ignorance, and especially by the ignorance of her mother-in-law. When the devil gets a good hold on us in backsliding; after he demoralizes us so we forget pretty much all the lessons we ever learned, we do not know God from the devil, down in the land of Moab; but after a while we get back in the land of Canaan, and begin to know ourselves, after we have eaten wheat a little while; and we wake up and find where we are. Naomi woke up and found that the child was working herself to death, and said: "My daughter, shall I not find rest for thee? not in the harvest field, but in the house of him that hath a right to keep thee?" It is as if an owl should come out at nine o'clock in the morning, after the birds were all up, and hoot and hoot, "I believe

the sun is up." That was old Naomi, poor old owl that she was. I do not know but that will be reported in the newspapers one of these days. It makes me tremble to think what they will say I said about Naomi. If you ever see anything in the newspapers that is perfectly awful about Naomi, remember the worst thing I ever said about her was she was an old owl that did not know daylight from darkness. Bless her old soul, she turned out very right, and all is very well that ends well; and I am glad she came to her senses before she died; praise the Lord for that. Here is another thing she says to her daughter, for when she is once awake she is wide awake. She says: "Wash and anoint thyself, and put thy raiment on and go down and lie at his feet when his heart is merry. Lie down at his feet, and he will do all the rest for you."

My friends, we often hear of anxious enquirers. God have mercy upon these anxious enquirers. They say you must become an anxious enquirer. The devil never put a bigger lie in circulation than that. I have got no use for them. Thank God in the twenty-seven thousand souls that have confessed under my ministry, I have not had five anxious enquirers among them all. An anxious enquirer under my ministry is absolutely impossible, for there is nothing to enquire about. Preach the gospel so that there cannot be anything to enquire about. Poor sinners, say, what must I do to be saved, and saints, what can I do to be a better Christian? I am such a poor one, and such a naughty one, and, good sir, cannot you tell me how I can be a better one? Ah, sister, if you will stop whimpering. You make me feel so bad I cannot tell you, and you cannot understand what I am talking about as long as you are whimpering that way. Why, run into the Lord's arms. You do not mean to say that is all? Yes. I often see Christians come and say, Brother

Barnes, how do you get it? How do you get it? Please tell me, Oh, Brother Barnes, please tell me. I say I will not tell you a word as long as you do that way. What do you deny the good God for? why you must believe that he kills everybody, and that he makes all the sickness in the world, and that he is this God that Colonel Ingersoll is trying to demolish, and that he has got something against you, and that he is keeping you back from a blessing that you are very anxious to get, and somehow or other he is not anxious to let you have it. Do you not see what a libel that is against the good God, and that whimpering bears hard on him? It is ignorance, you may say. Very well, call it what you like, it is not a thing that pleases the Lord, for the Lord is good, and he wants to save the sinners far more than they want to be saved, and he wants to bring the saints into the higher life a great deal more than they ever want to be brought there; and I tell you frankly that I am at war with the holiness so many people count upon; I am at war with this thing of putting the fodder so high that the sheep cannot get at it without jumping the legs off of them, and as for the lambs, they cannot get enough to save their lives. I believe salvation was brought down for every sinner in the world. It is a free gift, and God goes on to offer the higher life just as freely as he offered the lower life. My friends, I am sorry to see so many saints wanting it. Why? Because they seek it according to the letter. They go about establishing their own righteousness, and do not submit to the righteousness of God. The same thing that renews a sinner, the same thing that renews a soul forever, will lead a saint to the higher life down here. Now, my friends, as long as you treat God as if he were holding people away, as if there were only a few favored persons that could get the higher life, you are just helping that abominable lie of the devil, that God has salva-

tion only for a few people. As for the rest, they are going to hell without the benefit of clergy, and there is no chance for them. It is the devil that starts that. It shall be one of the joys of my life to preach the higher life down to the point where the weakest child can have it. I do not mean to say that I have got it as Mrs. Pearsall Smith has got it. I do not mean to say that I have made as much progress as some other Christians; but you can be in the life in the weak places. It is first the blade, then the ear and then the full corn in the ear. I would not say that I am not in the higher life because I am not away up yonder on as high a plane as those who started many years before me, and have been traveling right on. What folly that is; but I want to encourage you that have been living in the 7th of Romans in this lower life, and know what it is to glean and beat in the harvest field; you who know what it is to be careful and cumbered about much serving; I want you to believe that the good God stands ready to do it all. All He asks of you is, not that you shall leave off this, that or the other; not that you should have a pure life before you get to be pure. I believe that is a mistake of these people that entertain views of holiness, whereby they are come to live in a sort of close corporation, where there is a great temptation to be supercilious as to the common herd that do not acquire what they call sanctification, and to throw them into a condition of jealousy if they see you stand on a high place, and say, "Come up here: come up here, if you are willing to do so, and be happy." I do not care who does this calling. I do not care what books say of it. Thank God, I have had very little to do with books on this subject. I have read Mrs. Smith's Secret of a Happy Life, out of which I have got some precious things, and except that, thank God, what the Lord has given me I got at first hand. I

have not read Fenelon nor a number of others on it. I find these people who have made it up in books are all in a muddle, and do not know how to tell it so the poor little lambs of the flock can get a nibble of it, and they think it is something that nobody can get unless they do something great. I preach the life that is just as God says; all you have to do is to be washed by the blood of Jesus Christ and anointed by the Holy Spirit of God. That is the only qualification that is needed for a man or woman to go from life to life more abundantly; and I maintain it in the name of the good God. It is not because you leave off this, that and the other. I have left off many things that the Lord took me in with. In the times of my ignorance I did not know they were wrong. I am finding out some devil's spawn every once in a while, and all I have got to do is to say, Jesus, there is another snake; kill it. And he kills it, for he is sent to bruise the serpent's head. The flesh is not dead, I know, and the devil is not dead, and the world is not dead. I went in the higher life the 25th of August, 1876, and it has been just beautiful and glorious since then, so that my whole life is filled with gratitude and joy. Think what the Lord has wrought; and I know perfectly that since that time it has been a life of growth, and I have left off many wrong things. I do not mean to say that when I got into it I harbored a lot of things I knew to be wrong, but I harbored a lot of things I did not know were wrong, and as I advanced in grace I found out they were wrong; and that is the higher life—to slay everything that is against you; "Thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth," as the dear Lord says in Deuteronomy. Remember this, you can have the higher life, the life more abundantly, while you are very low down in it. The devil tries to discourage you because you

are not as high as somebody else. He is a liar, my friends, just as he goes and says to a sinner, "Now, because you are not a good Christian you are not a Christian at all." Don't you see what a liar he is. He hides from you the fact that God has good children and bad children in the lower life. And so, how common a thing it is for a poor, discouraged soul to say, "Ah, me, I am not as good as Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Robinson; I am afraid I am no Christian at all." That is from the devil, you see. Wherever a poor child has confessed the Saviour, and has the Saviour's salvation, he is as good as the blood of Jesus can make him. How many a man has been made sad by the devil's traps, whom the Lord has never made sad; and how many struggling lives would have been filled with joy, who want this life, and who are actually in it and do not know it because they are not away up yonder; because a child three years old has not a full beard and a full set of teeth. Remember, in the higher, as in the lower life, it is an everlasting repetition of that truth of God as steadfast as the sky, that where we go from one rank to the next higher rank it is "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." But is there a time—a moment's time, a point of space in which I come out of the lower life into the higher life? Yes, sister, a thousand times yes. You do not get gradually into the higher life. You go into it just as suddenly as a man goes out of hell into heaven; just as suddenly as you go out of the kingdom of the devil into the kingdom of Christ. Dear saint, there is a moment's time, a point in space where, from being a child of the devil I become a child of God, and there is a moment's time, a point of space wherein I change my place from the wilderness to the land of Canaan, and that is marked by passing over the broad river, and it is

absolutely certain that it is so. And yet in that higher life you may be a poor, weak child. You know they went on after blowing the walls of Jericho down, and getting the first grand victory, and were defeated at Ai, and Joshua fell down on his face, saying, "Is this a life of victory? These Canaanites will surely eat us up. They will find out we have been beaten." If you think you will not suffer defeat, that it is not possible in the higher life, you will find out that defeat is very possible; but if you will be content to go on in God's way, you will know you have made this transfer. How? By simply saying, I will. You go from a child of the devil to a child of God by saying, I will take Jesus as my Saviour. The moment's space of time when you pass from the lower life to the higher is when you say, I will take Jesus as my sanctifier, then confess it. If you are not in the higher life, you do not know anything about it. I am just as certain of it as that I know my Jesus and have walked with him for five years and a half. You say first, I will not take Jesus as my Saviour, and then say, I will, and you have no right to call yourself a Christian until you have confessed him before men. You need not say you are in the higher life until you have resolved; and then you will know it in your heart, and confess it before men. You will not find a man in the higher life who has not confessed it in some way or other. Not that I confess it in the Pearsall Smith or John Wesley form, but in some form or other. There never was a sanctified man that did not confess it. I do not believe a word in denial of it; for, "If they shall confess me before men I will confess them before God and the holy angels." He puts that if in before sinner and before saint alike. If you will confess that you are saved I will shout it out before my hierarchy of heaven; if you will confess that you are a

sanctified man, I will confess you as a sanctified man before my Heavenly Father and the holy angels. Oh, brother, that is the way to do it. It is just as simple as turning over your hand. All that you have need to do is to be washed and anointed. Dear friends, all that a man needs to do to be saved is just simply to believe in Jesus and his Saviour; to believe that he has died and paid the sinner's debt for him, and so to accept the payment and endorse the transaction. So all that a saint need do, dear friends, is to say I am washed by the precious blood of Jesus. I am anointed by the blessed Spirit; that is all; to be washed and anointed, and then to step right into sanctification. The sinner steps right into the little heaven of justification by confessing his Saviour's blood as his atonement and cleansing; and the right and title of the saint to step into the life more abundantly is found in the simple fact that he is washed and anointed. I am washed by the blood of Jesus. I am sealed by the Holy Spirit, and now I want more; I want not only to be sealed with the Spirit, but to be filled with the Spirit. Not to be justified. I am that, but I want to be sanctified; and all you have to do is to lie at his feet. All you have to do is just to drop as limp as a rag, and let go every hold, and just drop; Here I am, and Jesus will do all the rest. Never do you worry from that point; only come to Him with a willing heart and confessing lips. Oh, so many Christians lose their crowns, and so many sinners lose their souls forever for not confessing Jesus. Many a man would be willing to confess his dear Jesus in his heart, but he is ashamed to confess him before men. There is where men lose their souls in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a little ashamed to confess Jesus before a few people. It takes a very little thing to lose eternal life. That is where so many Christians lose their crowns. They are afraid to say,

I am sanctified. I have life more abundantly, because of my own free will I have taken it. I want you all to know I am a child. For lack of declaring ourselves; for lack of courage to confess; for fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say; for lack of courage to bear the brunt of what Smith, Brown, and Jones will say about them, sinners lose their lives, and saints lose their life more abundantly. I am declaring to you the tap root of this matter, and I know it just as certainly as I know that God is God; Jesus Christ has made this the one thing: "If thou shalt confess me before men I will confess thee before my Father in Heaven."

So poor Ruth, washed and anointed, went simply to lay at his feet. At whose feet? At the feet of Boaz. Out in the harvest field? No. What sort of a Boaz? Not the Boaz as we see him in the harvest field. That was the kindness of the harvest field, to do the best he could for the poor gleaner, but Boaz in the joy of the harvest feast, sitting at the heap of grain. What does that mean? That tells out the glorious condition that now obtains; do you know that? Jesus Christ bears two characters. One slain upon the cross, and the other raised again for our justification. Not justification by the blood, but justification by works. You must not confound that with justification by the blood. It has got nothing to do with it. Paul talks about the justification that comes from Christ's being raised again; therefore these two characters of our Saviour, Jesus as slain, that is Jesus of the harvest field; Jesus who has saved you, Jesus who keeps you from hell. But Jesus risen from the dead is a different thing. Jesus risen from the dead has all power committed to Him in Heaven and earth. He can take you up just as you are and put you in this higher position and maintain you there against all the hosts of hell. The moment you get up there is the moment when you con-

fess that name. Now you no longer fight with flesh and blood. It is now a fight with principalities and powers. The stronger you get the stronger your enemies get. Now is Jesus risen from the dead who has all power committed to him in Heaven and earth. He can take you there and maintain you there. If it were not for that I would go down like a set of ten pins before the devil's power, for I know him to be a strong man; but thank God Christ is stronger. This is not Boaz of the harvest field that can give me an ephah or two of barley, but Boaz of the harvest feast; Boaz that can give me his heart and home, and let me share his love eternally; Boaz the strong one; for he has risen from the dead.

Now, if you have galloped over the Scripture you have not noticed this; there is a double feast. Notice it in the book of Esther. There is the feast that is given to the nobles from the chief estates and principalities that lasted for a hundred and eighty days. Then there was a seven days' feast that was given to all that were in Shushan, the palace; there the sinner's salvation comes out.

Boaz is sitting at the heap of garnered grain. The harvest of one year does not exhaust the capabilities of the soil. You may reap another harvest. Remember, it is beside that heap of garnered barley; it is beside that heap of wheat at the harvest feast. That indicates a risen Christ, with all power given to him in heaven and earth. Full of the joy and rest that belong to him, for his work is finished and his harvest is gathered. That year's harvest, at least is gathered. That represents Jesus sitting at his Father's right hand.

Ah, my friends, our people that follow after holiness sing altogether too much about the blood. Dear friends, I may offend you, but you sing too much about the blood in all this hymnology. The devil is in the hymnology. He tries to get into everything that is good. It is not the blood that

makes me a holy man. The blood of Jesus Christ made me a child. I am cleansed by the washing of the water by the word. It sounds very sweet and pious to talk about the cleansing of the blood, and in every Methodist camp-meeting you hear nothing but the cleansing power of the blood. It is not the cross that makes me holy. That can never do it. The cross brings me to God. The cross changes me from a child of the devil into a child of God. The cross is the foundation of everything else; but the foundation is not the superstructure. "I saw a soldier pierce his side, and forthwith flowed there out blood and water." Not blood only, but blood and water. You never forget the blood when you are talking about the water. Do I dishonor the blood? No. I honor it more than those who sing these songs, and say saints are cleansed by the blood; who say it is the blood that puts a person in the higher life. That is putting his blood down on a level with the blood of bulls and goats. I beseech you, go to the Scriptures. You cannot find me one place where blood is introduced in connection with a person in the higher life: you cannot do it. I can show you a hundred where the blood is spoken of as a sinner's everlasting pardon. The blood has one work and the water another. Blood and water therefore flowed from the piercing of the soldier's spear. If you speak about the blood cleansing you in the higher life you are getting into an error; an error is always bound to bring bad results. Oh, what a devil he is that goes singing about the blood. He is the devil of the higher life. Do not be offended against me. I am telling you the truth. I am giving you a better thing.

I want you to stand upon a sure foundation. The devil that comes to people in the higher life is the same devil that comes with a Bible under his arm, and tells the poor sinner he must pray and read the Bible and do a great many things

before he can be a child of God. The devil is not dead. He stands and confronts you. His banner is pitched over against the temple gates. I know the gates of Hell cannot prevail against God's gates, but still they stand there. We must never forget that there is a royal standard and a king, and that Jesus is the strongest, though the devil is a strong one. I put you on your guard to-day.

The cleansing of the water by the word, that is the cleansing of the higher life, as the blood is the cleansing of the lower life, and if men understood that, all these controversies about baptism would cease. The devil has put the water question upside down. He has mixed it all up so that men do not know what baptism is. They think it is an introductory rite, and one large denomination in the Christian Church holds that unless a sinner is baptized he cannot be saved. Oh, "confusion worse confounded." Dear, good God, thy poor children, thou dost pity them to-day. Oh, may they hear thy word and learn to discriminate.

Our blessed Boaz is seated at the pile of winnowed wheat and winnowed barley, sitting in the joy of the harvest feast. I lay me down at the feet of the risen Saviour and he does the rest.

Dear friends, at midnight Boaz awakens, and lo, a woman is lying at his feet. Ah, that describes the condition of one that seeks a place upon the dear bosom of Jesus. It is at the midnight hour. The darkest hour is just before day. It was midnight in my soul the day before I went into the life more abundantly. That was a black midnight in my soul and life, but it was the day before the Sun of righteousness rose with healing in his wings. Do not you be discouraged because you are low down; because the devil tries to persuade you that you never will get life more abundantly. He knows you are right upon the very threshold of it and

he has a right to try your faith and mine ; he has a right to gather clouds of thickest darkness right above your head. It was the very midnight hour, and so it shall be, dear friends, when the blessed Jesus comes again in the darkest period of this world's history, in the darkest period of the church's history, when she is rich and increased in goods, and knows not that she is poor and miserable and blind and naked, in the very blackest midnight of her history. That is the way Jesus comes. Do not be troubled by the midnight hour ; it always precedes the glory of dawn. And the midnight draws hard upon the morning star. I will give him the morning star. I wish you to be the watchers for that earlier dawn before the rising of the sun. I will give him the morning star.

He said, "Daughter, you have comforted me; you have refreshed me." When I am saved as a sinner, there is joy in heaven. Ah, dear Jesus, joy because a sinner turneth ; joy in the presence of God when the saint is translated from a lower to a higher life. Boaz says, Daughter thou hast comforted me ; thou hast given me joy. Thou hast done well in that thou hast followed not young men. You have given me a deep joy ; and now, my daughter, it shall be to thee just as thou wilt, for all the city dost know thou art a virtuous woman. There is a kinsman nearer than I, but I will settle with him ; and with the earliest dawn to-morrow —and before we come to that just let me show you. He says, out of tenderness for her character, "Let it not be known that a woman was on the floor in this night." Busy lying tongues will take it up, and the devil is the author of all lying, and my dear friends, how many and many a time has the charge of lasciviousness and everything that is deadly and mean been brought against the character of these dear creatures who are only stretching out for higher and better

things. That is one of the commonest things of the devil. Lying tongues were let loose upon me immediately I got better, and since then the devil has deluged the country with lies, which fly as thick as hail stones. They lie scattered about me as thick as Autumn leaves. Marvel not at the fiery ordeal that awaits you. The moment you get a better thing, the busy tongue of scandal will take up your name, and never let it alone till hell burns out. The devil knows if he can once destroy the character of higher life Christians, he has done more to kill higher lifeism than would be possible in any other way. Those that were filled with the Spirit—the hundred and twenty, waited on the dear Lord as Ruth did; just waiting for him to do his own sweet precious work, with the assurance that he would do it; and when he did, and came down upon them in power, and went to preaching the gospel in all their tongues, the first thing that was charged against them was that they were drunk, crazy, impure, everything vile. I have been accused of being a Unitarian; been accused of being a Mormon in disguise; have been accused of being a Free Lover. Good Lord, I can't tell the half the devil has been lying about me in the last five years and a half. Well, none of these things affect me; they do not move me. They just flow off of me like water from the mane of a lion. Dear, dear friends! do not be astonished if the devil lies about you.

Boaz was tender for her character, and oh, how tender the Lord is of ours! Let it not be known that a woman came into the floor to-night. Then he says, hold your veil, and he measures her out six measures of barley; the number of imperfections. He could not give her seven. It did not belong to that life. Two ephahs, that will do. Two is another imperfect number. Six is a number lacking, indicating labor—careful and cumbered about much

serving. The world was made in six days. If he had given her seven that would have been a perfect number ; but dear friends, he gave her six measures, and said : Take this to your mother-in-law. He knew that was the only way to give poor old Naomi comfort. She was yet down in a place where she was not blind to the munificence of the gift. You do not need it, but, dear child, I am not giving you this, but I want her to enjoy it. She does not know what you are enjoying. Your heart is full. Six measures are not needed to fill you ; but go and take it to your mother-in-law. That is sweet ; and so the dear blessed Lord comes in and gives us comfort as we are able to receive it. If six ephahs of barley will fill you up, the Lord will give you six ephahs ; but he wants you to have a place big enough to hold something else, and so dear Ruth does not need the barley. Her mother-in-law says to her, now, be quiet. How hard it is at this stage to be quiet, but you must be very careful, for "the man will not be in rest until he has done it this day." Ten days in the Scriptures are days of waiting. As to me, I remember that I waited awhile for the consciousness that Jesus came down upon me when I first gave myself to him. I know it was over a week before I experienced the feeling of blessing, or the consciousness of Jesus upon me. I will venture to say that when we get to heaven we shall find that it was for ten days that I was waiting. I said, dear Lord, this is according to scripture, and I have thy word. I told him I loved him ; and I did not feel that there was anybody present at all, any more than if I was a block of ice, but I went on to sit quietly and wait till the manifestation of his presence came; you cannot, by any anxiety of yours, bring it to pass one single second sooner. The times and seasons are with Him, and all you have got to do is to wait quietly ; wait at his

feet, always asserting that you are his and he is yours ; and pretty soon you will know it in the sweet consciousness of his presence. Mine has never left me one moment from the time of my consecration, either by day nor by night. The last thought I have when I go to bed at night is the conscious presence of a living Saviour. The first thought I have in the morning is the conscious presence of a living Saviour. I am married to him who is raised from the dead, as Paul says sweetly in the 7th of his Epistle to the Romans, that I might bring forth fruit unto God. Married to him who is raised from the dead. Not to the Jesus on the cross. Henceforth I know him no more according to the flesh. I know him in that higher attitude. Not that I despise the first, any more than I despise my alphabet after I am advanced in knowledge. That is the foundation of it all. I love the cross, but henceforth I know him no more as Jesus of the cross ; as Jesus who delivered me from hell and is going to take me to heaven, but now I know him as Christ risen from the dead ; no more crucified in weakness, but raised in power committed to him in heaven and earth.

You will notice that Boaz settled the law question. He called that nearest kinsman who represents the law, called ten elders, the specific number, and settled that question, and right in the presence of those ten holy names, he said, Are you going to take this woman for your wife ? Says he, I can't do that ; that would mar my inheritance. Well, do you give me the right ? I give you the right. I have got my wife and my children. I cannot marry her. Then according to custom in Israel he drew off his shoe. Those were the times of the judges, when every man did as was right in his own eyes. If it had been the time of the Kings, when God's law had been strictly observed, the woman herself would have come and spit in his face, and said, thus

shall be done to the man that will not raise up seed to his brother. That man, under the old law of the kings, would have been known as the man that had his shoe loosed, but now, in the time of the judges, he quietly passeth his shoe over; does not appear to do anything more. Boaz said to the elders, "Ye are witnesses that I purchased all that was Mahlon's and Chilion's. I have purchased to be my wife Ruth the Moabitess. He took her to his heart, to his house and home. She is the partner of his life henceforth. Oh, brother, sister, she is to be the grandmother of David, the ancestor of Jesus Christ, God over all, blessed forever more. Dear Naomi is to share this joy, and she dandles the children of two generations upon her knees; her own life is filled up with the blessing of dear Ruth, the Moabitess, so degraded in her earlier days; now risen so high because she followed on to know the Lord; that life of hers blessing her mother-in-law more than if she had borne ten sons. It is all so lovely—so beautiful. So closes the third volume in our little love story. Does not God know how to write a book?

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"*Our Father.*"

[Matthew vi.]

God's unchangeable love, even to his disobedient children, is a fact which the devil seeks continually to hide from us, while our Heavenly Father takes special care to represent himself to us as loving us always. This is the field of combat between God and the devil; the devil trying to persuade us that God is a hard master, an austere man, taking up what he laid not down, reaping where he had not sown, an enemy to sinners, looking at them harshly, watching their every trip and fall, and taking advantage of everything; such a God that He is always looking out and prompt to pounce upon us whenever he finds anything out of the way. That is the God that satan would have us believe in.

Our dear Heavenly Father, on the contrary, tries in every way possible, beginning with the grace of His Son, and going down to every word that He has uttered in the blessed book, to show us that his name is love, and His nature is love, and that He is for us and not against us; for us when we are sinners; for us when we are saints; for us from the beginning to the end, loving even the vilest men and women that live, and telling them that He has good pleasure in them—perfect good pleasure in them; pitying us when we fall; loving us just the same; loving us all the time; lifting us up when we are cast down; the God of all love; that is a sweet title; the

God of all grace. Grace means loving you when you do not deserve it. Another title is "The God who comforteth them that are cast down," and winding up with "God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," and you cannot get further than that. That is the blessed God whose love is seen in the person of His blessed Son. Who indeed was sent down from heaven, not only to atone for our sins, but to reveal to us the heart of our God. He who knew him best comes down to reveal Him to us perfectly, and so He lives before our very eyes.

He says, I am God. Do you want to know me? Do you see love in me? Then you see love in God. Do you see pity and tenderness for sinners in me? Then you see them in God. I live before your eyes in order that you may understand whom you have to worship. And so, in this blessed first sermon that he ever preached he repeats the dear, sweet, tender name of Father fourteen times, not thirteen, not ten, not eleven, not twelve—but fourteen times, this divine, human Saviour in the double seven. God's perfect number being seven, and twice God's perfect number being fourteen, and Jesus Christ who came to reveal the Father being divine and human at the same time, God and man at the same time, reveals the blessed Father by that title fourteen times repeated; just as we have in the 1st Chapter of John the perfectness in our Saviour revealed under fourteen different titles or characteristics, so fourteen times the dear Saviour goes over this blessed name again and again, in a way well known to us all, repeating the thought that is nearest and dearest to us, that ever comes uppermost, for out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the word that is repeated oftenest, you may be sure, is the thought that is deepest in the Saviour's heart. It is, "Our Father," your Father, my Father—"Our Father

which art in heaven"—mine or yours, or ours or his, it is assuming that we are linked so closely together that the devil himself cannot part us.

I want to speak to you on the sweet, blessed words, "Our Father." These are the first words of what is known as the "Lord's Prayer." "Our Father, which art in heaven." That is the first thing our dear Lord tells us to say when we come to pray to him; but it is the last thing the devil wants you to say; or rather, he does not want you to say it at all, because if you start out with "Our Father," you start right, and you will be sure to keep right, but if you do otherwise, you know not where you will go.

I remember how I used to pray in the olden time, in the times of darkness and misery and vicissitudes and penance, and feeble service, my knees trembling for very weakness, and eyes hardly daring to lift themselves towards the place where God's honor dwelt. I remember especially that old, long Presbyterian prayer that I used to go over when I was a Presbyterian preacher. We prayed a great deal by routine in that church, and were required to have a long prayer and a short prayer—a short prayer when we first came in and a long prayer after that. You have first adoration, then confession, then supplication. I do not know exactly what they call it. I am forgetting it all now. I remember the time when I used to get it all in, just in the way in which I had been brought up, after the straitest sect of the Pharisees, for I was educated in Princeton. I will show you how I used to pray just to show you what prayer was then, and what it is now. I will not do it irreverently. I will tell you how I used to begin: "Oh, Lord, Thou art a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy wisdom, being, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." [I stole that out of the third question and answer of our catechism.] That is

all in the book, and has a very rolling sort of sound—very good way to commence a prayer. "Oh, God, thou art high in heaven, we upon the earth, and therefore our words should be few and well ordered;" [and then I prayed ten minutes to show how our words should be few. That second prayer was a very long prayer.] "Oh, Lord, we are not worthy to lift our eyes towards the place where thine honor dwelleth. Oh, God, we have left undone the things we ought to have done, and we have done the things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. Have mercy upon us all, miserable sinners." [That is stolen from the Episcopal prayer book.. That is very good for that style of thing. I was just putting it together. It was a sort of patchwork.] "Great God, our place is with our hands upon our mouths, and our mouths in the dust, for we are not worthy to lift our eyes towards the place where thine honor dwelleth. Rather should we smite on our breast, saying, "God be merciful unto us, sinners." And so on and so on *ad libitum*. That is just the way the devil wanted me to pray, and so I went on, and by the time I got to "Our Father," which the Lord Jesus Christ told me to say the first thing, when I came to ask for anything I was so very far off from Him that I did not believe I would get it, and so I did *not* get what I prayed for. I did not get one thing out of a thousand that I prayed for. Why? Because I "asked amiss," as James says. That is the reason. I do not know whether you have heard such prayers as that. I do not say that everybody that prays in that sort of way prays at the instigation of the devil. I say the devil had something to do with my prayer, for I did not get what I prayed for. If you do not get what you pray for you are not praying aright. My friends, I hardly ever got what I asked for in my prayer. Why? It was no more than the barking of a dog. I

was honest too, but that did not secure the answer. That is no prayer if you do not get what you pray for. You pray to the Lord for things which you expect to get, and if you do not get them, it is because you do not hit the mark. I do not say I was not honest. I followed my Father, and he followed his grandfather, and so we all followed one behind another like sheep. I prayed as I was educated at Princeton. Dear friends, I have let fifty thousand souls slip between these fingers just by that kind of praying. Now, I tell you, I hardly ever ask for anything I do not get.

If I had done wilfully what I did ignorantly I would have been dead long ago, for the devil would have fired an arrow labelled death into me. The devil has power to do that. But I am here. I did it ignorantly. I am trying to undo all the mischief I did and trying to get people out of the mud, that are just as deep in it as I used to be; and, brother, unless you want to go on and let your life be wasted, you would do well to give heed to what I say.

The first question I ask you, brother, sister mine, is, do you get what you ask for? Come, let us step down to the level of common sense. Do you get what you ask for? You say your prayers a good many times. Do you get what you ask for? If you do not; then there is something rotten about your praying, and I want to teach you better if I can do it. I can show you how to pray better than that, for, before God, I do get nearly everything I ask for. If you do not get the secret of prayer and I do, why, my friend, act like a common sense business man, just as you would in any business transaction. If you find a man successful follow the way by which he obtained success. That is the way you do in business. In business you do not follow a fool, that would lead you to ruin, when your neighbor at your right hand makes money out of the same business. You learn from him.

I tell you I am usually successful. I tell you there is hardly ever a thing that I ask the dear, dear loving father for but what I get it. Do you know how I get it? I mind Jesus, and do exactly what he tells me. I say, "Our Father." The first thing learned from that catechism, from that prayer book, from this, that or the other theological definition, or theological invocation is, that God does not know what sort of being he is, and I have to remind Him as to the nature of his own being; justice, holiness and all that. There is no good in that, my friend. I am his poor, helpless creature, needing to be filled, but God is the fountain of all fullness, and what I need is to ask him, expecting to get what I ask for, and I get it. Remember, my brother, sister, if you ever know how to pray, you will pray just as Jesus tells you to: "Our Father," let that be the spirit of your prayer, let that be the word of your prayer, let it be an intelligent, "Our Father;" understand what "Our Father" means, and then talk to him as our Father. You want no miserable set of words that you repeat a hundred times a day. That will not do you any good. Oh, dearest Lord, show these people the difference between *saying* prayers and praying. If you *say* prayers you do not get what you want; if you pray you always get what you want—always; for praying is asking and receiving. Friends, you can soon discover when you make a failure of your prayers. You do not get much of what you ask for. If you pray you always get what you ask for. How is it with you, brother? where do you stand to-day? Does the dear Father hear with his face bending down and listening to you? That is what he does for me. That is the simple secret. Jesus told his disciples to say the very first word, "Our Father." When you pray, say, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Before he says that, he warns them against a thing that is very common; against doing these

things openly and ostentatiously, just to be seen of men, as the hypocrites. They prayed to get a religious reputation, but a religious reputation is a very poor thing, after you have it. It is not worth having. They prayed for a religious reputation, and they got it. He gives the second thing, and says: don't you "use vain repetitions as the heathens do, for they think they will he heard for their much speaking;" do not be like them.

I want to speak a word on the subject of vain repetitions, for I have used them many times, and by vain repetitions I think God means continually asking God for the same thing over and over and over again. I think that is what the Lord calls vain repetitions. At any rate, I want to give you the benefit of my experience as far as you are wise enough to take it. I never ask the Lord for anything but once, and I generally get it. In these five years and a half my daughter Marie and I have held seventy series of meetings, and never had a failure. Some were more successful than others, but there has not been one failure out of them all. God has given us nearly twenty-seven thousand confessions. That is good wages. Now, there must be something in that. That is not the power of man, it was the power of God. I never asked God to bless any place I have been in but once. I take it for granted that God knows what I have need of before I ask him. I ask him once in real earnest, and then leave it in his hands. To ask him after that is, in my judgment, to insult him, and that is the reason people do not get the answer to their prayers. I know some women that have been asking God to convert their husbands for twenty years, but if their husbands ever get to heaven, it will not be through their prayers. Do not deceive yourselves. He does not answer prayers that need to be repeated for twenty years. But the devil has got this idea abroad that that is

the perfection of prayer, nagging on and saying that it is the Lord's time and I must be quiet ; laying all the blame on God, and then going on and asking him and asking him and asking him. They think the Lord is like that selfish judge who did not fear God nor regard man, who because a poor widow came and nagged him and nagged him and told him he ought to do it, at last coolly, diabolically and selfishly made a plain statement : "Now, it is a perfect bore to have this woman to come to me. I believe I will avenge her on her adversary, because by her coming she will wear me out." Oh, the devil himself could not have got up a more diabolical argument than that. And people say the Lord is just like that judge. They call that importunate prayer. That is illustrated by the man that was lying in bed, and a friend comes to his door, and says, "friend, give me three loaves." The man says, "I am lying in bed, I cannot get up and get them for you." But he keeps knocking and calling on him: "I know you have got it ; get up and give me three loaves, I will not go, I will stay here all night." "Well," says the man, "If that is the way, take your three loaves." That is, he would rather give those loaves than have him stay there all night. That is God lying in bed and will not get up until you importune him. I do not wonder Ingersoll has such power. I do not wonder he is stealing the best and bravest young men. He has got more influence this minute over the rising generation than any hundred preachers in America. I am far within the limits. That is the kind of God we have been taught to worship, friends. It is this God that kills a man every second. Out of the fourteen hundred millions of people in the world he kills one every second—God sitting with shears in his hand clipping off a human life every second snip, snip, snip, as fast as your watch beats. Do you wonder that this God is spewed out

of the mouths of the rising generation? Is it a wonder, that people called upon to believe in such a God as that, just turn away with loathing from him, and like poor Ingersoll take refuge in the idea of no God? From my heart of hearts I pity him; and I say now, with my light, if I had to believe on such a God I would rather have none at all—almost. *That* God I was raised on until I was fifty years of age, a god that cheated me out of fifty thousand souls, a god that kept me penitential more than half my time, a god that did not do me any good. How could he? The stream could not rise higher than its source. We are exactly like the god we worship. Christianity to-day in the world has got a mighty poor god. See the the result of it. Take a city with five thousand professing Christians amid forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, and how many are converted every year? I am just driving at the mark in a free sort of way. But with five thousand professing Christians, and twenty or thirty costly church edifices, with pastors of rare intellectual endowments, and all the machinery of church government, how many people are converted every year? That is the living question. And while you stand appalled at the net results, just think of this great crowd rushing to hell as fast as it can, while five thousand Christians stand almost helplessly looking on.

Do you wonder that Ingersoll has such terrific power, such awful success in attacking such a god? He is the most vulnerable god that you can imagine. You may tear him to tatters, because there is no such God as that. That is not God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—not at all. He that hath the power of death is the devil. The devil snips off a soul a second, dead. God does not do it. God is the savior of mankind. God comes down into this world that is in revolt; this world from which his Son has

been driven out, and on which he has no foothold, except as he can gain it in loving hearts, and how hard he tries, and how feebly we second his efforts. Think of the millions of so-called Christians; what poor, miserable people they are, because they worship a false god. Let us learn to say "Our Father," and after you have got that Father through and through you, you will never insult him by asking for anything more than once. My dear Father, you will say, I wish you would give this to me if it is good for me. We are not infallible. We may ask for what is not good, and we will not get it; then say, I am just as much obliged to you as if you had given it to me, and when you feel that way you will hardly ever ask for anything that is not right, and hardly ever fail to get anything that you want. You poor people that do not get what you want I call upon your experience to-day to testify on my side. I tell you from the depths of a sweet and happy experience, I get nearly everything I ask for, and I call you to reconsider this matter. No, my friends, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do. They are full of it. The Hindoo takes out his long strand of beads with a long bead at every thirty-three beads, and commences; "r'm r'm r'm. He's nearly asleep by the time he gets to 33d bead, and wakes right up and draws a long breath and then goes R'm r'm r'm r'm—and wakes up; and that is just the way we say our prayers. That is the way we go to meeting. So it is with Mohammedanism and Roman Catholicism. The whole world is busy with this many saying of prayers, which yet is not prayer. It is no part of it. Now, my dear friends, here is what God wants us to do; to get right down in your own family circles and learn our theology from there. I can learn more theology in one week in my family circle than in all the books in the world in ten years. I say, How do I want my children to behave

towards me? and then that is the way I ought to behave towards God my heavenly Father, for he has given me children in order that I may understand how I ought to treat him. How do you want your children to treat you? Mother, do you want your child to come and say, Oh, mamma, I want a piece of bread, please. Mamma, please give me a piece of bread. *Oh, mamma, please give me a piece of bread*, OH, MAMMA! PLEASE GIVE ME A PIECE OF BREAD! I am so hungry. They do not get what they want. They get a rod instead of a piece of bread. My friends, what do you get when you go to the Lord and say, Oh, Lord, I want so and so, Oh, Oh, Oh, Lord, I want so and so, howling and agonizing—that is what they call agonizing. I know the Lord respects an honest, loving heart. I do not say that people may not do this in ignorance and get blessing, but if they do they get it for the honest, loving heart that lies underneath it all. I would to God I could strike the tap root of this foolish system. I do not say that we have not a Christian instinct that rises superior to all these falsities of the devil, and gives us a victory, and sometimes rare conquests. I do not say that people that do these things are not Christians; No, no; but I want to strike the tap root of all this devilment, because I want to see Christians as they ought to be, fair as the Moon, bright as the Sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

The devil snaps his fingers at the church now. He does not mind the church. A church does not hurt him. What does he care about the church as it goes on now, saying its prayers and not praying? They say Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees. That is nonsense. That is not in the Bible. Satan does not tremble at that; he trembles when he hears a Christian say, "Our Father," and means it; but when he hears them saying their prayers

he snaps his fingers, and says; "That is not going to hurt me any. I taught them that sort of thing." He only trembles when he sees a man on his knees crying "Our Father," calling all the power of heaven on our side in that sweet and endearing name, that always brings it down.

Suppose you had a child, as Mrs. Smith illustrates it in her beautiful "Secret of a Happy Life"—Suppose you had a child that comes and says, "Mamma, I wish you would give your child a piece of bread," and the child goes on playing, and mamma forgets all about it for a little while, and at last she thinks about it. In a spasm of remorse she wakes up and cries, dear me, Charley asked me for a piece of bread half an hour ago, and she rushes to the cupboard and cuts off a piece of bread twice as big as she would have done, and gets jam half an inch thick, and cries, "Charley, here is your bread, mamma forgot all about you." The little fellow looks up from his play, and says; "Oh, mamma. I knew you would get it. I was not in a hurry. I knew you would get it for me when you were ready." That is the way God asks to be treated, just as you ask your child to treat you. You ought to treat Him a great deal better, but I speak after the manner of men for the infirmity of your flesh. You should treat God a great deal better than you want your child to treat you. You will rise higher and higher. That will do very well for a start. Use no vain repetitions as the heathen do. Ask your dear father for what you need—"Our Father, which art in Heaven, give me,"—then ask for what you want, and take it for granted that His heart is filled with love towards you, and then you will get it.

"Our Father which art in Heaven." There are so many things that just open up here, that one hardly knows what to speak about first; there are so many thoughts connected with that sweet, tender relationship of a parent and child.

Do you love to see your children all love one another, peaceful and quiet at home? Why, then, your Father loves to see his children in just the same condition. How do you feel when you come home, and John is in one corner and Susan in another, and Jane in another, and Jimmy in another, and all of them with fingers in their eyes, crying and carrying on, and flying at each other? How do you like that when you get home jaded with business, wanting to see a happy household, all united? You say: "wife, has the devil got into the house to-day? I will go away, go to my business, go anywhere if you cannot train the children better than that; I hate to come home." But you love to come home when your children are all loving one another. How do you think our dear Father loves to look down on his children, and see them at variance; Presbyterian against Methodist; Methodist against Reformer, and Reformer against Baptist, all going to their different meeting houses, costly edifices, built in emulation one of another. One builds a fine church; another one a little finer. That is the way things go on. Not in one city but in every city. Oh, my friends, the legend is that those steeples point like fingers to the sky, point poor sinners to heaven, point poor saints to heaven. They do no such thing. Do you know how these steeples look to me? They look like the tails of bull dogs ready to pounce into each other. Some look like sharp tails and some like bob-tails. It does not make any difference whether it is a square tower or sharp tower, that is what it means; hatred emphasised in brick and stone and mortar. That is what it means, one church fighting against another. Oh! think of God's family in such a condition as that. God have mercy upon His poor church. You know I am not libelling it. You know I am not saying anything but the truth, and you do not dare to deny it.

Oh, my brethren, I want you to learn the first word that Jesus taught his disciples to use. It is "Our." Since that sweet word got through me, denominationalism has died out of me. Don't you know I love a Baptist just as well as a Reformer or Presbyterian? do you not know I love a Presbyterian just as well as any of them? love them all alike. There is no professing Christian that ever had a hide-bound sectarian straight-jacket on them tighter than I have had, but thank God the snare is broken, and I am free to-day. Do you know what drove the devil out of me? That little word "Our." That tells the truth, friends, that we all belong to the same family, and the devil himself cannot divide us. We belong to the same family, and blood is thicker than water. I remember when I was a Presbyterian, trying to build up my church. When the reformers on the hill used to come and say: "Brother Barnes, we are going to have Brother Lard," and Brother Lard was a big man down there. I hated him in my Christian way. Did not like to hear him He used to say: "Brother Barnes, he that believeth *and is baptised* shall be saved," and then he would look at me with an air of triumph. I will not say how I felt. I did not know the meaning of baptism or the scope of it or anything of the kind, and I would just walk off like a beaten dog. He would beat me in argument every time. When they would say they were going to have Brother Lard, I would say, Brethren, I hope you will have a good time, and gather in as many as you can. I never told a bigger lie in all my life. So it was with the Methodists and Baptists. I did not want any of them to get any. Did not want them to get ahead of me. I wanted to get ahead of them; and when they would have a big meeting, I would send off and get a popular evangelist, and manage to keep abreast; and our good Father in heaven all the time was looking down upon his

children, and Martha was in one corner and Susan in another and Jimmy in another and Thomas in another, and there they are at sixes and sevens, and Our Father in heaven looking down in sorrow, and saying : "What shall I do with my children? My children! My children! Oh! the world that is lost in the wicked one I can manage that so much better. What shall I do with my children?" This cry from Our Father in heaven has pierced my heart. It has slain sectarianism. It has all gone out of me now, and so, my Brother, my Sister, I pray God you may be dispossessed. The exorcism may be a tremendous one. You have cherished the devil so long, and he has been your bosom companion so long, it may be hard to get him out of you, but a bitter, terrible exorcism is not half so bad as the evils of a continual possession. I advise you to let Jesus Christ cast this terrible devil out, leaving you as the boy in the parable for dead. That is the way I was when the devil left me. He left me for dead : But I am alive to-day, to live forever, amen. The life-giver touched me.

Brother, Sister, dear, some of you need to have him cast out of you. Some of you do not look cheerful at what I am saying, but I say these things for your good. Do not scowl at me, and not look angry at me. Look into your own hearts : see what your own lives are, and let Jesus cast the devil out. That is my loving advice to you, I do not know whether you are able to bear it. I think the Lord has led me to this line of remark, or I would not have made it. I hope you are able to bear it.

The church is doing very little, and this is no secret, my dear friends. I was looking through the statistics of the Northern Presbyterian Church the other day. Do you know they have got nearly 6000 ministers in their division, and last year less than 6,000 people were converted. Jesus

Christ gave me more than that in less than a year. Oh, my friends, think of that; think of it for God's sake. One poor bushwhacking evangelist gathers in more sinners in one year than all the preachers in a great denomination. Ah, may God be permitted to cast out this devil of sectarianism. His name is legion; let him go out. "Our Father" will do it, for blood is thicker than water. Let that little word come in, and out goes the devil. Our Father never meant that barriers in the way of stone or brick walls should be built between you. Understand this, the children of the same Father, that have the same blood coursing in their veins, that are going to the same house of many mansions. You have the same Father, the same Divine Saviour, the same undying spirit. Oh, brother, let kinship have its way. A man that does not love his kin better than anybody else, I say I would watch my pocketbook against him. He would steal. God made you to love your kin. A man comes to the door and presents himself there, and you say, "good morning, what can I do for you?" Why, Sallie, don't you remember your cousin, John Smith, from Missouri?" "Why, how do you do. I didn't know you. I am so glad to see you. Have you had your breakfast? Come into the house, come." What is the matter? She has come across one of her kin, that is all. She had no interest in that stranger, but John Smith, from Missouri, the minute she knows the same blood runs in his veins and hers she welcomes him. Blood is thicker than water. God made it so. And so, remember "Our Father which art in heaven" just unites us with the same blood, and our tie is a very near one. It is the blood of Jesus Christ. It is the life of Jesus Christ which we share in common. How can you let Satan's wiles keep you away from one another? How can you let theological dogmas sour your heart against one of your own kith and kin?

Brother and sister, the devil shall never get me down on that again. I have set out to love all for the love of Jesus, and you cannot be mean enough to keep me from loving you. I will defy you. I have met some very mean Christians, and I want to meet some of the meanest kind, just to test the matter. I know I can love them all down to the lowest drone of a Christian that ever joined the church. I can, indeed, because "Our" shows me how to do it, praise the Lord. "Our Father which art in heaven." I pray God that you may learn the meaning of "Our," that you may learn the meaning of "Our Father."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Hallowed be thy name."

[Matthew vi.]

Dear friends, this is the perfect prayer that Jesus teaches his disciples to pray. And mark you, again, this has nothing to do with the saying of prayers. It is not connected with the saying of prayers at all. When you pray say, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done," &c. And you will find that the petitions which he presents and puts in our mouths number just seven, God's perfect number again. Fourteen times, or twice seven. He emphasises the first word in this wonderful prayer, "Our Father" which art in heaven. Twice seven times he lays emphasis upon that, and then when he has directed our attention to God as *Our* Father because He is *his* father, as it is said, "I ascend unto My Father and to your Father," thus linking our lives with his, and both with the blessed God as indissolubly as the live parent and child are linked together, then he presents the petition that he wants us to repeat in seven different parts. "Hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." I am glad our new version has got the correct thing on that. There are just seven. Not by any chance, dear friends, is it seven. God never does things by chance. It is all in perfect order, and the prominent thing in that wonderful system of his is the number seven. I want to love everything the Lord loves, and to hate everything he hates. It is no mere fancy, and the more you understand the Bible the better you will understand the divine significance of numbers. Here is a simple fact, and all these things are based on facts. Everything in the Bible is based on facts, and here is a fact you cannot deny—the name of Father pronounced just fourteen times in this wonderful first sermon of Jesus, and the petitions he puts in our mouths number just seven. And you will notice there is another division ; three of these petitions have reference to the blessed God and four of them have reference to our own individual wants. God always first ; man second. That is the divine order. That is the thing that the devil tries to disturb, putting man and his wants before God ; but God, as to his wants, is first, and it is right he should be attended to before anybody else.

Ah, friends, I could show you in many ways how the devil disturbs that order, and so brings confusion and wretchedness into our lives. Mark you, in the commandments ; even in the law this thing is observed. You have all seen the commandments, written on hard, flinty tables of stone ; but even there God has the first place. It belongs to him ; he ought to have it. Therefore you will find the commandments on the first table, four of them have reference to God, and the other six on the second table have reference to our relative duties—our duties to our fellow man ; thus setting forth what Jesus himself sets forth as two

things, just in their proper order. What is the first and great commandment? It is to give God his due. What is the second? The second is like unto the first but still inferior to it—secondary to it; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The devil, beloved friends, puts number two in the place of number one, and you will find that a large part of the religion of the world, instead of giving God his due, is engaged in giving our neighbor his due, putting him in the place of God, and thus bringing "confusion worse confounded" into our lives. Oh, that you would understand and would lay to your heart the perfect, systematic order that God has of doing everything. Oh, that you would learn this divine lesson in divine love that God has given. Whosoever is to be neglected it must not be He. If there is any one to be neglected it must not be God. To neglect others is not fatal. It is hurtful but not fatal, but to neglect God is fatal. Learn, then, the order of God's blessed salvation; God first, man next. God's glory first; man's salvation next. Even our old catechism saw that, when it answered that wonderful question, "What is the chief end of man?" It is not simply to save himself. That is what the devil wants you to believe—squeeze into heaven. "Oh, if *I* can just get there—"big Me."—God out of the question, not mentioned even; if I can only get the place of door keeper—can only squeeze in by the back door; if I can get anywhere, the least place. Oh, if I can only get into heaven." That is as high as you can soar if you are thinking exclusively of self, but even the catechism knows better than that. "The chief end of man is to glorify God," and your enjoyment comes secondary to that. How this lesson is stamped on every part of the blessed word, stamped on the Lord's prayer—for it is the Lord's prayer. Ah, yes, indeed, it is a prayer that none could have given but the

blessed Saviour. Oh, God teaches us to pray, not to say prayers, as John also taught his disciples. Jesus said, when you pray, first of all say "Our Father." That we have already discussed.

Let me now call your attention to the first petition in the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father which art in heaven, *hallowed be Thy name.*" Now, the devil has just eliminated all meaning from this with saint and sinner. I want to show you how he has done it. "Hallowed be Thy name." What does that mean? It means, you say, you must not swear, "You must not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" corresponds to that, and what do you mean by that? Man has that changed. He says, "The Lord's name is a very holy name, you must not speak it lightly; you must be very careful how you speak it, and always speak it with a very solemn emphasis. The devil wants to make your religion such a solemn thing. Oh, he is a solemn devil. Of all things, God deliver me from a solemn Christian. I will take to my heels and run as hard as I can whenever I see a solemn Christian. Why, my friends, solemn Christians nearly drove me to infidelity. Solemn Christians drove me at bay when I was 14 so I was ready to curse God. Solemn Christians nearly killed what little religion I had when I was first converted—that pious old deacon that said: "Boys, I don't think you ought to laugh so loud now you have made a profession of religion." Solemn, very solemn work, isn't it, to eat a piece of bread when you are starving to death? Very solemn to take something which is going to nourish you forever? Very solemn to put on clothes when you are naked? Very solemn. Oh, God deliver you from the solemn devil. I am not going to preach about solemn religion. None of that for me. I have done with solemn religion. I will tell you what it does. God has given us a very sweet

little song like "Old Hundred," and then we set it to an old, long metre tune. It is a cheerful, bright, crisp, merry song. It is "Praise the Lord, and laud him all ye people, enter into His court with *thanksgiving*." Oh, be joyful in the Lord—but I will tell you how we sing it: "Praise—God from—whom—all—bless—ings—flow"—I am glad to break down. I am glad I could not get through the first line. That is your solemn religion. Think of the praises of God set to an old long metre tune. I do not care who wrote it, Luther or anybody else, the idea of setting God's praises to an old funeral dirge. Play that on the organ, and you will get the people in a first class attack of low spirits before they can get out of the house, and they will feel as if they were dead and buried never to be resurrected. Don't I know what it is? Yes, indeed; a funeral dirge, that is what the devil has made of it. Praising God in long metre, who ever heard of such a thing? that is the devil out and out; that is the part of the solemn, *solemn*, SOLEMN devil, and so he comes and gets Christians to put their religion into long faces, and the moment you mention the subject of religion down goes every face; no more smiling. Don't you crack a smile till you get done talking about religion. It is the devil's solemnity, and is about all the religion I see on many faces. I do not see souls saved. I do not see active churches. I see the devil having his own way, riding over everything rough shod. Five thousand Christians and not saving a hundred people a year. Whenever you talk about religion down goes the mouth as though you were at a funeral. That is not religion. That is not hallowing the name of the Lord. I remember a dear little girl, who was converted in Danville, went down to see her old aunt in the country. She said "Praise the Lord" many times a day. That was her life, and she went around "praising the Lord"

for everything. Her aunt did not like to talk to her about it for the few first days. She had not seen her quite a while, but one day she could stand it no longer. She was an elder's wife, and had been raised under this devilish solemn religion, and she took her in the room one day and said, "Daughter, I don't want to hurt your feelings at all, but do you know I would not take the Lord's name in vain the way you are taking it for anything in the world." I suppose the poor old frost bitten creature had not taken the Lord's name, except to sing it in the Doxology, three times in her life, and she hallowed the Lord's name so tremendously that she never opened her lips to pronounce it. You can have any religion you like, but that is not the kind that makes me happy or useful. My religion makes me love one sweet little word, and that is, "Our Father. Are you afraid to say "My Father?" Does a child that is hungry and wants something to eat come into the presence of its parent and stay off from her mother as far as she can get, and draw down the corners of her mouth, and say, "Oh, mother, you are so wise and I am so foolish. Oh, mother, you are so good and I am bad. "Oh, mother, I am not fit to be your child or say a word to you, but won't you please give me a piece of bread?" How would you like that out of your children? I would spank them double quick if they would talk to me in that way—certinly *you* would. If you do not want your children to play the fool in that way, don't you talk to your Father in that way when you come into his presence. His name is Father. He has revealed that blessed name in the person of his Son, Jesus Christ, who lay in the bosom of his Father, and came down into this world to reveal his Father. Were the disciples afraid to mention his name? They slept with him, ate with him, loved him. That is what God wants you to do; treat him

as you want one of your children to treat you. Oh, what a wretched parent you would be to see your children moping away as the good God sees his children moping. Ah, the terrible old French wit that saw all this diabolical, Pharisaic holiness, this counterfeit religion, and he saw it the world over, and he saw nothing but that scarcely, except here and there one and another that did not do that way—but the religion of the whole religious world consisted in such things as this; and the old wretched heathen of a French wit makes the "*Bon Dieu*," the "Good God," looking down upon his children, say: "Ah, my children, if I know what you are at may the devil catch me." It is blasphemous, certainly it is, it is horribly witty, yes, it is terrible, but that is exactly the Lord looking down, perfectly lost. He does not know what to do with his children. He does not know what they are at; does not know what they are after; does not know what they are doing. "I never knew you," Jesus.

Now, dear friends, I want you to understand as far as I am able to tell it to you to-day, what hallowing the name of the Lord means. "Do not take His name in vain;" it corresponds to that, I grant you, and what do you mean by taking his name in vain? It means swearing and cursing, you say. Oh, nonsense, that will apply to a very small portion of the human race, my friends. While there is a large class of even the wickedest men that are too gentlemanly to swear, it is such a dirty habit that you will only find the lowest class of people with very low instincts that will indulge in that. A thorough gentleman will not swear on simply gentlemanly grounds, because there is no sense in it, there is no wisdom in it, and there is no good breeding in it, and he is a gentleman and he will not swear. Oh, friends, that is not taking the name of the Lord in vain. A sinner cannot take his name in vain. They may blaspheme that

holy name by which we are called, but they cannot take the name of the Lord in vain. None but a Christian can do that. The law was given to a redeemed people, and only a redeemed people can take the name of the Lord in vain, and this prayer was not for the world. Oh, said his disciples, teach us to pray. Jesus never taught the world to pray, because they had not anything to pray about, but when you are his disciple and his child, then God teaches you to pray, "Hallowed be thy name." A child of the devil cannot take the Lord's name in vain. He can only blaspheme, but a child of God can take that name in vain; but you see the craft of the devil in all this. He wants to make you believe that taking the Lord's name in vain is swearing, and that hallowing the Lord's name means hardly ever pronouncing it, and then pronouncing it as if you are afraid of him. Ah, what a devil that is. That is not hallowing the Lord's name at all. You are a Christian, are you not? I am not asking you whether you are a Baptist or Presbyterian. You are a Christian. What does that mean? That means you have got Christ's name upon you. You are a Christian. You are God's man. You have got the name of the Lord upon you. Then do nothing that will bring reproach upon that holy name; that is hallowing his name. Do not do anything or say anything that will dim the glory of that blessed name. Do not allow anything in your life that will bring reproach upon that holy name. Do not harbor any devilish disposition that will dishonor that blessed name. Do not allow any reproach to come upon you who bear that holy name; that is the meaning of it, if I know anything about the meaning of words.

Ah, you see, Christians are very well content to admit the meaning of this petition when they think it does not bear hard on them. How could they come and say, "Our Father

which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," and not make it mean anything? If you ask the reason why I make that petition, I say, I want to receive it, and now, by God's sweet grace, henceforth, nothing shall come into my mouth or on my tongue, nothing shall ever be said by me that will bring reproach on that dear, dear name. To receive that petition would cut your bad temper by the roots, throw your tobacco out of your mouth, and your cigars and whiskey. That would make you *clean* Christians. Christians do not want to pray that way, that is the difficulty. It goes down too deep in their lives, but Jesus teaches his disciples to pray just that way, "Hallowed be thy name." First to know the name; first distinctly to understand it, repeated twice seven times, and then to hallow it; to be a child worthy of your Father. Ah, my friends, how many a grand name has gone down to unworthy descendants. How little the descendants of Webster keep up the family name; the descendants of Clay, how they drag that honored name in the dust, and so there is hardly a grand name in all history but some miserable descendant has dragged it down into the dust. Hallowing the name means to do nothing that will dishonor it. Ah, dear friends, you expect of the son of a great man more than you expect of the son of a small man. The reason preachers' children are supposed to be worse than any other children is not because they really are worse. I was not any worse or any better than boys of my age, but then people expect more of a minister's son.

Ah, dear, dear friends, you are the children of a heavenly Father. Are you hallowing his name to-day? How I pity a father when I see a young man across the street staggering along, and I say, who is that? and he says, "I am sorry to say it is my son." I have driven a bullet right through his heart. I wish I had not said a word. I did not want to cut

the man's heart in two, but I have done it, done it unwittingly. He says, "that is my son, sir, I am sorry to say," and the hot blood rushes up to the very tips of his ears, and the poor head is hung in shame, for a son can disgrace a father, and, mark you, this disgrace comes upon the other children alike, but it settles more keenly on the father. He is the one whose very heart is cleft in twain by a dishonoring child. Oh, how sorry I am for a man or woman that has a bad son or bad daughter. Oh, how it tears the household to pieces. Oh, how it "brings down the gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." That is what bad children do. Now, my friend, you are the child of the father. You are the child of a loving father that keenly feels every disgrace that you put upon his name. Ah, when I found out the meaning of "Our Father," that killed sectarianism. Since I found out the real meaning of "Father," I have lifted my right hand to heaven and sworn by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that I will never do anything to bring reproach on that dear, dear and precious name. That is one thing that I shrink back from with unutterable horror—to say anything that will dishonor My Father ; to do anything that will make him blush for me. I have been a bad child long enough; until I was fifty. I am going to be a good child from this out. I am not asking you to take a petition upon your lips that I do not observe myself. I am not preaching to you above my own experience. I know the meaning of this petition, "Hallowed be thy name." I have got out of the folly of thinking it means cursing and swearing. God never says to Christians I do not want you to curse and swear. He takes it for granted that his children will not do that. He has not the remotest reference to that, but the devil puts it all in that one place, and so has cheated God out of the glory of it. "Hallowed be thy name" simply means *nothing*

with ninety-nine out of a hundred. The devil has robbed it of all its meaning. I pray God it may come back to its place in your lives. "Hallowed be thy name." And so, dear friends, we hallow the name of our Father when first we recognize the love that is in him; that is the first thing, "God is love." That is his title. "God the Father," "God is love," these are synonymous, for a Father's heart is a heart of love, and a father is love and love is a father, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him. Brother, sister, we hallow the name of the Lord when we recognize the love that there is in him; the love that watches over our every footstep; the love that takes the tenderest care of us; that love that pervades everything; the love that knows the things that we have need of.

My friend, are you hallowing the Lord's name in recognizing the love that is taking care of you? Good sister and good brother are you "careful for nothing," as the Lord says, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything with thanksgiving make known your requests unto God—by prayer and supplication making known your requests unto him." Sister, you know you are careful. Brother, you know you are careful; careful about what you will eat and what you drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed. Yes, indeed. the bread and meat question will come in so often, and therefore he strikes that one thing right in the face. That is the care of ninety-nine hundredths of all the Christians that live in the world, because ninety-nine hundredths are poor, and the rest of them ought to be poor if they want to live within the reach of that sweet word, "Give us this day our daily bread." Fear not. Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven. And whether they want it or not, ninety-nine hundredths of them are poor as poverty, and this ninety-nine hundredths are careful about what they

eat, and what they drink, and what they put on. Just think of it, the little birds do not sow or reap, or gather into barns. It goes through my heart in the tenderest way when I go into the forest and see them. There is one of God's barns for a little bird. There it is hiding under a chip, or getting on the leafy limb. When he wants breakfast he goes out and nibbles a berry, and when he wants dinner he goes to God's barn. He has strung them all through the forest. If he could provide for the sparrow could not he provide for you? "Oh, ye of little faith," "think of the lily, how it grows, it toils not, neither does it spin," and ah, dear friends, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of 'God's lilies.'" Why are you troubled about what you put on your back? Ninety-nine out of a hundred Christians are troubled about what they eat and drink, and wear, and "*Bon Dieu*" looks down from heaven and says, "My children, I do not know what you do. You PUZZLE me, my children, I do not know what sort of children you are." Children that are afraid their father will let them come to want; think of that! I go to a little boy and say, "Little boy, did you have your breakfast this morning? Yes, I did. Had your dinner? Yes. Ah, but, my boy, look here, you are not going to get any supper. Yes, I am. Why, no, what do you mean? Why, I am bound to get my supper. How do you know, my son? Why, father gets it and mother gives it to me. That is right, boy, it is your mother's and father's business to take care of you, but what are you going to do when those shoes give out? Why, my father buys more. Very well, my son, you have got more sense than these frost-bitten Christians, who are afraid when the day's provisions give out." The poor little friendless *orphans!* and "Le Bon Dieu" looks down from heaven to the earth and says, "You

puzzle me; I never saw such a lot of children as I have." Ah, good Lord, I am glad the old heathen, Beranger, said "*Bon Dieu;*" but he had an indefinite idea that there was a good God, and here were his naughty creatures, and they were doing all sorts of foolish, contradictory things, and the old infidel gave God the right name. He was the "*Good* God," but was so puzzled about his bad children. I hope we may learn a lesson from the old scoffer to-day, who called God by the right name, "Good God," and called the children by the right name, "Bad children."

How does it come that you are careful for anything at all? when God has told you to be careful for nothing? How dare you be careful? That is what I want you to think about. It is a commandment as well as "Thou shalt not steal." If you were to put your hand in my pocket and steal a dollar it would get on your conscience. "Oh, Brother Barnes, do you think I would steal, I would rather let my hand burn off;" why? Because the Lord says "thou shalt not steal." How does it come that you break his other commandment? The same God that says "Thou shall not steal" says "thou shalt be careful for nothing."

You are breaking God's holy commandment every day, sister, brother. How does it come that it never gets on your conscience? It looks as if conscience was seared with a red hot iron; no feeling at all. You never allow yourselves to think about it, and you go on careful and troubled about many things. Oh, Martha, you have not got the good portion. I do not mean to say you are not going to heaven. You are going to "save your soul," of course, but that is not the better portion. That is good enough in its way, but it is not the *better* portion. The better portion is glorifying God, and enjoying him for ever.

Dear Father, what a lot of naughty children thou art look-

ing down on this day, the Baptist child, the Presbyterian child, the Methodist child, the Lutheran child, the Catholic child. Brethren, I want to speak these words plainly and faithfully. There is an evil under the Sun. How can you and I ever expect our Christian lives to flourish ?

Do you not see the reason why you are such a poor Christian ? breaking God's solemn commandment in Christ every day that you live. Oh, brother, sister, I pray you see the love in the name of God to-day ; a love that is deeper than your love for your children—a father's love. You take care of your children and clothe them. Have not you a father ? Are you a little foundling without anybody to take care of you ? Oh, a thousand shames on us, Brother, for very shame let us do better. Shall we not ? How can you look up into the good God's face ? Oh, say, by God's sweet grace I will never be careful for anything as long as I live. Not for children, nor for husband, nor for father, nor for bread, nor for anything I will put on. I rejoice to hallow my father's name. " Hallowed be thy name."

There is another belief under the Sun as to hallowing the Father's name. I go among Christians a great deal and see a great deal of it. I notice they are carrying great "burdens" around saying, that they are " weary and heavy laden ;" and I say, " What are are you doing, sister ?" " I am fighting the good fight of faith." Well, the devil has got you down on your back, and the shield of faith is flying out of your hand, and you have no helmet on your head. You have not the whole armor of God ; you have not the helmet of salvation. Not the sword of the spirit, that is, the word of God in your hand ; you do not know how to use it. Do not call *that* the " fight of faith." It is no such thing. When I find Christians wherever I go weary and heavy laden, crying " Jordan is a hard road to travel," climbing

up Zion's hill, saying "it is a hard thing to be a Christian ;" "Oh, to be at rest ;" "Oh, if I had the wings of a dove I would fly away and be at rest." The only reason they want to get to heaven is it is so hard getting along down here. It is very sad. Nine Christians out of ten are carrying useless burdens. I am not libeling them. I am keeping far within the limits.

Let me tell you a little secret. The Lord never laid a burden upon one of his children that the child could not bear. Dear friends, I will tell you what you have been doing: you have been letting the devil burden you. He will clap a burden on you that will crush you if he can hold it upon you ; a yoke that will gall your neck every time you put it on. "My burden is light." Is his burden light? Does your "life flow on in endless song above earth's lamentations?" If it does not you are not hallowing the name of your Father, because that Father is too kind ever to lay a burden upon you such as you complain of. That is not the Lord's burden ; it is the devil's burden, and it is crushing the very life out of you. You will go to the church yard before your time, and it will be written on your tomb-stone, "Age thirty-five," "forty-five," "fifty-five." The devil has cheated you out of twenty or thirty years of your life that God promised you. I could not live to seventy-five, eighty, perhaps ninety years, and then be snuffed out without pain or disease if I carried a burden. You do not suppose I am going to let the devil kill me with rheumatism, typhoid fever, or any such disease as that. Not if I know myself. It shall not come if I only "walk in his way and keep his statutes," and that is what I propose to do. Oh, dear friends, do not die before your time. Do not let the devil crush your life out. I have got a panacea, that is to hallow my heavenly Father's name. I claim before God to-day that there is this

simple agreement between my Heavenly Father and me, that I never will do anything I do not want to do, and I never will, so help me God. I will never do anything I cannot do and do *easily*. If I had to drag myself up by the hair of the head in order to do this work I would think it was the devil's work, and I would stop right away ; not an inch would I go until the yoke was easy. I visited one of the most brilliant preachers of this country in his native State. When it was time to go to church, said I, "It is time to go to church, the last bell has rung." He had a splendid church and a splendid library of three or four thousand volumes. He is a popular man. He began to throw off his dressing gown. "You lazy scoundrel, put your coat on and go up and grind away, Samson. You are paid five thousand a year for it ; go along ;" and he kicked himself in a mock way, and up he went into the pulpit and preached a magnificent sermon, after he went out in that way. Coming out I heard people say the sermon was beautiful. If they had heard what I had they would not have thought so. Thank God he has got over that now. He does not have to drag himself up by the hair of the head to the pulpit.

Oh, do I not know how it made the cold sweat stand out on me when I had to do my duty. I would do it if I died. Ah, my friends, no more of that for me. I am hallowing his name to-day, and the man that hallows his name never serves him that way—God have mercy upon the poor miserable victim of duty. If I have been away from home and come back and say to my wife : "Wife, I have not seen you for two or three weeks, but I thought I would come home and see you, I thought it was my duty to do so, would she like that? A man's duty to love his wife, a man's duty to go and see his wife, that is *beautiful*. "A man's duty to serve a God that sent his Son to die for him."

A man's duty to follow Jesus Christ. "Love him because it is our duty." That is a beautiful thing, isn't it? It is enough to make one sick. Duty! I would rather at this minute to be buried a thousand fathoms deep than to serve the good God from a sense of duty. How I despise the cold word. I do not want to do anything I do not do cheerfully. Ah, my soul, thou hast learned his name. Thou art hallowing his name. Thou knowest thy father will never lay on thee anything but what is easy to bear. Does a father living in the country go to his little boy five years old and say: "Now, my son, just pick up that two bushel bag of wheat and throw it on your shoulders and go to the mill?" Does he say that to a child five years old? Why, no. Does he lay a burden on a little fellow like that? Why, no. Does a father come to a child five years old and say: You have got to get up in the morning and make all the fires and groom the horse and feed the cow, and black my boots, and if you do not do it I will punish you.

Why, they would lynch him in Kentucky. If he lived in Morgan County, the "Regulators" would hitch him up to the first limb, and he would be dead in fifteen minutes—a man that would serve his child in that way.

You Christians say: I am so burdened. It has pleased the Lord to lay a heavy burden on me. The Lord never had anything to do with it. He never laid a burden on you that made you cringe. Ah, my friends, it is so much easier to charge God, and lay all blame on Him than to take any blame ourselves; this self-excusing, God-accusing religion, is in the churches, and that is the reason Ingersoll hates God as he does, and fights Him as he does. I only wonder that somebody did not do it before. This cruel God; this God, as Robert Ingersoll says, to whom his children stretch

out pleading hands and breaking hearts in vain. No answer comes. It is false. I have a dear, loving Father in heaven that gives me everything I want. That does not touch my God, but it does touch the God of Christendom. Breaking hearts and pleadings hands are stretched out in vain to the God they worship—that is the devil enthroned in God's place. You are not hallowing God at all. You do not recognize the love there is in the name of God. If you treat God that way, of course you cannot expect the blessing of God upon you.

The devil is very cunning in this matter, because there are things in the Bible that if put upon a little child would crush him flat, and the Lord does not intend that such a burden shall be laid on the child; but when the boy gets to be twenty-one; when he is a grown man, the earthly parent says, "My lad, put that on your shoulders," and the great, square-backed lad puts it up there with perfect ease. He tosses it up, delighted to show his strength. He is a man, every inch of him, and that is man's burden. He is not shirking things. He is not afraid to lift a man's burden. God never lays a man's burden on an infant. When you are a child he expects you to speak as a child and think as a child and understand as a child, and when you get to be a man to lay aside childish things. I rejoice in God's work. It gives me abundant occupation, and keeps me up to the full measure of a man's strength. It is a compliment for my dear God to lay a burden on me, and it says, "you are getting along; getting to be a good, strapping, strong fellow, and I am going to put a little more on you. Yes, Dear Lord, and you will never put more on me than I can stand, and I love to do what you want me to do. I have lived that life for five years and a half, and my life has flowed on in endless song. Not a cloud above, not a spot within.

Just hallow your Father's name and it will all come just as I tell you. Only believe in the love of the Father's name, then believe in the power of it. Ah, brother, that is another place where people fail. They are afraid that if they cast themselves upon God He will let them down hard. My friends, that is the reason people will not come up to be cured of the diseases of their bodies. It is not because they are not sick. It is not that you don't need the great physician, but you say, I am afraid. *Suppose* I do not get over my illness, won't people laugh at me? Ah, "suppose." As the old colored woman says, "Dem s'poses is what makes you misable." Do you notice, people never suppose on the right side? They are always supposing in the wrong direction. You never heard a man say, suppose God keeps his word; suppose God makes me well. I suppose God means something when He says something. You never heard a man suppose that way in your life. I have resolved whenever I suppose anything to suppose in favor of God. I have given the devil the inside track long enough on that, and whenever I suppose from this time on, it shall be a supposition in favor of God. It shall not bear down on his power, which is unlimited. There is nothing which insults the good God so much as to doubt his power. If we come to him and say "Lord, if thou *wilt*, thou canst make me clean." Oh, says the dear Savior, if that is the only thing, I *will* do it right off; but when you say, "Oh, Lord, if thou *canst* do anything for us, help us"—that was the cry of the man with the lunatic son. Jesus turns coldly to him and says: "If you can *believe*, *all* things are possible."

Whenever you dare to say he could not do it, that is an insult. You may insult him by saying you do not believe he is willing, but I warn you, don't you dare to doubt God's ability to do anything. If you do it will be the fatal point in

your life ; fatal to your happiness, fatal to your health, fatal to something or other. It will slay something in you. It may not send you to Hell—it will not, if you are a Christian. "If thou wilt thou canst;" that is all right. He treated that as a compliment. Says he, I *will*. If you say : "If thou canst, oh do something." He will say, "I can't do anything till you trust me." These things seem to come into the Bible as mere collaterals, but my friends, I tell you they are the very center of religion. That is the very spinal marrow of the gospel of Jesus Christ, believing power. Oh, in God's name, how shamefully his children treat him. Oh, "*Bon Dieu*" ; Good God, you are looking down on your children and do not know what they are doing.

Dear Brother, Sister, do not be among those bad ones. Learn to hallow the blessed name of God, and to know the love in that dear name, and the power in that dear name ; never doubting It. So shall your life be filled with joy.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"*Thy Kingdom Come.*"

[Isaiah xxxv.]

I wish to call your attention to the second petition in the Lord's Prayer. I do not know whether you have noticed it all, but all these petitions are higher life petitions ; that is, none can offer the Lord's Prayer intelligently unless they are walking in the light more abundantly. Do you know that? It does not matter at all that people say it four or five times in the Episcopal service, or say it once at the end of every prayer in the Methodist service, or say it ten thousand times. That is of no importance. The fact is, that none can intelligently offer the Lord's Prayer unless they are walking in holy fellowship with the Father. Every petition in it is a higher life petition ; and that is exactly what Jesus wants us to be—higher life Christians. Teach us to pray. You pray for something you have not got. What have you got? You have got salvation ; you have got the place of children ; you have got eternal life without a drawback ; you have got a title clear to mansions in the sky. Very well, what more do you want? I want to walk according to that petition. You have not got that, have you? No. Well, then, ask the Lord for it. That is the Lord's Prayer. You never ask the Lord to save you in the Lord's Prayer. You never ask him to do anything he has

done ; that is only going over old ground. The Lord never encourages that, my friends. This prayer is given to people who are saved beyond peradventure or doubt, and it is a series of petitions for things which we have not got, and the answer to every one of these petitions is life more abundantly ; what some call perfect life, what some call the higher life, which is a very proper word, because there is a lower life and a higher life, and that is what the Scripture calls life more abundantly, as opposed to the bare life. While we were sinners Jesus Christ died for us, but beyond this, he came to shed abroad his love in our hearts ; he came not only to seal us with the Holy Spirit, which he does to all believers in common, but he came that we might be also filled with the spirit. A sinner's salvation is to be sealed by the Holy Spirit unto the day of redemption. A saint's crown means, to be filled with the Holy Spirit ; so you see all these things that come up, teaching the sinner's salvation and the believer's reward, just simply fit in—every expression in the Scriptures fit in, either to life or to life more abundantly.

And now, the second petition is this : Having recognized our Father in heaven, treating him as a father, calling him Father, with filial respect and filial love, we come with manly boldness, as a child ought always to come into the presence of his father, and we say : "Hallowed be thy name." That is the first petition. Oh, Lord, dear Lord, do not let me ever do anything that will bring reproach upon thy blessed name ; that is the negative side. But, on the contrary, may I do everything that will bring glory to thy holy name ; that is the positive side.

"Thy kingdom come." That is the second petition. Let me notice one of the devil's definitions. There is nothing in which the devil so often gets the advantage of

us as in those things which are offered as present blessings to us. The devil puts them away off yonder in the future. He is very often telling you what you are going to get when you get to Heaven. This old, diabolical, pious, preaching devil is very fond of talking about Heaven. I notice God talks very little about Heaven. He does not tell us whether we are to recognize our loved ones in Heaven or not, though I have a notion on that subject. As to this, that and the other, that men are always inquiring about, you will notice that God is very silent about. The Bible has very little to do with Heaven, but it has a great deal to do with earth; and so the devil is always contrary to the Lord. He is a devil that loves to talk about Heaven. He says, "Ah, my dear child of God, when you get to Heaven, what a blessed, happy time you will have." I always say, "You are a liar. I know what you are after. I know I am going to have a good time just as well as you do, but I have got a right to have a blessed time on earth." I love to call him a liar. There is only one thing I love to do better, and that is to say, "Praise the Lord." How I love to call him a liar, and to roll it as a sweet morsel under my tongue; just to stand face to face with the devil and find him out in his devilment, and say, "You are a liar; you know you are a liar; you are a sneaking liar; you are a liar up hill and down dale; you are a liar before breakfast and after supper; you are a liar on Sunday and on every other day; you are a liar all along the line." What is the use of talking about what a good time you will have in Heaven? . Time enough to find out that when you get there; but I am going to have a good time while I am down here. If you do not have a good time down here, you will lose your crown. Dear Christians, you do not take a great many things that the Lord wants to give you. This old, cunning

devil comes along preaching about the advantages of Heaven, saying, "Ah, my sister, what a sweet temper you will have in Heaven." Tell him, "You are a liar; I will have a sweet temper down here." He wants you to believe you need not expect it down here, because we are all subject to the weakness of the flesh, and as long as you are down in this incomplete state you may be expected to be overcome with infirmities of temper. The old liar. I have long ago learned to tell him he is a liar in this as in everything else. "Oh," he says, "what a blessed time it will be when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ." I say, you old liar, that is all very true, but it is a lie because it suppresses half the truth. I have got a better thing than that, and that is that my king shall reign over me right down here, to-day, to-day, to-day. I serve another king, one Jesus, and I pray the prayer that my Lord taught me: "Thy kingdom come." It is a present prayer, for, praise the Lord, the kingdom has come, and the King has come with it. Ah, I have a good time, for I have got a blessed monarch, and I am so happy to be in his care and have him protect me; and I know what you are after, you lying devil; you want to put all my happiness off until I get away up yonder in the sky. No, no, you cannot fool me. So, dear friends, has the devil never come when you were cast down by your meanness and woe, and said, "Well, it will all be right in Heaven"? And you have thrown up your eyes and said it very piously, and then had a sort of good feeling, thinking that you have said a pious thing. No, my sister, you have said a very devilish thing; that is exactly what you have done. You have not pleased the Lord in that. No, no, no, and you do not please the Lord talking that way. That is the devil's way of talking about Heaven; "Oh, it will be all so nice, 'where the

wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'" Ah, yes, I shall never sin at all. Oh, what a delightful thing it will be, and the devil wants to hide from you the fact that he wants you to sin right now. On top of that comes the necessity for sinning right now; that is what the devil wants you to believe. Oh, he is a pious devil; a very sweet preacher. Yes, indeed; and the soul says, with a long drawn sigh, "When I get to Heaven I shall never sin again, and when I get to Heaven all these pains of body shall cease." That is the devil covering up another lie. The Lord knows your pains of body all cease just as quick as your sins all cease, but the devil does not want you to know about that, and that Jesus is the Physician as well as the Saviour; and he says, "Ah, yes, when you get to Heaven all your pains will cease; sickness and sorrow, and so on, shall all flee away." Ah, what an old devil he is. If I can say anything to-day that will bring you down from Heaven to earth, I shall be very glad to do so. You have no business in Heaven till you get there; and I want you to stop talking about Heaven, and how good you are going to be in Heaven, and telling the Lord how good you are going to be there, and tell how good you are going to be in this world; to stop talking about not being sick in Heaven, and talk about not being sick down here; and do not say I will get rid of my accursed temper when I get to Heaven, but I am going to get rid of my accursed temper right down here. Jesus shall cast out this devil, and I am going to be free right down here. That is the word to speak, "Thy kingdom come."

I will prove that every one of these petitions is a *now* petition. People are so often saying what do you mean by "Thy kingdom come"? They say it means that the millennial kingdom shall come, the time when the leopard

shall lie down with the kid, and the lion shall eat straw like an ox, and all that; but all your praying is not going to bring that about one minute sooner. That is fixed in the times of the Father. What are you praying about? You are losing your time. Your failure to pray would not hinder that one single second. That is going to come about in its appointed time and season. But, my friends, while you are thinking about the millennial kingdom, the devil, who tries to obscure everything, has hidden from you the fact that there is a kingdom within you. As Jesus says "The kingdom is within you," and there is a King who can come, and his name is Jesus; the same King that shall come then. The devil wants to hide from you that fact. You must say with great boldness; "I serve another King, one Jesus, and the King is seated on his throne, for I have invited him there, and the kingdom is set up, thank God, and he is putting down all the rulers, and all the authority, and all the powers, and I am letting him do it every day; and we are having a glorious, victorious time at our house—having a grand and glorious time. Oh, yes, he has turned his Father's house from a den of thieves into a house of prayer. He is turning the kingdom of the devil which once was within me into a kingdom of law and order, righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. That is the kingdom come within me." Ah beloved, seek first the kingdom of God. That is what the Lord says to his disciples. "Seek first the kingdom of God; Let his kingdom come; Let his will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, and then all these things shall be added unto you." Brethren, it is a practical petition, and a present one to you to-day. All the petitions in the Lord's prayer are just of this character, and let us run over them all except this, and see how perfectly they are *now* petitions. You say, "Our Father which art in heaven"? Will he be

your Father when you get to heaven? He is your Father now. Hallowed be Thy name. Does that mean I am to hallow it when I get to heaven? No, no. I ought to hallow it now. We will skip "Thy kingdom come" and "Thy will be done," "Give us this day our daily bread." You do not want to get your daily bread when you get to heaven; that is a now petition. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." You do not want to be forgiven in heaven. You want to be forgiven now. "Lead us not into temptation." Do you expect the answer of that prayer when you get to heaven? "Deliver me from the evil one." Do you expect to be delivered from the evil one when you get to heaven? No, that is now. It is all now. What need of saying Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, if it means things not in heaven? Do you not see Jesus Christ gives us a plain, practical petition in answer to our now wants. God never wastes time talking about something that cannot be hastened and cannot be delayed. You are not talking about the millennial kingdom. It is a now, personal want, and this is a prayer that the Lord teaches his disciples to pray for themselves, to be answered this very day, this very hour, this very moment. So, if you utter that prayer intelligently, "Thy kingdom come," it means to say, if you are in earnest about it, "Oh, Lord, Thy kingdom shall come," for the Lord does not want you to ask and not receive. Ah, I would to God you would learn to pray that prayer to day; not say your prayers. We have had enough of that. It nauseates me to hear people talk about saying their prayers. But friends, pray. Jesus teaches you to pray, saying, "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come." Very well, let us try to analyze it as best we can. What do you mean by "Thy kingdom come?"

I say, first, dear friends, that you cannot have a kingdom without a king. The thing that makes it a kingdom is the presence of the king. After Charles the First was beheaded and Charles the Second fled to France, and Cromwell got into the place of power, England was no longer a kingdom, and it was not recognized as a kingdom. It was a Commonwealth, a Protectorate, anything you please. You cannot have a kingdom without a king, as you cannot have a Republic without a president. The one who sits in the chair of government makes the name of the thing, whatever it is. Kaiser Wilhelm was once king of Prussia. The same man is now Emperor of Germany; and the moment he was declared Emperor Germany changed from a kingdom into an empire. Before it was only the kingdom of Prussia, and he was the King of Prussia. Once he was proclaimed the Emperor of Germany, Germany became an empire. The moment Charles the Second came back from France, and the people said, "Long live the King," and he entered Whitehall, England became a kingdom again. It was in a state of chaotic bustle and clamor, day and night, before that. So do not dream of a kingdom without a king, for it is the king that makes the kingdom. Let us have that plainly and distinctly understood. The answer to that prayer, "Thy kingdom come" is to let the king come. You know who the king is. There is but one king. Jesus is king over all. God has blessed him forever more, "Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." There is no other king. God has crowned him king. God has declared him king. If you will just let Jesus come in and be your king, then the kingdom of God is within you. The very first thing we know about Jesus, I grant you, is as king; I grant you that. When the sinner comes here and submits to the righteousness of God he yields to Jesus as his king,

but there is a difference between the sinner's kingdom, who is just saved by grace, and the kingdom that Jesus teaches us to pray for. When Jesus says, "Thy kingdom come," he wants a kingdom after his own notion. The other is a kingdom after our notion, and we are saved, there is no doubt about that. From the very moment I let Jesus in, and call him king, I set up a kingdom. There is a kingdom after a fashion set up within me; but that has not reference to this petition in the Lord's prayer. This petition means an absolute monarchy. You say when a sinner takes Jesus first as his king, and confesses Christ, he is taking Jesus as his king and submitting to his authority. Remember, my friends, when we first take Jesus as our king we set up what the world calls a limited monarchy; a sort of compromise between a representative government and a kingdom proper. There is no kingdom, properly speaking, but an absolute kingdom. There is no king, properly speaking, except an absolute monarch. There is no thought of a kingdom in God's mind except of an absolute monarchy, one in which the king's voice is supreme, where obedience is absolute, where the monarch has no one in the world to dispute his will, or say what dost thou? That is the kind of kingdom that ought to be in our minds. If you can only get the right kind of king that is the most perfect government in the world. Jesus is a perfect king. Therefore, when I pray, "Thy kingdom come," that is for this absolute monarchy to be set up. I pray for the very best thing; for an absolute monarchy with an absolute king, for he is perfect in every particular. I do not want any better government than that. You cannot get anything to save your life better than that. All of our earthly governments are based upon the fact that you cannot get good people, and accordingly as we advance in the theory of government, and emerge from savagery and

barbarism, we begin to put limitations on the kingly power, and a limited monarchy is the best monarchy under the sun. We in America say that a government where we can change our king once in four years is best, inasmuch as it is very hard to get a right man for the chair. That is the theory of the best government which the world ever saw. It was done on the known and discovered weakness of human nature, and it is better not to put power into any man's hands, though he were an angelic man. I believe this is the best government under the sun, but you see it is based upon the imperfections of humanity. We have discovered by sad experience that it is better never to entrust power into any man's hands for over four years at a time. Leave yourselves with slack rope enough to put him out. If you like him you can put him in for eight years, but no more, and it is a very wise enactment indeed.

But, my friends, you do not have to take all these precautions if you have got a good king. I do not have to limit my Jesus. I do not have to put any representatives under him. Do not have to be always striking at the kingly power; do not have to be always guarding myself from meanness; because I have got a king in whom perfect power and perfect love and perfect wisdom are all combined, making a *non plus ultra* monarch. I am so well satisfied with my Jesus, with my absolute monarch. Oh, brother, "*In rege absoluto*," that is what he is to me, and shall be forever more. I do not want to rebel against his authority. I do not want anybody to come in between him and me in any shape whatever. No limitations; No, no, no. That love and wisdom and power combined, and all divine, and all conspiring to bless me—what can I ask for in a government except that? I am perfectly satisfied with my king, and love his person, love his service, love his wages and love his ways. I love

him because he first loved me. Blessed be the name of my God, my king. I serve another king, one Jesus, and I delight to do his will. Oh, my king, my God. I have got a good thing, you see. "Thy kingdom come," making the petition true and answering it; letting the king come in, which is the only thing that can make a kingdom. When we first get converted we set up a sort of limited monarchy. Oh, yes, we have got a king, but not an absolute monarch. Did Paul give that exhortation in vain, "make no provisions for the flesh," if Christians had not been in the habit of doing it? Making provisions for the flesh, is setting up a limited monarchy. Yes, Jesus is my king, like Queen Victoria, limited, with representatives under him to allow us to do this, that and the other, but the representatives are all chosen by the devil, and you have a most diabolical way of doing things. I went under that government for thirty-five years. I thought I lived under a very good government when I was in a limited monarchy. Ah, the devil cheated me out of fifty thousand souls when I lived under a limited monarchy. Oh, how the devil cheated me out of joy and rest while I lived under a limited monarchy. Oh, how he clouded every hope I had while I lived under a limited monarchy. One day I came out of this diabolical mixed government, half Jesus and half the devil, half monarchy and half republic. I came out of this half-horse half-alligator thing, and made Jesus absolute monarch the 25th of August, 1876. I elected Jesus absolute monarch, changed the form of government entirely. Elected Jesus absolute monarch, pitched the limited monarchy to the devil, the place where it belonged, and said, August 25th, 1876; "By grace through faith I have entered the rest." Always rest in an absolute monarchy, very little in a limited. There is a little bit, Ah, yes, a little taste now and then, in order to make you hungry and make

you thirst. I had a taste at the communion table. Yes, had a taste of it in a rattling revival once in a while, but so little rest. The old Bible is getting a little weather beaten, but the old record is just as I put it there August 25th, 1876, "by grace through faith I have entered the rest the Lord promises to believing ones." This, when I elected Jesus absolute monarch. I believed that he was king, and said, Lord, you are king, and will be king henceforth and forever. Praise the Lord, he will enter into the throne if you will let him. I entered into the rest he promised to believing ones. He can and will keep that which I commit to him until that day. All glory to him who gives, takes and commands. "For we which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb.iv. 3). I never had any perpetual rest until I made Jesus absolute monarch, then the kingdom came in power, and, praise God, we have had such a glorious government ever since. My friends, there has been no anarchy, no revolution, no civil war, no robbery. Gold and silver are just as plenty as dirt in the streets. Dear friends, you can lay a diamond down, and never a robber will come and take it away. You do not have to put on bolts and bars when you lie down. No cold blasts to chill you. The sun no longer withdraws itself. The moon no longer hides its light. The days of mourning are ended, and a morning dawning with songs of everlasting joy. That is it. It is the rehearsal of heavenly singing. Heaven would be no more to me than going out of one room into another. There is but a wall of paper between that heaven and this, for this heaven is made by the coming of my king, and that heaven will be made by my going to my king there. In either case it is a king; an absolute monarch, and I will not be more obedient to him in heaven than I am now. "Thy will be done, Oh, Lord, on earth as it is in heaven." All I had to do was to believe Jesus would do

what he said he would. Open the door. Say, enter in thou blessed king, why standest thou without. "Oh, lift up your heads, ye gates, and be lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Who is to lift them up? You. Nobody else will do it. Lift up your heads, ye gates. That means, "I will." You may say, I will not obey, I will make provision for the flesh, I will do a little devilment; I will indulge in this, that and the other. But I said one day, "Oh, lift up your heads ye gates." *I will.* And then they opened, and they have been hanging there ever since open. Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be lifted up ye everlasting doors. I will, I will, I will believe. I will receive. I will have Jesus on the throne as absolute monarch. One everlasting "I will," that is all it is. Oh, be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts, the Lord Mighty in battle. That is the first thing I found out in him. I found out he was mighty in battle. I set him on to one or two of my favorite lusts. Oh, how he scattered them like chaff before a whirlwind. Who is this king of Glory? The Lord of hosts, the Lord mighty in battle. Not all the devils can stand before him, if they were as thick as sands on the sea shore. Not all of these imperious lusts that infest our natures; these robbers of our peace; no, not one of them can withstand him. He is the Lord, mighty in battle. Oh, how he cleaned them out. Oh, praise his name.

Well, brethren, that is the kingdom. That is what I am talking about. I am not talking about the millennium; I am not talking about heaven. I am talking about a new petition to be followed by a new answer. Oh, I pray that you may be led to make that firm and decisive affirmation, "I will." That is all, just one I will persisted in. That set-

tles the world. I have never taken that word back since the 25th of August, 1876. It was an everlasting gate that was lifted up then. I did not elect him for four years to shut him out if I did not like him. I knew who he was. I knew that he was a worthy king, and I elected him forever and forever ; and I never will take it back by God's sweet grace. He is my kingly king ; my royal Jesus, and I am his subject ; wholly his subject. That is God's idea. It shall be mine forever and ever.

Now, what happens, friends, when this kingly question comes in? Now, I think you can appreciate this 35th Chapter of Isaiah. The kingdom in manifested glory, that is what Isaiah is talking about, but I am talking about the spiritual kingdom. The letter will send you to heaven without any crown. The letter will rob you of present joy and peace, and while you are dreaming about the millennium, the devil will rob you. I am talking about the true kingdom come.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." Now, that is a beautiful figure. That is a lovely thought. Oh, beloved, I have made it my life. It is nothing but flowers. It is a desert place made to laugh with flowers. I am so glad that is in the figure. And in reality my heaven is going to be full of flowers. We have got a strange, etherial idea of heaven, that makes it a very uncomfortable place to me. Ah, brother, the big heaven up yonder and the little heaven down here are places where the flowers bloom. Not a few. They shall blossom abundantly. That is what I want to call your attention to. I know in the old life, when I had a limited monarchy and elected Jesus for a little time, we had a flower now and

then : had them just as you people do that have a bit of an eight by ten flower bed in the back yard, and a pit where you keep your flowers in winter ; and a very troublesome thing it is to have flowers. I shall ever remember those big oleander tubs I had to help lift down in the pit in October and lift out of it in the Spring. Shall I ever forget those double climbing roses that used to sweep me across the face and tattoe me like a Sandwich Islander, and the dirty hands and the work I had to keep up the flowers. Mrs. Barnes always insisted that it paid to keep flowers, and I always insisted that it did not, because I had all the work to do, and she had all the smelling to do. She would say, "George, let us take that tub down there in the pit, and please do not break the branches." I felt like getting a big club and smashing the glass. In those days I did not have enough religion to cure my temper. I did not have the absolute monarchy I am talking about. Oh, the trouble we had to have a few flowers. That is not the life I am talking about. This is a life where flowers blossom abundantly, and do not give you trouble to take care of them : do not freeze out every third winter when you have to take a fresh start clear from the ground up, and the third winter comes cold and severe and freezes them out again. What I don't know about flowers is not worth knowing. But that trouble and that old life have all passed away. You will never catch me picking up another tub as long as I live. My flowers blossom abundantly. Did you ever see one of our prairies ablaze with bloom and beauty, where you could lift up your eyes and look for twenty miles around and see nothing but flowers? There is a certain time of year when the whole prairie is filled with flowers of varying hues. There is nothing in your pathway but flowers, that fall beneath your feet as you go on your way through flowers, and

the scent of flowers is forever in your nostrils. That is the kind of flowers I want. Not these that you have to painfully take care of and nurse, and train, and examine once in a while, but the flowers that blossom abundantly. I wish I could tell you how my life blooms with flowers. No more sadness for me. I have not seen a sad day for five years and a half.

What troubles me in looking at people's faces is, that they do not look happy, the devil has made so many marks in their faces. Ah, the Lord is going to take all mine out. I have got a whole lot of Devil scratches on my face, and the scars have not gone out yet. The Lord is going to wipe them all out from my face. It is getting more smooth every year that I live. Ah, Jesus is going to wipe out all those old claw marks. Five years ago you would have thought I was seventy years old. I do not look fifty-five to-day, do I? No; but I am fifty-five, past; I will be fifty-six pretty soon. Ah, Jesus makes a man bear his age well. Jesus is the one to renew your youth with the smell of flowers. I want you to have a life of them; blossoming abundantly.

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees."

I need not dwell on that. You all know what that is. I wish I could tell you how strong I feel in the power of the Lord. There is no strength in me, but I have got such a good king; He is so powerful. I have got all the resources, then, at my command. Ah, blessed Jesus, thy gentleness hath made me whole. My crutches all gone; canes thrown away. I remember looking into a doctor's shop once. He was a wonderfully successful man, and he used to keep as trophies of his success the crutches, props and canes and one thing another that people threw away when they came

to be cured. Ah, brother; Jesus will get you rid of all those. You will not need them. You will not need anything, he will put such strength in you.

"Say unto them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; He will come and save you."

Fear not. You see the one mark of that old life. I was afraid of everything; afraid I could not get enough to eat and drink and wear; afraid that my sermons would not do any good. I was always afraid. That has all gone out of my life. I have heard the voice of my king saying: "Fear not, it is I." I would scorn to be afraid with Jesus speaking that always in my ear. My Jesus has all the power, and that power waits upon the simple faith of his children; certainly it does. The rock is very hard, I know it; but the hammer is harder. "Fear not," that voice is sounding ever in my ear, "Fear not." I wish I could tell you what strength and courage it gives me.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

"The eyes of the blind shall be opened." My eyes used to be bat blind. In reading this blessed word it was the greatest trouble. I could not see the pretty things in it. I used to love Dickens and Thackeray and all the rest of them better than the blessed Bible. That is all gone. What a degradation the thought used to be that I could sit down and read them hour after hour, and yet would get sleepy on ten minutes reading of the Bible. I used to ask myself if I was a Christian at all? and how the devil used to prod me with that question. It was a sense of degradation. That has all gone out of my life, because my eyes are open now. I see wondrous things in the Bible. The Lord did not blame me much; I was bat blind, and I was in that limited monarchy.

I could not see plainly. Ah, dear friend, what a blessed thing it is when the eyes are opened, and when the ear is unstopped, when you can hear the voice of God. I did not know whether God or the devil spoke to me nine times out of ten. But that is gone out of my life, and always knowing the voice of God and the devil, the devil cannot deceive me any more by mimicking the voice of God. When your hearing is very defective you cannot tell exactly. You have not got a delicate, accurate sense of sound. I have got all that now. The Lord has unstopped my ears. He has anointed my eyes, so that I can see wondrous things out of them now. I hear his voice as plainly as ever he spoke. I have never heard a voice with *these* ears ; never had an ecstasy. I have had no exercises of that kind, and thank God for it. I have never had an ecstasy ; never been in a place where common people may not come ; no, no. What religion God has given me has been a steady, sweet, blessed, even growth, and I praise the Lord for it. Nothing very high and nothing very low down, but it is so blessed—ears open. It used to be so hard to talk to sinners about souls ; it is so easy now I cannot talk about anything else. There is no strain, there is no effort in talking about Jesus. It is the most acceptable topic you can start. It is the most delightful thing in the world to talk about, the very thing that used to be so difficult.

"Then shall the lame man leap as the hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

"Then shall the lame man leap as a hart." Do you know I never read that over without recalling a scene that occurred at a camp-meeting three years ago. There was a Brother Carlin that came down from Ft. Wayne on his way to Urbana to get holiness. Inskip was going to have a meeting after this holy camp-meeting, and the Lord sent me, too. Brother Carlin was an awful tobacco chewer and bought five

pounds of tobacco all at once, and was going to chew that all up before he got holiness, but he got holiness at our camp-meeting and did not have to go to Inskip at all. I shall never forget how he got holiness. He preached a sermon on holiness when he did not have it, and it was a very good one; only he was a stiff sort of man; wore a plug hat and black coat and white cravat, and his hair was all plastered over just in the right way, and he read off from a manuscript, and delivered his sentences just as you would deliver a volley of musketry. He was an awful stiff old fellow—a nice, good, clever man, but he was so stiff; a regular clergyman, with a ramrod running down his spinal marrow.

Now, dear friends, he came down to get holiness, and he preached a sermon on holiness, I suppose by request, or may be he had been writing on the subject; and after it was all done, said he, "Brethren, I do not know anything about this. This is all talk, but as God's grace shall help me I am going to have it." And down he went right into the straw and we after him; and there we were, and had a good, warm meeting. I never enjoyed myself any more in my life than I did down in the straw; and I found out sinners could be converted just as well in the straw as anywhere else. The Lord knocked the scales off of my eyes at that camp-meeting. I used to think my way was the only way. I was pretty much of a fool, but the Lord makes me wiser every experience I have, and I had one big scale knocked off of my eyes at that camp-meeting. When he found out what a simple thing it was, some one said, do you know Jesus is the sanctifier? You know Jesus is the savior, don't you? You are after sanctification, and you may strive here and agonize after it for weeks and weeks and never get it, but if you take Jesus you will find you have got sanctification. You took him once as your justifier, and does not he justify you?

Why cannot you take him as your sanctifier by the simple exercise of your will? Why, says he, is that it? And he jumped up and says he, Praise the Lord, I am sanctified, I am sanctified, I am sanctified! I wish you had heard him preach on the 23d Psalm that night. I wish you might have seen him, with his notes all gone. I wish you might have seen him rush backwards and forwards on that platform there, jumping back and forth like a harlequin, with his coat tails flying; arms swinging; full of the Holy Ghost; making us laugh and cry alternately. I never heard such an exposition of the 23d Psalm before, and never expect to again till I get to heaven. The man was full of the Holy Ghost, just out of jail, trying to tell somebody how they could get there too. It was glorious; and once, when we were laughing a merry laugh with tears running down our cheeks, he made a jump, and jumped clear off the platform. The man was happy in the Lord. One of the brethren just turned to me, and whispered softly in my ears: "Brother, the lame man shall leap as the hart;" and I never hear that text without I think of Brother Carlin. The next morning he linked arms with a good brother, and said he: "Come out I want to attend a funeral; will you go with me? He supposed it was to some neighboring farmer's. Yes, said he, I will go with you. He walked out to the woods, and kept walking around among the trees, and after a while he found a mole hole, and took the point of his toe, and just raked along until he made a grave about three feet long; got the dirt all nicely cleaned out with the point of his toe. Now, said he, there is the grave. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a pound plug of tobacco and laid that down, and pulled out another and another until he had five pounds of tobacco. He had intended to chew that up—have one good chew before he got holiness, but the

Lord's ways are not our ways. He got holiness and did not get his chew either. After he had made a pile of the tobacco, he covered it up nicely with dirt, and hunted around till he got a head stone to stand at the grave, and then said: "Brother, let us pray." And, said that Brother, I never want to hear a sweeter prayer than he made over the grave of tobacco. God, of course, took away all taste for the accursed stuff, and he had no more taste for it than I have. Jesus took it away. You see our king made a clean thing. He always makes a clean job; cleans the devil out of you. That is the way he took my temper; that is the way he took my taste for tobacco; that is the way he took fifty things that I could enumerate. Oh, my king Jesus is such a kingly king.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In the habitations of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes."

As we go along in life, see the difference. The old places in our lives where the lizards and the newts and the frogs and the toads and the moccasin snakes and everything that was vile used to wind in and out in the mud, there is now a "blue grass farm." Did you ever see one of our Kentucky blue grass farms? Those old swamps shall be changed into blue grass farms, thank the Lord.

"And the highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those. The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

It is the king's highway, but there is something higher. It is a way within a way, you see. What shall the way be called? Is there any difference between the highway where you all walk, and the way where all do not walk? The way shall be called the way of holiness. There is the highway

where all the children walk, and there is another way that is thrown up on higher ground, where the devil never comes. He can come into the highway, but can never come into the way. He may do his mightiest, but can never come across it. If you keep yourself in the love of God that wicked one toucheth you not.

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there."

The redeemed of the Lord shall walk there.

"And the ramsomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Brethren, sisters, lay it to your own hearts. There is the word of the Lord. There is my pathway, God being my king; Jesus my king—my kingly king, thou shalt be my pathway until it ends in glory. Praise the Lord.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

Observing still that the Lord's claims are always the first of all through the scripture, in everything, and in the Lord's prayer emphasised as plainly, or more plainly than anywhere else ; noticing that man and his wants are not attended to at all, and man is out of question until we come to the fourth petition, the first three covering what God requires, what is due to God, we come to the fourth petition in the Lord's prayer. As it is written, "Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Then, after God you give to man his due. Then expect to have your trespasses forgiven as you forgive those who trespass against you ; expect your daily bread as you ask for it ; expect that you will not be led into temptation, and expect that you will be delivered from the devil. Then you will have it all answered, dear friends. But remember God is first. He must have the better place always. Let me invite your attention then to the third petition in the Lord's prayer ; "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Many, I feel sure, will doubt the possibility of this petition being realized, but it is just as easy as turning over your hand. It is the easiest thing in the world to do the will of the Lord as it is done in heaven. I hope to prove this to you. At any rate, friends, if you say "Oh, that cannot be done," then I say, what did Jesus Christ tell me to

pray for it for—to waste my breath ? to give God information as to a thing he knew perfectly well could not be done? Nonsense on the face of it. I don't try to assign a reason why it cannot be done ; otherwise the Lord's prayer turns into nonsense. If that is not easily done, the whole thing is of small force. If I cannot call God my father now and hallow his name, and let his kingdom come, and do his will on earth as it is in heaven, then I need not expect to have my sins forgiven, or my trespasses forgiven, or my daily bread furnished me, or to be kept from temptation, or to be delivered from the devil. It all hangs or falls together. It is nonsense on the face of it to say that Jesus Christ should set us to pray for a thing that he did not intend to give us. That is entirely out of the question, and impossible. To set you and me to asking for things that there is not the least use in asking for. It is degrading to man and doubly degrading to God, to entertain such an idea. Dear friends, if you say it is not impossible that the will of God should be done on earth as it is in heaven, you represent our Heavenly Father as trifling with the feelings and affections of His children. So, dear friends, I teach the plain, simple word—the word of God—when I teach that the will of God can be done on earth just as easily as it is done in heaven ; else the dear Lord would never have told us to ask for it if it could not have been done, and the simple key to the whole thing is just in where you put the emphasis. Put the emphasis on "*Thy*," if you please. That is the key to the whole of it. "*Thy* will be done on earth as it is in heaven. I grant you the devil's will is hard to do. He is a hard master. He is an austere man, yes, indeed, a regular slave-driver. If you set *self* upon the throne, the will of self is hard to do. I have tried it many and many a time ; but if the emphasis be laid on *Thy*, where the Lord wants it to be laid, then the

sky is clear, and everything is plain and simple. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ; for thy will, Oh, blessed God, where wisdom and love are combined, is not the hard thing that disloyal hearts would represent it to be. "I delight to do thy will, Oh, my God." That is what Jesus Christ said, setting us an example that we should follow. You say, Oh, dear, I cannot do as he did, Nonsense that. We should follow in his footsteps. I can say it just as Jesus said it, in kind, though not in degree, I grant you that. He is the elder brother and is bound to have the preëminence in all things. I do not want to rob him, but in kind, though not in degree, I can say it, and I do say it with all my heart. Without the least departure from the truth, I can with steadfast eye look into the face of my dear Lord, and with unfaltering voice say, "I delight to do *thy* will, Oh, *my* God." Emphasis on *thy* and emphasis on *my* ; then it is all right. I delight to do thy will, Oh, my God. Why ? thy law is within my heart.

Ah, brother, that is another clue. May the Lord give me the ability to unearth all the devil's mischief in this matter. Let us see the law written on the heart ; Ah, that furnishes the clue—the law written on the fleshy tables of the heart ; as Paul says, "I delight to do thy will, Oh, my God:" Why? for thy law is within my heart. Do I delight to do the law that is outside on the two tables of stone? No, indeed. They are as hard as the rock on which they are written; that is Sinai, and the law written in the heart is Calvary. Written, my friends, not with the pen of Moses. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." There is where the theologians all blunder and break down. There is where I got my early training, for I was taught that the will of God was written on the two tables of stone, and there is what I thought the will of God was. Theology im-

posed it upon me. I can give you the very items in which it was told to me. The law is the transcript of God's moral nature. The law is God's will; that is his holy will. Very well, I say, right straight out, I cannot do it. Ah, says theology, I knew you could not do it, but Jesus has done it for you. Yes, then what? Then having furnished an excuse for laziness by telling us we cannot do it, but that Jesus has done it for us, then he turns around fiercely and savagely, and puts us under the law as the rule of life. Oh, "Confusion worse confounded." A knot that Paul has cut with that clean cut Damascus scimitar. I am not under the law at all. I am under grace, thanks be to God; there is where I am to-day. I am not under the law—no, not as the rule of justification—rule of life. It is theology that makes the definition, invented by the devil and foisted upon the church and upon the world, and it passes current to this day. There is not one single shred of scripture in it, but pure theology; of men exhausting their puny efforts to work out a thing, and getting in a muddle about it, and then trying to explain the difficulties. Not under the law for justification. No, the word was a little too plain for that on that subject. They could not get over that, "for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." Then what? Jesus performs the works of the law in our stead, making Christ's obedience to the law our justification, instead of his being damned by the law in our stead, which is the real justification, and then what? Well, you cannot obey the law, therefore, you need one to obey it for you. Then what can you do? Why, then you break it daily, in thought and word and deed, as our blessed old catechism used to say. Then these good catechism-makers might go on to say, break it every hour. Well, that is a fact. Why not then say, break it every minute? Well, that is true. If I have got a right to say break it every

day in word thought and deed, I can say break it hourly in word, thought and deed, or minutely or secondly in thought, word and deed. One is just as true as the other. You cannot get lower than every second. If there had been a lower fraction of time you might carry it further.

Ah, blessed God, to think that thy spirit of truth has been diluted to that devil's broth, and the sons of the prophets to be fed upon it. God have mercy upon you if you ever believed in such an error of the devil as that. I was fed on it, raised on it. It nearly sent me to hell in the first place, for God told me to do a thing I could not do; my soul revolted at it. I remember on one occasion four of us boys clustered about the stove toasting cheese, deliberately resolved to curse God; this God who kept little boys all day Sunday and would not allow them to smile. We had to get a few questions from the catechism and a few verses from the Bible, and a few more verses if we did anything wrong; and we merited the curse of this God. This God that did not love naughty children, as my mother had told me, saying, "George, you must be a good boy, because God don't love naughty children, and God does love good children; and when I was fourteen years old I sat there and cursed God. We ought to have been turned into hell, but we did it ignorantly, and God had mercy upon us, and I am preaching the gospel to-day. The other boys did not get off as well as I, I am afraid. The curse of many of them became a permanent curse. God showed me better things—to bless him instead of cursing him. I shall never forget how we cursed this God of theology, my father's God, my mother's God, the Puritan God, the God that has no existence in the Bible; the God that Ingersoll is assailing with such power, so that neither Talmage, nor Black, nor any man with brains in his head can answer it. It is unanswerable. The

god that he assails is indefensible. I will defy Calvin, Luther or Wesley to defend him. They cannot do it. Ingersoll is the master of the situation. He has never touched my God. Has never come within thousands of miles of him. When he does, then in my poor way he will hear from me, but until he touches my God I have nothing in the world against him. Poor man, he is assailing a god that I hate as much as he does. He is assailing a god that drove me to bay at fourteen years of age till I cursed him ; a god that tells a man to do a thing he cannot do ; a god that tells us to pray for things that we will never get ; a god that tears us like a Bengal tiger. Oh, no, my friends, that is not the God I worship. I hate that god because that is the god of this world ; the devil sitting upon God's throne, and being worshipped, inside and out of the church. He shall never have homage from me. My God is the father of the Lord Jesus Christ. As for my God, he is good ; and nothing else. My God never troubles, my God never kills, never damns ; my God saves and loves us, and weeps when men are lost. My God saves men when they come unto him through Christ. My God never damns, never destroys, never hurts. I am so glad I have got a God that is the true God, the eternal Father. Ah, little children, says John, and I say it too in his name, " keep yourselves from idols." A vain idol is a false god. Brother, sister, you would be shocked to think how you have been worshipping a false god if you would just set yourselves to think for five minutes. " Little children, keep yourselves from idols," or false gods. Believe in the one true God. There is but one, and he is God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. I go over this ground in order to show you what the theologians have done in saying what the will of God is. The will of God is that the law that was delivered on Sinai, bearing down upon all

alike, making demands that none of us can fulfil, and that is the will of God, which in no wise I can do. No, no, no. And it teaches that I cannot do it, and yet they put us under it as a rule of life, and so I am ground down under a law that I cannot obey, making God as bad as old Caligula, a Roman Emperor, who was such a dreadful tyrant that he wrote his laws in fine letters and stuck them up high on a column where nobody could read them, and then killed people for not obeying them. I am sorry to say that idea of God has got in the church. God have mercy on his children. I only wonder that any of them come to do anything at all with such a god as that. A false god is a fearful thing—an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Ah, if it were not for the Christian instinct within you, the love of Jesus that overrides all your theological education, and makes you good in spite of earth and hell and theology combined, the church would be worse than it is, but, thank God, the love of Jesus still finds its way into hearts and still influences and controls holy lives despite the absurd teachings of theology. I am no friend to theology. It has been an awful enemy to me. It clings to me now like a bur, and painfully and slowly I am unlearning everything that I learned in theology, and all that makes my ministry go hard to-day is my theology. I have to commence, as we say in Kentucky, "from the stump," and just learn of Jesus, sitting at his feet. It is hard to unlearn, for unlearning is the hardest of all. These old things came along, and I fall into a rut with a jolt, and go grinding along. Whenever the machinery gets out of gear I lay it to theology. "The will of God, that is the law on Mt. Sinai," and on you go with the letter of the law grinding you down. They will make that law regulate and forbid and indicate and suggest and imply, until the poor creature shrieks out,

"It is enough, I am dead. What is the use of killing me any more? I am dead, dead, dead," he cries out in agony.

My friends, that is not the will of God. My Saviour teaches me to say, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Remember you must bring the emphasis on "Thy." Don't you mistake God's will for the will of theology. Don't you mistake God's will for the will of the devil. Don't you mistake God's will for the will of the flesh. You will never be able to answer the demands of the devil or of the world or of the flesh. But God's will is very sweetly and easily done. I am doing it to-day, praise the Lord.

When Paul says, "Walk with your father," he does not tell you to do a thing you cannot do. That would be Caligula again; that would be a tyrant again. When Paul says, "Adorn the doctrines of God, your Saviour, in all things," he does not mean you cannot do it in all things. Why would he waste his time exhorting men to do things that never can be done? Do you not see that stultification is right on the surface of all such things as that? I wish to show you that we can adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour, in all things; that we can do his will on earth just as it is done in Heaven. The central point is to find out, not what men say the will of God is; not to find out the devil's will, and try to obey it; not to find out my own will, and try to do it; but to find out what the will of God is, and do that. Let me tell you, my friends, that the will of God is what he tells you to do. That is very different from this imperative law that comes bearing down, with its implied things, and its forbidden things, and its suggested things, all bearing down upon the poor creature, great or small, old or young; and that is the devil's interpretation of the will of God. It is as if a father should burden his little three-year-old child with services that none but a

grown man could do, and which a grown man can easily do. It is as if a father should command his son five years of age to load a two-bushel bag of wheat and take it to the mill, which a young man of nineteen or twenty could gladly do; would do it to show his strength. He is a man, every inch of him. But it would crush the little fellow.

So, my friends, let us get back to that sweet old text again. Lay it to your hearts. In expressing our thoughts to our little children we never burden them, especially if we love them dearly, and especially if those children are very obedient. Why, dear friends, if we, being evil, never would burden one of our children, how impossible it is for God, who is good, ever to burden one of his children. And mark you, dear friends, if my child comes to me—and it has been explained again and again by those who have been over the road—if my child comes to me, and says: "Father, I have given you great trouble; I have been a wilful child, but henceforth I will be an obedient child; my father, I yield with all the power of my soul; I yield my will to thine, dear father; I am yours henceforth; I love you and wish to do your pleasure; and I have such perfect confidence in your goodness and love, I know you will never ask your child to do a thing he cannot do, and do easily, because, first, I confide in your love, and second, I want to have the joy of being an obedient child. I yield myself wholly to your will." What would I do or you do with such a child? Would it not be the perpetual study of our lives never to assign a duty to that child that would be irksome; never to lay a burden on that child that would grind him to powder; never to tell that child a thing to do so doubtful that he would be in painful doubt of what to do. For that dear child's sake, would not all the carelessness go out of your life, and you would study day and

night just to tell that child what to do; not to discipline and train him, but to develop him; to cause him to grow with stalwart growth, always to develop, so that every fresh duty as it came would only develop the strength of his limbs, the love of his heart, and make his will to be obedient. If you, being evil, beloved, would do that for your child, how much more certainly would God do it for you and for me; and that is the sweet discovery that I made. That is not the god that I cursed at thirteen; not the god who drove me to bay; not the devil on God's throne that my mother and father taught me to worship—as good people as ever lived in Dayton or out of Dayton. My father was just as good a man as ever lived in Dayton, and I dare say it, and the older people that have known him bear the same testimony. He was taught it by his father, and it came down to me in regular descent. I was raised a Pharisee of the Pharisees; but that god did not act as well on me as it did on somebody else; and it drove me to bay at thirteen; and the God that I now worship is a God that is at least as good as I am; and I love him, because I know I never would lay any burden upon my darling daughter, who is thoroughly subject and thoroughly obedient. Do you think I would lay a feather upon her? No, I would shelter her from a snowflake. I would rather have my head cut off, rather have my eyes thrust out, than lay a burden on her. Why; because she is an obedient child. I would guard her with my life. Burden her? Never. If I, being still evil, and evil within me and without me, would not burden my child, how much more, do you suppose, would God treat me generously? That is the way he does. When I gave him credit for being as good as I was, that took me a long ways, and since then I have given him credit for being a great deal better than I am, and I keep on

giving him more and more credit as I find him out. Dear friends, his will is a sweet, and blessed, and lovable thing, in which the soul delights to lose itself, as in an ocean of mercy, and love, and never dying wisdom; looking at the hands that are pierced, and saying, How can they lay a burden on me that never ought to be borne; looking into my father's face, who gave his Son to die for me, and saying, Shame on me, if ever I should doubt the love that gave an only begotten Son; I will say, Father, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, and thus I become subject to his will. His will for me is what he tells me to do, and his will for you is what he tells you to do; just as we give one work to a large child and another to a small child. Our will with regard to our children is exactly according to their capacity; and so we lay light burdens upon all. And so with my dear, blessed Lord. His will for me is as light as a feather. As it is written, "*His* yoke is easy"—not the devil's. Emphasis on his—emphasis again on the personal pronoun his. "His yoke is easy and his burden is light. His commandments are never grievous." "I delight to do thy will, O, my God." Emphasis on delight, and emphasis on thy, and emphasis on my—my God. "I delight to do thy will, O, my God." So, you see, dear friends, love is a very sweet and pleasant thing; for now, whenever a thing is burdensome I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." That does not belong to my life at all; God has undertaken never to burden me. When a light burden, an easy yoke, comes along, I say, That is thy will, dear Lord. I will never carry the devil's burdens any more. I grieve for you, heavy laden Christians, that are going about packing burdens that Jesus Christ would bear for you; and yet you are Christians, saved by grace.

Mrs. Smith illustrates that very strikingly with the story of a traveler who is going along, and asks a stranger to allow him to ride in his wagon. He is carrying a burden on his back; and when he sits down in the wagon he still carries the burden on his back, with the strong horses pulling him along as if they did not mind the weight. Why don't you lay your burden down in the bottom of the wagon? says the driver. "Oh, sir, it is so kind of you to let me ride I would not ask you to bear my burden." A fool, wasn't he? And Jesus calls us fools—Oh, fool, to let me carry you and you carry your burdens. Poor simpleton. Drop your burden into his arms. He is big enough and strong enough to carry your burden and you, too. It is just as wicked to carry a burden as it is to lie; just as wicked to carry a burden as to steal, or commit adultery or blaspheme—just as wicked; perhaps more so, when the curtain is lifted, and we find out what right and wrong are, a thing that very few know anything at all about, even in this nineteenth century.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," that is to say, Lord, I put myself now, without reserve, into your hands to do your will. Now, Lord, do you work in me to will and to do of your good pleasure. That is it. How simple that is. Dear Lord, do you work in me to will and to do of your good pleasure; and so the Lord says to me, take this, and that, to do, and I say, thank you, Lord, that is easily done. I have never felt the gall of his yoke since I submitted to him the 25th of August, 1876. I have never felt the weight of a burden since that time—praise the Lord—except once in a while the devil has tried to put his burden on me. It is so heavy I do not carry it long. Every once in a while he tries to put his burden on my neck, and I find out it does not belong to Jesus, and so I

jerk it off as quick as lightning. He is always trying to do it, but he seldom succeeds and never for long. That is a bargain, I am never to do anything I do not want to do, and so I never will. I want to do everything God wants me to do, and so I am pretty busy. Am I not a pretty busy man, for the last five years and a half preaching twice a day and three times on Sunday? Has it killed me? Not at all. It has straightened the kinks out of my back; given me a good brain and good heart and health unimpaired. That is what his service does. As the Episcopal prayer book says—and there are some good things in it—"Thy service is perfect freedom." "I delight to do his will." What I delight to do does not kill me. The service of Jesus is such a delightful service, and it is such a joy to follow him. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" is the easiest thing to do in the world. If you say, it is very hard to be a Christian, the reason is you are a mean Christian. It is an awful burden on you. But be a first-class Christian, and then your life will flow on in endless song above earth's lamentations; for being a first-class Christian does not burden you. Is your life above earth's lamentations? Oh no, Brother Barnes. You are like that Christian that chews tobacco—a mean Christian; for there are Christians and Christians. There are clean Christians and dirty Christians; good Christians and mean Christians. Yes, indeed; and all sorts of Christians. What kind are you? The devil shall never deprive me of the joy of being a first-class Christian—gilt edged. A No. 1, praise the Lord; and it all comes by "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Just surrender yourself sweetly to the will of the Lord by an everlasting surrender. I did it the 25th of August, 1876. I read you my pledge there—my surrender. I have never added to it: I have never taken from it. I have been more intelligent in it, too,

every day. I have never changed the original terms : they shall stand till glory dawns. It is just as good a pledge as the Lord wants. It may be mistaken in its terms. Never mind. That old pledge, imperfect as it may be in verbiage, is true as steel. The Son of God was looking down in my heart, and knowing I gave myself to him as best I could, he accepted me ; and since then life has flowed on in endless song; and I am good for a crown. "So run I not as uncertainly, so fight I not as one that beateth the air, but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that, by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." I understand that perhaps better than some of you, but I understand this, that he is faithful, and that he will keep that which I have committed to his trust until that day. I am not afraid of falling. Ah, Brother Barnes, but then the Bible says : "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Let me read that scripture for you. "Let him that thinketh *he* standeth," emphasis on the "He," if you please, then you will understand it. I do not think George Barnes stands at all. He is as limber as a rag. He would fall down, only that Jesus sustains him ; Jesus stands in me. When he falls I fall. Because he lives I live also, and when he stands I stand. I am not a backsliding Christian, I would have you know. Anybody almost can tell that that was spoken to backsliding Christians, and that they were standing in *self*. No, no. The man that is standing in Jesus Christ, if he taketh heed lest he falls, he is living below his privilege. I never take heed lest I fall ; never, and never expect to. I will tell you I do a great deal better than that. I look right in the face of my dear Jesus ; that is a great deal better than looking at my feet. Looking unto Jesus, the author of a finished work that is well done.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." What does that mean? There are three places, as we all know. There is heaven; there is earth, and there is hell. In hell God's will is done; of course it is. I agree that far with our theology; in hell God's will is done. How? It is done perforce. "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Lord." Men think that they will get rid of blessing Jesus if they just slip along in the earth. Not at all. Out of every anguished tongue; out of every writhing heart; out of every blazing lip shall come the tortured shriek; "Jesus is Lord. Oh, glory to God the Father." Devils shall do it. Damned men shall do it, for O, Brother, every tongue shall call Jesus Lord, of things in heaven, of things on earth, of things under the earth—but I do not want to praise the Lord in that way. I do not want to call Jesus Lord because I have to do it. No. Obedience in hell is perforce. That is hellish obedience; but we are talking about "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" not as it is in hell. Ah, that is the way so many Christians do the will of God; do it because it is "my duty." Are you going to Church this morning? "Well, I do not want to, but it is my duty," and you go in and sit in your pew, all silver-plated, that you would not let a poor man come in to save your life, and sit on a cushioned seat with a piece of brussels carpet under foot—frost-bitten thing. "Do you feel like going to Sunday School?" "Yes, yes, I must. I will do my duty if it kills me." It will kill you before you reach man's allotted age. That is the reason people die so young, "duty, duty." How many cadaverous faces there are in the Church of people that are dying doing duty. My friends, that is hellish obedience. I do not say that there is not a modicum of blessing in it. I do not say that it is not better than nothing at all, mark

you; but I say it is not heavenly obedience. How is His will done in heaven? They do it because they want to do it. There is not a child in heaven that shouts the praises of God from a sense of duty; no more than I would love my wife from a sense of duty; no more than I would visit my dear old mother at ninety-six from a sense of duty. Suppose I had done so, and said, mother, I considered it my duty to come and see you—came from a sense of duty. She would have said—for she was a very spirited old lady—well, you can just leave from a sense of duty. I do not want to serve the Lord from a sense of duty. I do it because I delight to do thy will, O, God; and it just comes from one sweet little everlasting surrender of the will, and henceforth he works in you to will and to do his dear, sweet good pleasure; praise the Lord; walking worthy of the father unto all pleasing—not unto all pain. Ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred walk worthy of the father unto all pain. There is just one way to do it, and there is only one way. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, where every one serves him with a joyous alacrity. "Ye angels that excel in strength"—Hear David talking about the angels—"that excel in strength," doing his will, "harkening unto the voice of his word." That is the way, Lord, I will serve you, just as they serve in heaven. How? In degree? No, for an angel excels in strength, and I excel in weakness. There is a great difference, my friends. I am not angelic at all. I am only a man down here on earth, but walking worthy of the father unto all pleasing. Angels that excel in strength are expected to become strong in his power. Creatures down here, begirt by ten thousand disabilities, with hell and the flesh and the devil all about them. God does not ask them to do what he asks angels to do—certainly not, for he lays upon his children, old and young, as they can bear.

The angels are the oldest born and we are the youngest. He lays upon us just sweet little work that will develope us ; make us grow rapidly without let or hindrance or check ; praise his blessed name.

One word more as to how we are to get all this blessing. Remember, now, God, as a loving Father, never asks his children to do anything they cannot do easily. How is this all going to be done ; the practical part ? How can I come into that special blessing ? You see it opens up to me a new world, as if I had been transferred to another planet. I can see the blessedness, but how can I exchange this life of dreary duty ; this mountai. of service for the service of an angel ? I can tell you if you will listen to me. Every human theory is based upon this radical lie, that man can do something ; but your will cannot change a single one of your habits, unless you are one of the devil's agents. Your will may be present with you, but how to do anything good you find not. The highest will is lost and ruined. It sits upon the throne, but it is a lost and ruined thing, fallen from heaven to earth, and it is powerless. My friends, do not try to do anything yourself ; if you do you will fail. When you have got a sin to tackle, you grab hold of it with that strong will, and you say ; I have been in the habit of carrying out things which I set my hand to do. You can set your mind to do, and to carry out, on the devil's ground. You can do mean things as often as you set your mind to it, but you try to do good things, and by-and-bye the conceit will be taken out of you, and you will be where holy Paul was ; "For to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." How are you going to get a victory ? There is will, but it is inoperative. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death." Commentators say kings in the old tyran-

nical times used to fasten a dead body on a man, and let it rot until it rotted him to pieces, but there is no such thing in history, sacred or profane. It is a pure tissue cut out of whole cloth in order to explain a thing in the scriptures they did not understand. Certainly that was not a common thing; never heard of such a punishment. What Paul describes is like a man with the palsy. There you are, lying on your bed. You have a strong, active will, and half of you is dead. You say to your hand, "Go up," and try to move it; it will not go. There it lies, and you have to take your other hand and lift it. It is a dead stick; and by-and-bye you say, lie down on the coverlet, and you put it there, and there it lies like a dead stick, and you have to take your hand to lay it back. The nexus is cut between the will and the power. I say now to my hand, go up, and it goes up. Go down, and it goes down. It is perfectly obedient to my will. I can do anything I want with it; but suppose I had palsy, the nexus is cut. That is the Christian that wants to do the will and cannot do it, so that you cannot do the things that you would. I adhere to the old fashioned translation of that.

My friends, the carnal heart is not subject to the law of God. The will may be present, but how to perform that which is good you find not. What shall we do with this will? One thing the Cross of Jesus has purchased for you and for me; and only one thing you can do, and that is, you can put it in God's hands. Thank God, there is the open door. There is the one door, the narrow door; there is the single door; there is the only chance for victory, the only place. There is one thing that thou canst do. Thou canst put thy will in God's dear, hallowed will. You can let it be merged in his, and you can do it with eyes looking in God's face, with hand on heart, and you can say: "I do surrender

now,and henceforth and forever." It is not a matter of experiment, but it is a never to be retracted surrender. Stand by it, and victory shall crown you from that time on.

Jesus does not ask his disciples to ask for things they do not have in their hearts. Their petition is in the Lord's prayer, and everything there is higher life. Oh, dear friends, I wish you would just come into the dear, sweet, lovable will of our God, and he will make you will to do his good pleasure.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

[Matt. vi. 25-34.]

The fourth petition in the Lord's Prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread." That is the first petition that I ask for myself. The first petition for the Lord is, that I may hallow his name. Now you may be sure that God puts first first and second second. It may seem to be a trifle, a small matter to us, my friends, but God says it is the great thing. He always puts the prominent thing first. Whenever he puts a thing first, then you may be sure that it is first in importance; for he never puts a small thing at the beginning and a great thing at the end, in such a thing especially as the Lord's Prayer, in which he teaches us to know our wants. The first and greatest want that we have is this, "Give us this day our daily bread," as I hope to show you. The first want of our souls with regard to God is to know who he is, and to hallow the blessed name by which he has made himself known. After that we can do a great many things for the Lord. Until we know our Father, and until we hallow his name, we cannot, as the saying is, turn a wheel. And, dear friends, you will find that this petition with regard to our own wants, which is yet the fourth petition in the Lord's Prayer—the first of the second division—you will find that that lies at the bottom of everything; therefore Jesus goes on to explain it more

fully than he does in the petitions. In the matter of prayer itself, he gives a warning before he tells them how to pray, and after the prayer he gives them something about the forgiveness of sins; and then explains at length this doctrine, "Give us this day our daily bread." That is found in the sixth chapter of Matthew, from the 25th verse to the close of the chapter—the divine reasoning of God as to all our wants. "Take no thought for the morrow;" that is the summing up of it all—"for the morrow shall take care of itself." God thinks for you; therefore you have no right to think for yourselves. God takes care of you; therefore you do not have to take care of yourselves. God provides for you; therefore you do not have to provide for yourselves. This is all argued with divine logic and divine beauty. Why? Because the Lord knows that is just our weakest point; because he knows that that is the point upon which we need to be guarded. Because he knows that that point of all others is the point where Satan comes in upon us. There was just where our friend Abram fell. He could leave his own land and go out into another land, not knowing whither he went—he could earn the title of friend of God by so doing; but when it came to famine being in the land, and bread and meat being the question, he broke down utterly, and went off with Sarai to the land of Egypt, and there practiced lying as a fine art. Think of that faithful man represented as a liar. He was worse than common liars, for a saintly liar is the most despicable of all liars. Abram was the worst liar I ever heard of in Scripture next to the devil; and yet he was a friend of our Father. The bread and meat question is what took him away. That is just exactly where the devil got our father Isaac. There came another famine in the land; so off he went down into the land of the Philistines, as Abram had

down into the land of Egypt. There is exactly where the devil got Elimelech, our friend in the Book of Ruth. A famine struck the land, and he went into the land of Moab, and disaster followed that fatal step. He and both of his sons died, and poor Naomi had to come back a widow, prematurely old, and miserable and wretched.

Ah, my friends, if we only examine it, we shall find that the inability to trust God for our *daily* bread gives the devil more or less control over millions of lives. Not simply one or two, or a thousand, but millions. I know that that is the very question in the Gospel ministry; what am I to do? What am I to eat? Wherewithal shall I be clothed. Salary settles everything. I speak now in general. Once in a while a man will rise above this question, but in the main we are all held in bondage by the meat and bread question; for minister's salaries are not generally very liberal, and the meat and bread question is one of the closest. Ah, my friends, how unfaithful it makes us to our trusts if we are not sound on the meat and bread question. Did you ever hear of a man—I mean in the general ministry—that could hear a loud call from God when asked to leave a salary of one thousand dollars and accept a salary of five hundred dollars? I would like to shake hands with that minister; pull off my hat, take the shoes off my feet—I think I would indeed, for the place where that man stands is holy ground. Did you ever hear of a minister that got a loud call from God to go from a five hundred dollar salary to a thousand dollar salary? There is nothing like that call from heaven. It is as loud and distinct as though the heavens had burst right open, and God himself spoke by word of mouth. The bread and meat question. Ah, I am speaking to many good Christians who know the truth of these remarks; and so it goes, my friends, and that is the reason our ministers are all

bound hand and foot. Why, two or three rich people in a congregation can completely control a minister, so that he does not dare to open his mouth and discipline a man that is worth a hundred thousand dollars and subscribes liberally towards the minister's salary. It will not do, although his conduct may be such that if he was a poor man, his dismissal would be swift and certain. There is a homely proverb which says, "that money makes the mare go;" and this mercenary action has gained full credit in the church. Money makes the church go. We are all witnesses of this. I pray God you may learn this petition in the Lord's prayer. Not to pursue this painful subject any further as to the ministry, where the main mischief is, let us come down to our own family circles. How many a man and woman is kept in a constant state of wretchedness, because they do not know how to trust the Lord for bread and meat. In other words, they have not learned to pray as Jesus wants to teach all his disciples, "Give me this day my daily bread." That is, Lord, you give me my bread. I do not make it myself. I make my bread myself, you say; then you will have a hard time making it. You will never have any rest. If you take care of the meat and bread question, you will always be in trouble about it. Let the Lord care for it as he cares for the little birds, making their homes upon the trees. There is God's storehouse for the littls birds. They do not sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and your heavenly father feeds them. He feeds the sparrows, and five of them sell for two farthings, and yet we are afraid that some time or other, though God never forgets a bird, he will take a spell of forgetfulness, and let us slip, and we will starve. This thing pursues a man even when he gets riches. I have seen rich men that were afraid of going to the poorhouse at last; for you see this thing brings its own punishment, and the reven-

ger comes in this world, not to say in the next. The devil knows the weakest point, and God knows the weakest point, and therefore the Lord wants to defend us upon that point impregnably, and the devil finds this point unguarded so often, and so often he takes advantage of it; so that in point of fact the earliest thought in the boy's heart is to get rich. What does he want to get rich for? One idea is he wants to be independent. Independent of whom? Well, independent of man, you say. You never were dependent on man. Independent of whom? Let us drive that question home to its last analysis, and you will find it means independent of God. A man who is afraid to trust God from day to day will begin to lay up something, so that he will be out of the hands of God; so that he can say, I have got so much I can go alone. He goes on and accumulates until he can say I am safe for all my lifetime. I am independent. If there were no God I have got enough to keep myself and family till the end of life. Then when a man gets on that course, the love of money comes in, which is the root of all evil, and so the devil leads him where he pleases, and that poor creature who started out simply to be independent goes on accumulating, and gets more and more possession, until at last he stops making money, because he is too old to make any more. Then he is too old to enjoy it. Rheumatism comes in, and neuralgia, and the devil's aches and pains. He is too old and too helpless to enjoy it. What then? Well, now, he sees the prospect of its being squandered, and that gives him fifty times more trouble than he had in gathering it together. Ah, the devil is a hard master, my friends, for he teaches a soul not to trust the Lord from day to day, but to go on and be independent. Then greed of gain takes possession of that man like a thirst for drinking, and he cannot stop himself any more than an engine can stop on the down

grade without brakes, and he goes on, and on, and on, until the devil lands him in this helpless, rheumatic old age, with the greed of gain in his heart. His own children stand around his bedside and wish him out of the way, in order that they may handle the money freely. How often has that been repeated in the histories of families—how many thousands of times? Is not the devil a hard master? Does he not give a hundred-fold pain and suffering and sorrow, as Jesus gives a hundred-fold of blessing and of peace? Ah, indeed he does. And then beyond the curtain, God only knows what retribution awaits them. All this comes, my friends, from this devil's idea of being independent. Yet most people do not get rich. We have not got enough self denial to get rich; so most of us do not aim to get rich, but to get a home and competence, just to keep the wolf from the door, and "to lay up something against a rainy day," as the devil's proverb goes. So my friends, the same principle is involved in getting a competence. It all means independence of God; getting along without the help of the Lord. This independence of God can be seen just as well in a farmer in the country, with his well filled smoke-house or big wood pile, or with coal laid in enough for all winter. I am not saying that when coal is cheap it is not the time to lay it in. I am not saying that when the weather is pleasant we ought not to pile up wood, but I have been in that business long enough to know that at the bottom of it lies a dangerous principle. When I had a big pile of wood I had a very good feeling steal through me. Now I have got enough to last me all winter. That is exactly the same feeling with which the farmer goes into his smoke-house and sees hams and sausages, &c., in abundance, and he says, I have got enough to "run" me till next spring. Ah, yes, and keep the wolf from the door; and he has such a delicious sensation. Why does

he feel restful? Because he has got enough to "run" him for a good while. Do you not see it is the same principle that the Lord rebukes in the rich fool who said, "Soul, take thine ease. Eat, drink and be merry." How? Why? You are independent of God; that God that you was afraid would leave you to starve. Why, you have got ahead of him; you have beaten him. Thou hast much goods laid up in store for many years. Now you can rest. As long as you had nobody but God to trust, and nothing laid by, you could not rest a minute. You might go to the poor house, you might meet starvation some day. Yes, anything might overtake you in the way of disaster; but now thou hast much goods laid up in store. "Take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry." The principle is exactly the same; much goods laid up to make yourself independent of God. Ah, my friends, I am tracing a principle that you have all felt, a sensation that you have all had in you, a very comfortable feeling, because you are ahead. Whether you are living the higher life or the lower life, no matter how many times you have said the Lord's prayer, or that you said it in earnest, that you trusted the Lord, the devil will come back trying to make that feeling of ease and pleasure come over you; trying to make you disloyal to God just by this same sensation.

The meat and bread question is the central question of life. If you can trust God for the little things you may be sure that you can trust him for the great things. The devil does not get us in the great crises of life, for whenever anything terrible comes on us we go instinctively to God; fly into the arms of Jesus, and do not rest until we are safe there. But the devil just takes us in the little things—the failure to trust God in little things. Therefore, Jesus gives this as the antidote for it, "Lord, give us this day our daily

bread." That is a very searching prayer, for it says, Dearest Lord, let me so fully trust you that day by day I will lean my whole weight upon you, just as my wants arise. Oh, Lord, put me in a place where I will not be able to walk by sight, but will have to walk by faith; and Dear Lord, if I do not put myself there of my own accord lovingly, without giving you a bit of trouble, then, Lord, in mercy for me, snatch me up and put me there whether I want to go there or not. What I want to persuade you is to learn the lesson sweetly and simply to go over the Lord's smooth road, so that you will not have to go over the rough road; for when you make this prayer, and the Lord loves you very tenderly, and you will not trust him on the smooth road, and you run off and try to put yourself in a position where you cannot trust him, the devil has a chance to come in and harass you. That is the reason so many Christians suffer. That is why Lot was dragged out of Sodom with the loss of every penny of his wealth, lands, farms, houses, bank stock, and everything he had in the world. Why? He would not learn to trust the Lord day by day. If he had only gone with Abraham and learned to trust the Lord day by day, he would still have been a rich man. Not that riches in themselves are wrong, but those who put their trust in riches are not fit to be trusted with riches.

Thank God, the most of his children are poor; and they are poor because they choose to learn the lesson over the rough road; not because God wants us to be poor. If we only would trust him and learn to trust; if we only held every cent as stewards for the Lord, God would commit wealth to us; but we are such miserable trusters, the only way the Lord sees is to keep us down with our faces to the grindstone. Praise the Lord for teaching us in that rough way. But, beloved, I do not want you to think the Lord

teaches you in that rough way, but think that the Lord gives us all things truly to enjoy; and the Lord *can* give us all this. Without trust in God there is as much misery in the palace as in the most humble cottage. In Kentucky I had a beautiful little one story and-a-half cottage, which we named the "Pink Cottage," and five acres of ground, and I had my bees and chickens and orchard on it, and fifty-five varieties of grapes, and stock, and well—a little foundation to get ahead so my wife and children would not come to want; and oh, the wretchedness, the misery of it. I tried and tried and tried until at last the devil came in, and swallowed the whole thing in a single gulp, under a big mortgage; and then I had to trust the Lord. Then I found out what a sweet, good thing it was to trust the Lord, and then I trusted him because I wanted to; praise the Lord. I never want to get ahead again.

Many a Christian, and the world is full of them, when they are dealt thus with by the devil, when their property is going and everything is against them, they say, Oh, dear, what a miserable creature I am. Oh, Lord, you are against me. Everything is against me. No, no. You are going exactly on the right road. You are getting to where you will have to trust God.

I remember my little Willie when he was knee high, he was in Hustonville, and he thought he was going home. He was hunting all around town and got lost, though it only had two streets. He got lost and started up the pike towards Danville, running as hard as his little short legs could carry him. He met a man who stopped him in the street and asked where he was going. "I am going home." Who are you, said the man. "I am preacher Barnes' son. I am going home." Says the man, I know where your father is, now, come along. Says the boy I am going home. No, I

know your are not, and he took him in his arms and carried him home, and when he got him home, he nearly had a spasm. He would have gone nearly to Danville if he had not been stopped. When he found he was safe at home he was very glad.

When you get down to the place where you find yourself at home, and learn that it is sweet to trust the Lord, then you will thank God as I did for letting the devil gulp the "pink cottage," Alderney stock, fifty-five kinds of grapes, and everything; praise the Lord it is all gone, and I never want to see it again.

I want to tell you how sweet it is to trust the Lord from day to day, to have this simple, sweet faith. Lord, I am going to trust you and trust you alone; and as far as the devil tries to get me comfortable from the thought of not having to trust you, I am going to resist him, steadfast in faith.

You see, dear friends, the Lord takes great pains to set us right on this cardinal point of trusting the Lord in little things, in the very least things. Therefore the first petition in the Lord's prayer that concerns you and me, now that we have honored God, hallowed His name, called for his kingdom to come, and asked for his will to be done on earth as it is in heaven—the first thing for you and me is to learn to trust God in little things, and the difficulty of trusting God in little things is the fact that we think we can do the little things ourselves. There is where it comes so hard. The little things we think we are suffering for. When it comes to the matter of saving a man's soul, pure instinct tells us that we cannot do it, and we come down pretty soon on that question. God must save the soul. It is too much for us to attempt, therefore we put it in his hands; but when it comes to the matter of meat and bread and the little things,

we say, "Now, any man ought to be able to do that, and we try to do it ourselves, and there is where we are deceived; there is where we make a shipwreck of faith. If you try to do it yourself that is not faith. If you let God do it for you it is faith. Therefore the man that loves money and accumulates it is said to make a shipwreck of faith. Why? He puts himself in the place where it is impossible to trust, makes a shipwreck of faith, and the man who puts himself where he cannot trust God is bound to be miserable. The way to get rid of all this devilment is just to put small things into the Lord's hand, and say, Lord, I cannot do anything.

Your wife goes into the kitchen, and says, My mother taught me to bake biscuits, and I can do it. Can you really make a biscuit bake? That is just the thing you cannot do, and before you get through the Lord proves to you that you cannot do it. How do you do it? You make up your biscuit all right, and the rising is all right, and everything is all right, but before you get through baking that biscuit, you touch your knuckle on the stove, and say: "Plague take the stove, I always burn my hand." You have lost your temper. If you think that you can bake a biscuit the devil tells you you cannot, and says he, it is not rightly cooked until it is done just right on both sides, and you have to keep it sweet and clean through the whole operation, that is baking biscuits, and the devil sees you cannot get through that. So, my friends, you sit down at the sewing machine, and you have sewed on it for years, and you say; if there is one thing I can do I can run the sewing machine. You go on, and by-and-bye the pesky thing gets out of order. Of course you cannot find what is the matter with the sewing machine. You turn that crank, and unscrew something, and that does not help it. The old thing keeps breaking

stitches, and at last you say, I never saw a machine like that. It is enough to drive a saint distracted. What is the matter? What are you kicking that poor iron table for? You thought you could sew on a sewing machine, and the devil is saying you cannot do it. You have not trusted God in little things. If you had gone into the kitchen saying, Lord, there is nothing in me, I can not do a little thing like baking a biscuit, but you can do it. Then you would go through the whole operation with a smile upon your face. Your biscuit will be done and turned, and your husband will say, Why, wife, I never tasted such a biscuit as this since I was born. That is the way when God cooks it. If the devil cooks it it will be burned on the under side and undone on top, and it will make the old man as mad as a hornet, and may be you will burn your finger in the bargain.

I am on very practical ground, my friends, for religion is a practical thing. It is a thing of the kitchen; it is a thing of the wash-tub, or it is not worth anything; for most women have to break their backs over the wash-board supporting some man. It is a thing of the parlor, a thing of the dining-room, a thing of the school-room, and these little cares of life will worry you to death if you do not put them in the Lord's hands; let him attend to them; let him do everything for you. Just throw the flesh overboard, and say you cannot do anything anyhow. Get down to the bottom of the thing, and say: O Lord, in me there is no wisdom and there is no strength; and commit the thing to him. The minute you do that he takes it up, and does it. "Give us this day our daily bread." Oh, sweet dependence on the Lord for meat and bread; for that is a thing you have to have three times a day; and if you ever can trust the Lord for meat and bread, you can trust him for everything. Oh, ye of little faith. Do you want God to say

that to you? I would rather suffer acute bodily pain than for God to say once, "Oh, ye of little faith." That is to me a sharper pang than any wound the devil can inflict. Do you want the Lord to be always saying to you, "Oh, ye of little faith." I say, No, no, no. I want him to look me in the face and say, "I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel." Freely trust the Lord for little things. He says he numbers the hairs of your head. Your mother never did that; your father never did that. They love you, do they not? But I will warrant you they never counted the hairs in your head; but your Heavenly Father did. I do not know how many hairs I have had since I was a Christian, but I know God has numbered every one of them. Oh, ye of little faith. Why will you doubt him in little things—in the smaller things of life? If he numbers the hairs of your head, commit the hairs to him. If he numbers every moment of your life, commit every moment to him. If God comes down to the very least things of life, then let the cooking of a biscuit, let the making of a bed, let the sweeping of a room, let the nursing of a sick child, let the mending of an old pair of pantaloons, which is very trying to a person, bring out the strength and the power of God, for I tell you, my friends, the same power that was needed to make a world is absolutely necessary in these little, ordinary things of life. In other words, you cannot get along without bringing up God at the head of them, and all the resources you have following in his train. You cannot do the very smallest thing in life without his help. If you undertake it, the devil will beat you on it as sure as you are a man or a woman. Therefore, to guard this point, Jesus teaches you first of all, before you ask for anything else, to pray for your daily bread. At first it looks to be more important that we should say, "Forgive us our tres-

passes, as we forgive those who trespass against us," or "lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from the evil one," but, no; the most important one is put first. The first thing that God wants you to learn is to trust him in every little thing in life; therefore, submit the least, the smallest thing to him. I cannot tell you how happy I have been since the Lord has taught me that lesson, though I slip now and then. I do not put on rubber shoes without asking the Lord. I do not change my thick under-clothing without asking the Lord. You do it on your own wisdom, and you will be chilled in the spring, and burned up with your hot under-clothing in the fall, and may be have a spell of sickness. When I buy a hat, or buy a coat, or buy a pair of boots or a pair of shoes, I take that to the Lord just as much as I do the salvation of my soul, for I have committed all things into his hands, and he has taken everything into his hands. He will do it if you only commit it to him. He will keep that which I have committed to him unto the end. If I had not committed it unto him, he would not have kept it. Commit to his keeping the hairs of your head, and he will not smite you with baldness. Commit your ways unto the Lord, and he will direct your steps—not each general direction, but every step as you take it. "The steps of a man are ordered by the Lord. He shall give his angels charge over thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Brother, sister, is not that sweet? You commit everything to him, and he will take charge of everything. Man, do not try to make your own living. Woman, do not try to keep house. Men and women, do not try to do anything. Trusting is everything. Then will you be idle?

No ; you will be the most industrious people in the world. Will you be happy? You will. Will you wear out with your industry? No ; your mouth will be filled with laughter, and instead of the devil making marks upon your faces, God will make your very flesh to stand out with fatness. Praise his dear name forever and forever.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The fifth petition of the Lord's prayer, is the second want of the human soul. The first is, Trust God in little things. That is the first want. And you can make no real progress unless you do that; therefore the Lord puts that first. "Give us this day our daily bread;" that sets you right with the Lord. Then the next thing is to set you right with your fellow man, "Forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive those who trespass against us."

Dear friends, this is the forgiveness asked for by a saint; never forget that. A sinner cannot make such a prayer as that; because this is a conditional forgiveness. I only ask God to forgive me just as far as I forgive others. Would you let your eternal salvation turn upon such a point as that? Would you go to the good God to-day and say, O Lord, I want you to forgive my sins, and I ask it because I forgive those who sin against me; and if I do not forgive every one of their trespasses, why, do not you forgive mine. Would you say that? You see at once, dear friends, it cannot be a sinner's prayer. A sinner has got nothing to do with his offering such a prayer as that, for you know you never learn to forgive the trespasses of others until you get into the higher life. That would damn every being in the universe. This is a higher life petition; the petition of those who are

already saved, and want to get up on to the higher plane, the higher platform. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" is exclusively conditional; do you not see it? Just as I forgive them, so do you forgive me. Do you not see that if it were a sinner's prayer it would damn every man in the race; for there never was a man or woman that succeeded in forgiving their enemies unless they were walking in the life more abundantly. They may say they do, but they are deceived. You often hear people say, "Oh, yes, I forgive, but I don't forget." Then you do not forgive. That is not God's forgiveness. If you cannot forget as well as forgive, then you have not forgiven. God's forgiveness is, "For thy sins and thine iniquities will I remember no more." Forget as well as forgive, if you want to be like God. You say that is impossible; I cannot forget. That is where you do not know what you are talking about. I know that God will paralyze a man's memory on the subject of the transgressions of others, and I know it by experience; and I know if you will come up into the higher life, you will say, Brother Barnes, I did not believe that, but now I know it. You come to the place where you can forget an enemy, and then you will know exactly what I mean, for you can not only forgive, but forget; but if you are living down in the 7th of Romans, the lower Christian life, and you say, "the things I would I do not, but the things I would not those I do," you will never forgive your enemies. You have got to get up higher before you do that. You can no more do it than you can do any other impossible thing.

The last thing that our blessed Saviour said was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That was the last thing he said. That was the crowning act of a glorious life of symmetrical growth and of perpetual and unchecked progress. Everything comes in its proper place.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," that was the crowning act of his life and it is very significant, my friends. It is the very triumph of Christian grace. It is the halo that streams from the Cross of Christ, which settled on the martyred Stephen, and which has graced the dying moments of saints in every subsequent age, but it does not belong to the sinner. It does not even belong to the Christian in the 7th of Romans. None but the Christian who is walking in the life more abundantly, and who has that perfect love that casts out fear and casts out misery and everything of that kind, can rise to the grandeur of this forgiveness. It is an evil under the Sun that the devil has brought this ripest demand of the Christian life, and has clapped it on a sinner and made it a condition *sine qua non* to salvation. Let us illustrate it :

I was in Judge Peter's library in Mt. Sterling, Ky., not long ago, and was looking over his big library,and I saw there the "Life of Andrew Jackson" by James Parton, in three volumes. I was always an admirer of old Andy; admired him as a statesman and soldier; liked his pluck and obstinacy. I said I will skim over this book. I took it down and looked over the table of contents, and saw "The conversion of General Jackson." Immediately I said I will see how old Andy was converted. I knew he died a Christian. I knew he had not lived a Christian. I knew he had been a thorough child of the devil. I said now I will see how Andy got to be a child of God ; and I went over the road substantially as follows :

The old General, in his latter days, when he was about to die, began to bethink himself of eternity. May be he had thought of it very often, but now he began to be in earnest. He went over the old road just as we have been taught. He thought in the first place he would have to feel very bad

about his sins—and he had plenty of sins to feel bad about. He did not have to go very far. He was an awful old blasphemer. He had sworn more oaths than he had hairs on his head. He was an awful wicked old man, and did not have far to go to find out sins enough to make him thoroughly miserable. When he had got up a complete state of misery so he could not sleep nights comfortably,he thought he would send out for a spiritual physician in Nashville. He sent for Dr. Edgar, an old personal friend, and a very excellent, good man—I am not saying anything against him personally, but against the diabolical system under which we were all raised, I among the rest. So this good brother ; a doctor of divinity, &c., LL. D. for all I know, went out to see old Andy there at the Hermitage, and it gives the talk that they had. It was something like this :

General Jackson, do you feel (Oh, we used to go on feeling in those days), do you feel that you are an awful sinner in the sight of God ?

Oh, yes, Doctor, said he, I have hardly slept a wink for a week. In fact I am a mere skeleton. I don't know what is going to become of me. I will die if I do not get this load lifted from me.

Have you resolved by the grace of God to quit all your sins ?

Oh, yes.

And he clenched that old under jaw of his ; and when he did that he meant business, whether it was to fight the battle of New Orleans, till he won victory, or break up the old United States Bank, or to kill a man in duel, whenever he set that jaw he did it.

I am resolved by the grace of God to turn over a new leaf, and live a new life.

And will you teach yourself to believe in God, my friend. and live a Christian life as far as God's grace shall enable you?

Oh, yes; I am determined to do that.

Very well, now, I have got one more question to ask you, General, do you heartily forgive your enemies?

The old man knit his brow, and looked at him. Says he, No; I do not.

He was too honest to lie. He was not a liar; that was not one of his weak points. He was a truthful man. Says he, no; I do not. I hate them.

Well, said the minister, don't you think you can forgive them?

Well, I don't know. I might some of them—I might let them off if they just kept out of my sight; but the rest I will just hate till doomsday.

Said he, General, I cannot give you any hope. Here it is written (and he pulled out his Bible.) Here it is written in the 6th Chapter of Matthew, "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." And then he turned over to the 18th Chapter of Matthew, and there read the parable of the servant that, having received forgiveness, refused to forgive the small debt his servant owed him. Says he:

General, there is the Scripture for it. I would not dare to give you hope unless you can heartily forgive your enemies; I cannot on the authority of God give you the least assurance that you are forgiven.

Yet, says the General, I cannot forgive them. There is no use lying about it.

Says the minister, go and pray over it, and I will see you in the morning. The doctor went and ate his supper; ate broiled chicken, waffles and toast, and drank his nice cup

of tea, went to bed and slept the sleep of the just, leaving poor Andy up in his room, raving like a tiger in his cage, wrestling with this mighty question, whether he would forgive his enemies or not. The General came down the next morning pale and ghastly. He had walked his room all night. Says the minister?

General, how is it this morning? Are you willing to forgive your enemies?

Says the General, yes I do; and he grated his teeth. He never told a bigger lie in his life. That was a lie straight out. He did not forgive them any more than he did the evening before. A man does not grate his teeth when he forgives his enemies. As for forgetting, he did not know anything about that.

Praise the Lord, says the doctor, now we will let you into the church; and the general joined the church. Very likely before he died he learned to forgive his enemies, but if he thought he forgave them there he never made a bigger blunder in his life. I just give you this as an illustration. It is quite of a part with that of the poor fellow that thought God was going to damn him unless he was willing to give up his sweetheart, because it was written in the scriptures: "Unless a man is willing to forsake father and mother and wife and children, and houses and lands for my sake, he cannot be my disciple." Here the devil brought one of the ripest privileges of a saint, and laid it upon a poor sinner, and crushed him flat. Ah, what a devil he is—what a diabolical devil, with a bible under his arm, quoting scripture. Can the devil quote scripture so as to crush a sinner? Yes, crush him like a fly; certainly he can. Then the only way to get out of it is to lie out of it, as the general did. I was asked questions when I joined the church, by old Father King, who was then at the head of the session in the Presbyterian

Church, which was number one of the four that have been built on that spot, and I will venture to say I told half a dozen first class lies in order to get into the church. I did not have any experience at all except this, that I was willing to let Jesus Christ save me ; and when he wanted to save me, I was willing enough ; and if they had just let me alone on that, and said, will you take Jesus as best you can receive him, I would have been as clear as a sunbeam on that ; but they asked me how I felt, what I felt I could do ; what I did do, and this, that and the other. They have quit most of that devilment now, and they let a man in easier ; because the gospel has had its way in these latter days, and it is producing its leaven even on the church sessions. The Baptists used to put a man into a high heat, and scorch him nearly to death before they could get him into the church. Now they want to let him in as quick as possible. They have thrown down these old barriers and rules that put a helpless child through the catechism that would puzzle a Christian to answer straight out, and tell the truth. Now you are looking very hard at me, as if you did not like it very well. I do not care whether you do or not. I am going to tell the truth and shame the devil ; and if you are on the devil's side I am going to shame you. This is a shaft the devil himself casts against the gospel—against the finished work of Jesus ; and whenever I see anything of the kind I am going to fight it as long as God gives me breath, for I have entered this war, and it is war to the knife. I will allow no work of the devil to kill the work of Jesus Christ, and put up barriers in front of the sinner—barriers so high that the sheep have to jump way up to get a little nibble, and the lambs cannot touch it at all.

So, this forgiveness of sins has got nothing to do with the sinner, and all such questions propounded to a sinner, as to

whether he forgives his enemies, you might as well ask a child just born where its teeth and beard were. It is not time for him to have teeth and beard. When it comes time for him to have teeth they will grow; when the time comes for him to have a beard it will grow; but on the little baby you cannot get them. I want you to quickly understand that forgiveness of our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us belongs to the Christian in a very advanced stage of the Christian life; and you never can do it unless previously you have learned to say, Our Father, and go through and through with it; and hallowed be Thy name, and thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; and until you have learned to trust God for your daily bread, for the little things, do not even dream you can ask your heavenly Father to forgive your trespasses as you forgive those who trespass against you.

We have all learned the Lord's prayer when we were children. We have said it a thousand times apiece, I dare say, if we have been piously raised; but you never said it so that God heard it; not once, unless you know a great deal more about Christianity than I think you do—unless you are walking in the higher life. If you are there, then you know what it is to say Father, forgive us our trespasses, for we also forgive all those who trespass against us. Forgive us our debts only as we forgive our debtors. Oh, Lord, I do not want you to forgive me if I do not forgive my enemies; that is the meaning of it. I do not ask you to do it Lord, but because I heartily forgive all my enemies, therefore I come, hand on heart and open eye, looking into your eyes, and I say, Dear Lord, forgive my trespasses as I forgive others. So we must find out this fact, my friends, and that is what I want to show you; that there is forgiveness and forgiveness; that there is the sinner's forgiveness and the

saint's forgiveness, and the two are just as distinct as the sinner's justification and the saint's justification, just as different as the sinner's sanctification and the saint's sanctification ; just as different as a sinner's being born again and a saint's being born again ; and again and again I call your attention to this duality. It runs all through the scripture. A sinner's kingdom is to be born into the kingdom. Unless a man is born again he cannot enter. A saint's kingdom is for you to hold the plow to the end of the furrow. If you put your hand to the plow and look back you are not fit for the kingdom. That is the saint's kingdom. We must hold the plow handles to the end of the furrow, and run a straight furrow clear to the end. The sinner's salvation is to him that believeth. "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved and have everlasting life," only that, nothing more. "He shall not come into the judgment because he has passed from death unto life." The saint's everlasting life is, "if you will leave father and mother and wife and children and houses and lands for my sake and the gospel, ye shall have an hundred fold in this age, and in the age coming, life everlasting." The sinner's born again is "Unless a man is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. The saint's born again is, "He that is born of God doth not commit sin, for he cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him." That is a very different born, my friends. Ah, there is many a sinner born again that commits sin every day and hour ; but if you want to know the saint's born again you must go higher up than that. He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God ; that is the saint's born of God, because, my friends, the sinner does not know anything about Christ or the anointed one. A sinner knows about Jesus. Jesus means Savior, but Christ means anointed. The sinner believes that Jesus is a Savior and he is

born again. He is born a child, has his name written in the family register, or the Lamb's book of life ; but, dear friends, he never, never knows this second borning until he knows that Jesus is Christ. Jesus and Christ are two very different words. He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God, and he that is born of God doth not commit sin. Ah, that is life more abundantly ; that is life where we have access unto Christ.

So, a sinner's forgiveness is this, "in him we have redemption." There is the blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace, not according to merit ; but here in this second forgiveness, or the saint's forgiveness, we have forgiveness according to deserving. It is because I have forgiven heartily, therefore God forgives me. One is the sinner's forgiveness, which is synonymous with salvation; another is the saint's forgiveness, which is synonymous with fellowship. For if I have not forgiven my brother for his trespasses, neither will my father forgive my trespasses. That is spoken to one who has been washed, and made whiter than snow ; that is spoken to a man whose sins are forgiven, and who has redemption through the blood according to the riches of his grace. So, there is forgiveness and forgiveness. A sinner's forgiveness means life in heaven and deliverance from hell, and a saint's forgiveness means restoration to fellowship—with the joy and fellowship of your Father, and with the Son, Jesus Christ. That you cannot have if you have aught against your brother or your brother has aught against you. Just let me quote a scripture that will prove this. "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee ; leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way." Hold on, says the Lord. Don't you offer that, stop—peremptory —don't you offer that. What is the matter, Lord ? This

is a good offering. I know it is. Do you remember that your brother has got anything against you? Oh, Lord, yes; that is a fact; my brother; yes. Leave your gift at the altar; don't you dare to offer it to me. Go be reconciled with thy brother, then come and offer your gift and it will be accepted. If you offer it otherwise it will be a curse to you instead of a blessing. Oh, how many people have been cursed at the altar of God because they have offered unsanctified offerings. Do you know that? How many people have been cursed by the devil right at God's altar, as poor Job was, holding on to the holiest altar. The altar has got nothing to sanctify you unless you are in a sanctified condition; unless you are all right before God. In the very precincts of the house of God the gathering saints shall witness the death of Ananias and Sapphira if there they dare to lie against the Holy Ghost. Do not go and offer your gift to God as if your hands and your feet were clean unless they are clean. God demands truth in the inward parts, therefore he halts you peremptorily. Leave your gift at the altar. First be reconciled to your brother, and then offer your gift. Then have full fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. You cannot have that without.

If you have a joy it will be an illusive joy gotten up by the devil; a counterfeit of the true note. Remember what God says: If we say we have fellowship with him and walk in darkness we lie. That is a little ugly three-cornered word, l-i-e. What are you going to do about it? God says it. If we walk in darkness, and say we have fellowship with him we lie. I can walk in darkness ever so much, and say I am a child. That is, the dear God will never deny his parentage. God will never deny I am his child. I become his child, not because I am good and walk in the light, but because I believe in his Son, who was given in my place, and

died in my stead, whose blood cleanses me, and makes me whiter than snow. I am a child because I am bad. I am a child because I am a child of the devil, nothing else. Not a good Christian at all; but, my friends, when you come to talk about fellowship, you have got to be a good child. A good child can hold fellowship with the Father, none else. A bad child never will. A naughty child of yours is not in fellowship with you. He may be loved tenderly by you, cared for by you, but is not in fellowship with you. Fellowship is based on character.

There is the sinner's forgiveness and the saint's forgiveness. Remember there is forgiveness and forgiveness. There is eternal life and eternal life. There is born again and born again. There is love and there is perfect love. There is life and there is life more abundantly. There is sealed by the spirit and there is filled with the spirit. Remember all these are different stages. The forgiveness of a saint means full fellowship. The forgiveness of a sinner means sure enough salvation in heaven and deliverance from hell.

Here is the higher life prayer that the Lord bids me come and make to my father in heaven. "Dear Father, it is all right now. I am at peace with all mankind. Give me the light of thy countenance. Let it beam upon me. Oh, Lord, let me obtain this testimony that I please you. Let me obtain this testimony, not simply that I am a child, I have got that, and I have had it all along; but, dear father, I want you to testify that I am your good child." He may testify you are his child, and the meanest child he ever had. You say to your bad child: my child, don't do that, or my child, why do you do that? but you always preface it with "my child." When you offend your Father he says, my child, why will you do these wretched things? Always the child. You never forget the child even when you are going to whip

it. My child, I must punish you very severely. You are not holding fellowship with your child ; that is a very different thing from coming to your child and putting your hand on his head and saying, darling, papa is pleased with you to-day. You are so good. Do you know it gives me so much pleasure to tell you so. Here is a present of a watch that your father has brought you because you are his good child ; you do not give me any trouble.

If anything interferes with this sweet and joyous fellowship, like falling out with your brother or sister, don't you dare to try to have fellowship with your father while you are out of fellowship with your brother or sister. I have seen Christians try to do it, and that is the reason they fall into the dull routine of going to church, and saying prayers, and reading so many chapters in the Bible, substituting the hollow shell for the kernel, for in them it is nothing but shell. That is what John talks about. "A name to live out the Savior with the mouth." John speaks about having a name to live while we are dead in trespasses and sins ; dead to usefulness, dead to joy, dead to happiness, dead to fellowship. That is the expression there is concerning a saint. That is not a dead sinner. Ah, my friends, how much piety there is in this church-going order—a hollow shell without a kernel in it. Did you ever walk along in the woods and pick up a good, nice looking hickory nut—looking as though it had something in it, but you look at it, there is a hole in it. What is the matter ? There is nothing in it. A squirrel has been there before you. My friends there is many and many a Christian that has got just that kind of religion. You take them up and you think they are very good, because they are regular at church and all that, and when you come to look at them, the devil has eaten the kernel of religion out.

My friend, how many substitute this hollow form for real fellowship of the Father and of his Son Jesus Christ. Indeed, dear friends, that is the prevailing type of religion, and I want you to know it ; and it is an evil under the Sun. It is the saddest thing in this world. We think we are getting along pretty well if we go to church. I say, How are you getting along? Pretty well. Well, what do you mean by pretty well? I always make it a rule to be at my place in church on Sunday twice a day. Yes, yes, and what else? And I always make it a religious duty to be at prayer meeting, because most of the others do not get to prayer meeting. What else? I read a chapter in the morning and read a chapter at night. And what about fellowship with the Father and with the Son, Jesus Christ ; what about sweet, unclouded fellowship, and the conscious presence of the living Savior? Oh, that is all fanaticism. And you are getting along pretty well? Yes, yes. Is not that common? Suppose I go to a minister, and I say, My friend, how are you getting along with your charge? Oh, pretty well. What do you mean by pretty well? Well, the people come pretty regularly to meeting. We have good congregations Sunday night, and on Sunday morning so, so. On Wednesday night there is an awful falling off. They do not like to come to prayer meeting much or lecture. It is a rather dull service. How many souls have been saved? When did you have any additions to your church? Well, about six months ago we took in one by letter. And before that? Well, I don't know. I don't think we have had any for a long time. I heard of a sermon the other day in which the minister said they had not had one single conversion during the whole year. He is doing pretty well.

I go to one of our merchants and say: You are in the merchandise business are you? Yes. How are you getting

along? Pretty well. Do you have any customers? Well, no, I do not think I have had a customer for about three weeks. Would you say that man was getting along pretty well in business? How many converts have you received in the church? How many have you been instrumental in saving? I don't know. Two or three or four or five or six or seven or eight or nine or ten. Do you call that getting along pretty well? Really that would bankrupt any merchant. That would drive every tradesman into the poor house; and that is called in the church, "Getting along very well." As I have said in a previous discourse, God gave me and my little girl more souls in one year than all the Northern Presbyterian Church, with its 5,643 ministers had gotten in the whole year. You see figures do not lie. They are there in their statistics. Not one convert to a minister.

Ah, my friends, getting along pretty well. Good God, show this people what doing pretty well means.

My friends, I want you to have a saint's forgiveness. I want you to walk in unclouded fellowship with the Father and with the Son. I do not suppose there are just quite as many first-class quarrels represented in this congregation, because you have been coming so regularly to this meeting. I venture to say that the most of you are saints; but I will venture to say in this congregation there are a dozen first-class quarrels. Sister, are you at peace with everybody? No, that woman behaved so shamefully with me that I will not have anything to do with her. Go make peace with her, sister. I cannot do it. She has injured me and I cannot do it. Yes, you can. That is the devil's own error. I can do all things when Christ strengthens me. Come up into this blessed plane. No difficulty at all. I know you cannot forgive your enemies or make friends with those you dislike while you are in the 7th of Romans; but come where the

Lord wants you to come, and he will give you this very petition. Come into the place where you can do it, and I will promise you, for I have been there, even if I did not know it—by God's precious word.

I remember a dear sister in Kentucky, when I was preaching on this very subject, she turned red and pale, and hung her head. I said, Good sister, you have something wrong in your heart. I do not know what it is. The very next morning—that was at night—I was living at the same house where she was, and I saw her put on her bonnet with a frame around it, and strings to it. She put it on with such determination that I knew she meant business. She walked out. She had about six first-class quarrels in town. In some she was in fault and in some the others were in fault, and she was determined to have them ended. She went to the first door, and when the woman came out, she said, "Sister, we have been out for a long time. Let us kiss and make friends, and do not say who is wrong. The head went under her bonnet, and she went to another door, and another head went under the bonnet. She went to the next door, and in thirty minutes she had made up all of her quarrels; and every one of those people came to church that night. Oh, what a glorious blessing. She was for the first time where she could say, My father, let me be crowned with the saint's forgiveness, for I also freely forgive all that are indebted to me. She put away that old sun-bonnet in lavender to hand down as an heir-loom to her children, for it was the turning point in her life.

Ah, brethren, if you will only come to the place where Jesus wants you to come how easy it will be to make all these quarrels up. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Ah, that is our great work, and the Lord lays special stress on that, because he

knows that the devil is always sowing dissensions. He makes bad marriages here. They say marriages are made in heaven. Yes, because the devil is in heaven. He lives in heavenly places ; but if there is one thing that the devil does it is to come down here and mis-ally people, and then he sows a tremendous crop of connubial quarrels—household quarrels. When we shut the windows, and the blinds are shut close, and a kind roof covers us, people do not know what is going on inside, but the devil is going on. Whether brown stone front or log house, the devil is going on in all of them. It is very rare to find a sweet, loving household, where the members never fall out with each other. And because we are in the devil's work, and the devil's world, and the devil is all about us, and he has got his agents at our elbows continually, sowing disturbance between man and man, and woman and woman, and because quarreling and bickering and strife are the very atmosphere in which we are born and live. Jesus knew that the first necessity after getting everything right with God, and bringing God into the very smallest things in life, was getting right with our fellow man—that was absolutely the first necessity of this blessed, glorious, new higher life, and so he gave us that prayer to say ; "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Remember whatever you substitute for it—Bible reading day and night, going to church regularly, having a class in Sunday school, singing in the choir, doings all these demands, going through all these forms of religion—remember there is no fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ, unless you can pray this fifth petition in the Lord's prayer, for that means fellowship with Him. Dear friends, the Lord will teach you that if you are only willing to learn it. Ah, may you learn it this afternoon. Let us learn the difference between a sinner's and a saint's forgiveness. God bless you.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"*Lead us not into temptation.*"

[St. James, Chapter 1.]

I hope we have all done with that dreary, dismal, desolate, soul-starving work of *saying* prayers; and I trust we are beginning to learn now to pray, and to say the sixth petition of this dear Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." I want to tell you as best I can what the Lord has taught me on this subject. I think he has given me some light upon this sixth petition. I know enough at all events to lead my own soul out of a great muddle, and may be it will be helpful to you. There are two ways of not getting into difficulty with regard to Scripture. One is the way of absolute ignorance. If you do not know what the Lord says, of course you will avoid all perplexity, and all difficulty of understanding His Word, but I would rather not avoid this perplexity. I would not sit beside this well of truth and not know what living waters were in it. I know some people that never get into a muddle because they never study the Word enough for that; never read it enough to see where there are apparent discrepancies, or apparent contradictions. That is not the ease and rest to be desired. I want to know God's word from beginning to end, not being wise above what is written, but being wise up to what is written, and understanding God's ways and methods, so that things which, to the mere sight, seem to cross each other are really the

most beautifully, appropriate and parallel things that you can find in the world. Now I remember the time when I was in an awful state of bewilderment about this very thing of temptation, but it is all as clear as daylight to me now ; and I can state the difficulty in a few words. It is this : In God's word we find many passages like those contained in the First Chapter of James ; parallel passages to that in which we find that it is a very blessed thing to be tempted. We are to count it all joy. That is the very highest joy you can have, when you fall into—not one or two—but divers temptations. Count it all joy. Why ? That kind of temptation worketh patience ; but "let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Now, Brethren, count it all joy. I have learnt to count this temptation all joy, and I will tell you why directly. In the same chapter, the Lord says : "If a man is tempted, do not let him say he is tempted of the Lord, for a man is tempted by his own lusts, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." So, dear friends there is a thing that frowns upon us. Here I am required, in this very text, by my loyalty to Christ to pray to the Father continually not to lead me into temptations, and yet, in the very same breath I say, Lead me into temptation, because, dear friends, a thing that is good for me, I want the Lord to lead me into. They that are led by the Spirit of God are the real sons of God ; and when I find that Jesus was led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, I know that was the very best thing for him ; and it is the very best thing for us all if we follow in his footsteps. He has set us an example that we should follow. For lack of seeing the things that God has made distinct, many a soul wears itself away, and cries and wrings its hands, when really it ought to be rejoicing ;

and many a soul is not troubled at all when it ought to be mourning—ought to be weeping, just for the lack of seeing the Lord's hand, and being led by the blessed Spirit of God.

Let me call your attention to the difference between a Christian and a Christian ; between a naughty child and a good child. The difference between being saved "so as by fire" and saved with an "abundant entrance ;" the difference between having life and the crown of life ; the difference between having love, which we all possess in common who are his children, and perfect love, which is the exclusive property of that little flock. To have mere salvation, dear friends, is one thing, and to have the things that accompany salvation is another thing. To be born into the kingdom is one thing, and to hold the plow handle steadily to the end of the furrow, and so deserve the kingdom, is another thing. Everlasting life, which is the gift of God, is one blessed thing and a glorious thing, and the everlasting life which is the recompense, reward or wages of faithful service is a totally different thing. So let us go back to that simple thing that is illustrated all through the Scriptures ; the difference between a child and a good child, just as you have in your own family ; for you deal differently with your good and your bad child, and so does God.

Let us go, dear friends, to the first class of passages that speak of the temptation into which we ought to pray the Lord to be led ; O Lord, lead on ; I follow. I count it all joy when I fall into these divers temptations, because I know thou art going to bring me out right, though it is a furnace seven times heated. I want the dross to come out, and the gold to come out as bright as a looking-glass, so that it will reflect the face of my God, who called me out of darkness into marvelous light.

Take this first chapter of James, "Count it all joy when you are led into divers temptations." Also, First Peter, first chapter and 6th verse, "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now, for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." That is the divers temptations that James spoke about, and wherein we greatly rejoice. This is a parallel passage with this one quoted in James: "Though now, for a time, if need be, you are in heaviness through manifold temptations, knowing that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth." When we try gold we put it in the furnace in order to get it pure. "For the trial of your faith being much more precious than that of gold that perisheth may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, you see, when Jesus comes you are to have a crown; for you cannot have a crown unless you are tried. You cannot, my dear friends, have a reward unless you prove yourself as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus cannot say, with truth, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," unless you do well; and so, dear friends, since doing well means fighting the good fight that produces enemies, and diabolical enemies, and plenty of them, that will attack you right and left, and lay siege to your integrity every day you live. So, if you want to fight the good fight of faith, you must have many and sundry marks as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. If you want the crown you must run the race; and there are impediments and snares in the way. You must lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus, who has the glittering crown in his hand, and says: Courage, dear one; run with a steady eye on me; run with a light foot; run disentangled. Gird up the loins of your mind.

Be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Dear friends, if there was nothing to overcome I could not fight the good fight. If there was no *impedimentae* to be laid aside I could not run with patience the race that is set before me. So, remember this, dear friends, when the Lord leads us into temptation—as is written, "the Lord did tempt Abraham." He put him in a very close place, too. But Abram never could have stood it until he got an "H" in his name. When he started out with Abram the Lord would no more have put the trial of the 22d of Genesis on him than I would put a bag of grain on my child two years old. But, when Abraham became a strong, stalwart man of God, and able to bear a test, the Lord, to tempt and try him, said He, Abraham, take your son and kill him. All right, said he, I will kill him, and he just took him along, and would have killed him. He took him up to the top of a mountain, bound him to a litter, and lifted a sharp, glittering knife, and was about to plunge it into his bosom. If he had known the Lord he would have known that the Lord would never let him do such a murderous deed. That is where poor Freeman failed. That is fanaticism. The devil has got a counterfeit bill. Freeman and his wife thought they were going right over the road that Abraham went. They thought they heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Kill your child." They laid the poor helpless little child down and killed it. The mother to go distracted as soon as she found out she had taken a life that could not be restored. Do you not know that the counterfeit, if it is dangerous, looks very like the true bill? and you follow the life of such a man as Freeman, who was the prince of fanatics, and who killed his little daughter. Ah, my friends, it may not be so great a crime when the Lord comes. It was an awful mis-

take. It was an awful blunder. It was a horrible devil's counterfeit of Abraham's faith. Remember that where there are counterfeits about there is a true bill. So, they followed Scripture, as they thought; really following the devil with a Bible in his hand; for I have told you that the devil with a Bible under his arm is the most diabolical devil that ever lived. So he goes to poor Freeman with a Bible under his arm, and leads him and his wife on and on till they sacrificed the darling of their lives. They did love their child, and they killed it. Oh, what a devil he is. If you are piously inclined he can tempt you on the pious line; can bring up a pious dodge that will be more dangerous than the impious. I know so many holiness people that have been caught on the devil's hook. I know so many holiness people that are caught with holiness. I do not know people that are in a more dangerous position than they. If there is one bait on earth that is more dangerous than any other it is the holiness bait. I have had a good deal to do with holiness people in the last five years, and I have watched closely, and oh, the devil is in the camp. Do not think he respects any place. Wherever souls are to be won from their allegiance to God there Satan will spread his nets to ensnare the ignorant and unwary.

What did God do with Abraham? He tried him sharply, for God who says thou shalt not kill, never tells you to kill. There is where poor Freeman made the mistake. Abraham would have gone on and on, and in another moment— He never ought to have counted that God was going to raise him from the dead. He ought to have counted that God was trying his faith, and that faith was to go to the uttermost; but God never tries faith against his own commandment; and so if Abraham had been intelligent, he never would have thought that God was going to raise his child

from the dead. He might have said that God is going to show me a way out of this. I am going right straight along till I run against a brick wall. If he had gone that way he would have had peace and rest. But he came actually to the point, and the Lord said, Hold, Abraham, don't you touch that child. Don't you lay your hand upon life ; but I see you are willing to go just as far as I want you to go, and I will never try you again. That was the last trial of his life, the last thing that Abraham could do. "He counted all things as lost for the excellency of the Lord," for he saw Christ and was called, and became the friend of God and the father of the faithful, and at a hundred and thirty-seven years of age he married a wife and had a large family of children. He counted it all joy when he fell into divers temptations for the trial of his faith. We ought to count it all joy.

Take the dear, blessed Jesus himself. Listen to Mark, the first Chapter, 11th verse. "And there came a voice from heaven"—after his baptism—not before, which is a sign of external cleansing, as the blood is a sign of external baptism. After his baptism, the Holy Ghost descended upon him in power, and "a voice came from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Then immediately the Spirit leadeth him up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil ; and in three places in the Gospel it is said, then was Jesus led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil ; and after he was tried there, and he had foiled the devil—not like the first Adam, who in circumstances where he ought to have stood absolutely, fell at the instigation of the devil. But he, the dear Jesus, among wild beasts out in that wilderness, in circumstances fully adapted to try him to the uttermost extent, our second Adam gained the victory, and foiled the devil for you and

me. But mark you, he was led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, because he was able to bear it— full of the spirit.

What I mean, dear friends, by exhorting you to count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations, is simply to know that it is a compliment to your advancing faith, advancing intelligence and advancing strength, for the Lord never lays a burden upon us which we are not able to bear. As Paul says in express words, "For God is righteous. He will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able," First Corinthians, 10th Chapter, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. There is the assertion that God never allows one of his children to be tempted above his strength ; but if you do not take the strength ; if you do not accept the grace that God gives, then the temptation will overpower you. So, if you are in the 7th of Romans, in the place God does not want you to be, temptation comes along. There is Jesus Christ with the ability to resist it, but you have not acquired that ability, and defeat is sure to follow. But if you are in the 8th of Romans instead of the 7th—in the place where the Lord wants you to be, temptation comes like a wave, dashing against the sea shore, and instead of bearing you down with irresistible force, it serves only to strengthen you and make you full of vigor. When I am bathing in the salt water I dislike to have a big breaker come and knock me off my legs ; it tries the temper too much. But when you stand prepared for the advancing wave it leaves you firm as a rock, you draw a long breath, and it fills you with new life. That is sea bathing ; not splashing with your head down under the water and your heels above it. So it makes all the difference in the world whether you stand or

not. I want you to have access by faith to this faith wherein you *stand* and do not fall.

Remember these are all higher life prayers. Oh, Lord, lead us not into temptation, but we will come to that after a while. So, friends, just to gather in a nut shell what I have been talking about, perhaps in a desultory way, it comes simply to this, that when the Lord puts us into places where we are sharply tempted with ability to bear it, we count it all joy, because it will help us on. We count it as a compliment too, just as a knight in the olden times. When a man was to be knighted for gallant deeds, knighted because he was a strong man, knighted because he was brave and gallant, and had won the golden spurs; when his sovereign came he took his great heavy broadsword out of the sheath, and swung it over his head, and it came down heavy and sharp on the back of the man, with a blow that would have made any man with delicate nerves flinch; but he had nerves of iron. He came there to be struck on the shoulders that way. And so when his sovereign says, "Rise to your feet," was his back aching? Not a bit of it; that stroke on the back was the most complimentary thing he ever had. He counted it joy to be tried; but a milk-sop would have cried, that is awful; just like Christians in the 7th of Romans; "Oh, my burden is so heavy. Was ever a poor soul tried as I am?" I have been there. I have done it a hundred times. I have got out of it now, thank God.

Dear friends, count it all joy to bear hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Learn to cultivate that athletic faith of soul that rejoices in divers temptations, knowing that the trial of faith worketh patience; let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Ah, what a compliment it is to be a brave soldier to be sent on a forlorn hope. A man of true courage rejoices in

it. A novice does not wish to be called; and we would never call for one to occupy the post of danger. In the old days of the rebellion down there in that Southern army, when they had to take a difficult position, they said, "Send for Jackson with the Stone-wall Brigade." That meant victory or death; and he always took it. I am not speaking as a partisan. I just adduce this as an incident to illustrate what I say. There is not a man here that is not stirred by courage like that, even though it is a foe. The compliment was to a man that never turned his back on a foe. The compliment was to a man that was bound to carry the thing through whenever he was sent to do it, and he always did. Do you not see that was a compliment to a tried and trusted soldier? That is exactly what the Lord means when he says, "Learn to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It makes my pulse stir when I hear of such a man—all man; and so, my friends, it sends a thrill of joy through heaven when one is bold in the Lord, and strong in the power of his might; who is always ready to stand up in front, never skulks, is never afraid of any service of the Lord. That is the temptation that we ought to be led into. Oh, Lord, try me as you see I am able to stand it, remembering your own sweet promise that you will not let me be tempted above what I am able to bear. I take that sweet promise. I do not care for rest. "Where he leads I will follow, I will follow all the way." A man that will voluntarily assume such a position the Lord will never tempt him above what he is able, but try him fully up to what he is able to bear; and every day will be a victory. He will tread the field as a conscious victor every day.

The reason why there are so few that rejoice when they fall into temptations is that there are so few that are worthy to fall into them; so few that God can trust to bring in

front ; so few that God can send on a forlorn hope. Christians in the 7th of Romans need not be afraid. The Lord is not going to send them on such duty as that. You will find all through the Scriptures that if we exercise true love to God and a wholesome regard to his word, we shall be led in the way that is safest and best.

Let us take those facts that illustrate the second point: "Lead me not into temptation." Let us go to the 22d chapter of Luke to hear the Lord as he speaks to Peter. Peter, Peter, Satan hath desired thee, that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. Said he, I cannot keep you out of the temptation. You are bound to be tried ; and I know what is coming. You will curse, and swear, and deny me before the cock crows ; and I will tell you what, Peter, I will do for you. What I cannot do for Judas. I will pray for you that your faith fail not. And Peter was recovered out of the snare of the devil. He fell into it before he was recovered out of it. Peter cursed and swore, and said he did not know Jesus Christ ; did not know anything about him. Think of this, coming from the man who had said, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God."

Ah, brother, when you are led into temptation in that way you are bound to be defeated. Jesus may pray for you that your faith fail not ; so you will not go off and hang yourself as Judas did. Peter would have gone and put a rope around his neck in ten minutes if Jesus had not prayed for him. The very sound of his own voice cursing and swearing would have driven that loving, impetuous soul to commit suicide. It was this one prayer of Jesus that his faith might not fail in this temptation that saved him. His faith did not fail. If it had he would have hung himself. Lead me not into temptation. We will come to the meaning of

that after a while. Let me give you some more illustrations.

After that, in the 22d of Luke, Jesus said, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. Oh, pray that you enter not into temptation. The spirit, indeed, is willing. So it is in the 7th of Romans, but the flesh is weak. I pray that you may never be tempted, or enter into temptation, or be led into temptation, until you have the assurance that you have a grace that will carry you safely through. That is the meaning of that: Pray that you enter not into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not. The things that I would, I do not; the things that I would not, those I do. I love the Lord. There is the spirit willing. I see another law in my members warring against the law in my mind. That is the flesh that is weak. Oh, brothers, pray that you may never be led into temptation in that condition; but pray that you may be led into temptation in the right condition—pray that you may be led—So lead on, I will follow. If you are in the right condition; if you are in the higher life—and, remember, all these petitions are higher life petitions, all are put into the mouths of those that are saints. That you may be good saints come up into the higher place—and then say: Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.* Oh, dearest Lord, do not let me ever get into places where I will be tempted and not have strength to bear it. Let me not be defeated

* These two petitions are to be taken as if they were one: Lead us not * * but deliver us * * That is, let us not be tried when we are not able to bear it. Thus, in Romans, 6, 17, "God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed." That is, though ye were once sinners, ye are so no longer.—ED.

in my trials, and let not Satan have any advantage over me in them.

Let us take another illustration in this 7th of Romans department. There was a man in sin in the Corinthian Church. Now, says Paul, as though present with you, I being absent in the body, but present with you in the spirit, command you that you deliver over such an one to Satan. What for? To go to hell? No. There is no thought of hell, because he was afterwards restored, and in the very next epistle Paul said, Do not be hard on such an one, lest he be overborne with too much sorrow. But in the first epistle he said, Deliver such an one over unto Satan. What for? For destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. He was not delivered over to Satan to be his. No, by no means. He was a child of God, and a child of God cannot be a child of Satan. It is an impossibility. It was for the destruction of the flesh that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus that men were excommunicated in the time of the Apostles. Paul writes, Take him back, and take him back quick. Here he is in an awful condition; he is a bruised reed. The power of the devil is intended to be so used as to cure, not to kill. So they did take him back, and he turned out to be a good Christian. Paul writes about several loose characters, among whom are Hymenæus and Alexander, whom I have delivered over to Satan. To take them to hell? No, to make them better; that they may learn not to blaspheme. Delivered to the devil and put under his hand, and then they are taken back. But they have learned over the rough road. Better that than not to learn the lesson at all.

Take the case of Job. One day the devil came in conference with the sons of God; and the Lord said, Have you

seen my servant Job? Yes, I have studied Job. That is the very man. He is in possession of some of my property. I have been walking up and down my kingdom. I can make him curse you to your face. Well, said the Lord, that is a fact. Take him, Satan. I cannot help him. And Satan went at it. He came back a second time and said, He has still some of my property. Says the Lord, Take it, devil. And he hackled him and hackled him till he got the devilment out of him. As soon as the devil's property was taken out of him, the devil was driven away from him ; and the Lord gave him double his property, and double the number of children. The Lord would not allow Job to lose anything by it. He had seven in heaven and seven on earth. That was a great deal better than having fourteen on earth. He doubled his prosperity. No daughters so fair as the daughters of Job. Gallant sons grew up by his side; and there he lived to a good old age, dandling them on his knees. The devil made a clean sweep that time, and never laid his dirty hand on Job after that.

Do you suppose God lets the devil play with one of his children just for play's sake? You seat the devil that killeth, in the First of Job, on the throne, and you will have the God Ingersoll has such power to make you young men disbelieve in. The letter that killeth—that is Ingersoll's God. That is the God your children are revolting from. You need not say they do not. They do not believe in that God. They will not tell you so for ten thousand worlds. Mothers do not know what their children believe in. Do you suppose they would come and tell you they believed in Ingersoll? But they do all the same. I tell you the rising generation of America are infidels, and made infidels by Col. Ingersoll. Why? Because he has got the best of the argument, and your bright, ingenious well educated boys

know what an argument is; and they say Ingersoll has got the inside track, and beats his adversaries, at every turn. The theologians flounder along; the wheels of their chariots driving heavily, trying to defend an indefensible God; trying to make out the devil, who sits on God's throne, to be the Good God. You will have to make out a different definition, or you will be beaten in every conflict. If you believe that God has compounded with the devil; that the devil has persuaded him on the naked merits of the case to hand over his very best servant, and make him lose all his children and all his property, to have his body covered with sores, so that he is just rotten from head to foot; if you believe God does that, then we part company to-day. I do not believe in such a God as that, any more than Colonel Ingersoll does. I believe in God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and he says if a man walks uprightly diseases shall not smite him. I have got the promise of God as to that. The devil cannot afflict us when our lives are all right.

If the devil ever gets a chance at me in my latter life, do not you listen to the insane ravings of my soul, for the devil may get me so low down that I will deny everything I say to-day. But now I have got a sound mind in a sound body, and am at peace with all mankind; but if anything of that kind happens I want you to believe it is my fault and the devil's fault; and here I exonerate the Good God in advance. Whatever in the ravings of pain and terror I may say, oh, take the evidence of a man in his senses, a man who is not under pressure. I am not under pressure now. If anything goes wrong, it is my fault; just as Job, when he found out what the truth was, said. "I am vile." Stand, not another step, Oh, Lord; I have heard of you, and heard a miserable mess about you; you are not the God I was

talking about when I was stung to desperation ; but you are the dear, blessed God. My eye seeth thee. And as soon as the Lord has justified and not condemned, right there the captivity ended. Job was all right.

That is the teaching, "Lead me not into temptation." Job was hackled because he had the devil's property in him, else the devil would never dare to lay his finger on him. I want you to remember this God with all his almightiness is helpless to defend his children when they are on the devil's ground. But never forget, it is from Genesis to Revelation the teachings of God's word, if you get on the devil's ground he has a right to hackle you. Job got on the devil's ground and he hackled him. Hymenaeus and Alexander got on the devil's ground, and the devil taught them not to blaspheme. The devil had this other man ; to destroy his flesh that his spirit might be saved. No, for that had been purchased by the Lord Jesus on the cross, and the devil cannot touch that ; but he can destroy the flesh. Our graveyards are full of flesh destroyed by the devil. Let us exonerate God at all risks. At all risks let God be true and every man a liar.

Now, dear friends, I trust you see what the meaning of lead me not into temptation is. O Lord, may I not remain in the 7th of Romans. Oh, Lord, may I not remain in that place in the Christian life where the devil will have a chance to hackle me for my misdeeds. Oh, Lord, dearest Lord, I come up now into that life where he that is born of God doth not commit sin ; where he walks worthy of his Father unto all pleasing ; where he adorns the doctrines of God his Savior in all things. Oh, Lord, I will not remain in the 7th of Romans, where the devil can get at me ; in a place where I will be tempted above what I can bear, but gladly, joyfully I will rise into that region where that wicked one

toucheth me not; for the cognate prayer is "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil;" and on those two wings I rise into an atmosphere too high for the devil to fly in; an atmosphere too refined for the devil to breathe in. If you stay down in the gross place where he can get his breath, and have an easy time, he has got a chance to hackle you; but get out of his reach. The devil cannot breathe that atmosphere any more than a human being can breathe five miles from the surface of the earth—any more than a human being can breathe in heaven. He cannot, he is not a heavenly man. When I become heavenly that will be my natural breath; but take me now and put me in heaven, and I will gasp and die. And so the devil, when you get up into the purer air, will suffocate himself every time he tries to get up there. But as long as you stay down in the gross atmosphere, where he lives, he is just as strong as can be, and there he will make his power felt.

That is all that the Lord has taught me, dear friends, about "Lead me not into temptation."

To recapitulate: Remember the two positions; the higher life and the lower life; a Christian barely saved in sin, and a Christian saved from sin. For thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. Remember that is quitting the whole thing, and then the prayer is this: Lord, the temptations that thou givest me give me the strength to bear, so that I can endure hardness like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Lead on, Lord, lead me into the wilderness if I am only filled with the spirit of Jesus Christ. Yes, Lord, fill me with the spirit, but do not let me go there until I am filled. If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not. What good is the promised land if God is not with us. Take us not hence, for it will only be to be borne down by sins.

Oh, Lord, do not let me remain in such a position where I will be led into temptation I have not the strength to bear; but otherwise I will count it all joy to be led by Thy hand into divers temptations—anything you think I can endure; sickness, persecution, suffering for righteousness' sake. In the lower life we are hackled by the devil for wickedness' sake. The devil finds some of his property loose around us, and hackles us till he gets it out. In the other case are we hackled by the devil? Yes, but that wicked one touches us not. He cannot touch the free spirit, nor life, for I am hackled for righteousness' sake. In the one case I am hackled because I am bad, and in the other case I am hackled because I am good. I like to bear the scars of honorable battle, but do not like to be wounded in the back running away. I love to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and those scars are the scars of honorable warfare. That dinted armor I shall lay down one of these days, with never a dint in the back, for there is no armor for the back. I shall lay it down one day, and God will lay it away; and He will say, Come in, oh soldier, thou shalt have rest.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Deliver us from the Evil One."

The seventh petition in the Lord's Prayer reads, "Deliver us from the evil one." I am glad our new version has given the proper rendering of it: "Deliver us from the evil one." There is no telling what mischief that little false rendering has done. Beyond a doubt the devil is at the bottom of it, and I do not know anything in its way that has contributed more to false ideas in the church and in the world regarding the devil than that one little word left out—"Deliver us from evil," not from "the evil one." That is as vague and as general as the devil wants it to be—"Deliver us from evil"—of malaria in the atmosphere, miasma, something of that kind, an influence that is floating about; something intangible; something that you cannot lay hold of. It means nothing. It does not lay hold of the heart at all. It does not alarm one—"Deliver us from evil." A vague generality like that never lays hold of the heart, my friends. I want to talk to you about the devil. Not a devil in the abstract. I want to talk to you about a concrete devil. I want to talk to you about evil collected in an evil one, just as God is goodness collected in a good one. As for God, he is good. As for the devil, he is evil. Mark you, that his evil name, even, in the English language, teaches us a lesson. Take away the D, as one has remarked, from it, and you have got evil; take away the E, and you have got vile; take away the V, and you have got ill; take away the I, and

leave but one little letter standing alone, and it sounds like hell itself. You have got the quintessence of everything that is vile and abominable just in that word, devil. God meant it to be so, for the devil is the author of all evil. He is at the bottom of all mischief. It is not evil in the abstract that I want to be delivered from. I want to be delivered from the devil. "Deliver us from the evil one." Oh, how much mischief that false translation has done. Thank God, it has been remedied in the new version. And just a few glances at the Scripture, my dear friends, will convince you that that can be the only meaning of it. Now, you take a passage in the 17th of John, where Jesus prays that his disciples may not be taken out of the world, but kept from the evil one. That is in reality just the same word. Then you remember that in the 13th chapter of Matthew the tares are described as children of the wicked one. That is exactly the same word that is in the seventh petition of the Lord's Prayer. The children of the wicked one. There, for some reason, it is translated just as it ought to be. Then, in this petition of the Lord's Prayer it is not translated as it ought to be. It is the same word, I assure you; any Greek scholar can tell you that. Then in John's Epistle you will find there again: "He is of that wicked one." Exactly the same word. But there is no use of multiplying the truth. I do not suppose there is a scholar in the world that will deny that the proper translation of *ho ponēros* is a person; that is exactly what the devil does not want you to believe in—a living personality. The devil, who is going about seeking whom he may devour; the devil, with all his infernal foresight, all his infernal power, all his infernal malice, with all his infernal perseverance; the devil, who is never satisfied with the mischief he does, but whose appetite is only whetted to go and do more; the

devil, who is at the basis of all the wretchedness, who is at the bottom of all the mischief in this world; who is at the bottom of every groan that is uttered, every tear that is shed, every cry that goes up to the heaven of heavens, does not want us to know he is a person. Ah, my friends, that is why Jesus closes this Lord's Prayer by bidding us say, "Deliver us from the evil one."

I do not wish to make Scripture, but just simply to quote it; to tell you as much as I can in the brief space allotted for this discourse about the devil; for, dear friends, it is of infinite importance, next to knowing the being of God, and the attributes of God, and the love of God, that we should know the existence, and the personality, and the diabolical malice of the devil. Next to knowing God, we ought to know the devil, for he is the "prince of the power of the air." He is the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. He is the king of trouble; the ruler over a kingdom that sets itself up against the kingdom of God. Oh, dear friends, Satan sets his camp up right beside the gates of the kingdom of the living God. I know the gates of hell shall not prevail against the gates of our blessed kingdom; that is all very true; and before I go any further let me say, I believe with all my heart and soul in that old Welsh proverb, that "God is atop of the devil." God is the king, the sovereign, and light is bound to triumph over darkness; and I know that the triumph of Satan is very short lived. Ah, brethren, I shall soon stand upon the imperial heights and shout, "Hallelujah," when I see the smoke of his torment ascending up forever. I know that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ; but it is not so now; and so I want to talk to you about the power, and personality, and

existence of this awful devil, that Jesus tells us to pray that we may be delivered from.

"Lead us not into temptation." You see the prayers are cognate prayers—"Lead us not into temptation," and "Deliver us from the evil one," for he is the author of temptation to evil. Remember, he began it, and he ends it. It was from the evil one, inasmuch as he is the head and front of all the temptation to evil that is in the world.

Now, my friends, if I were to ask you what you think of the devil, let me see if I cannot exactly trace your course, unless you know what the Lord has given me to know. Suppose I were to ask you, brother, sister, what do you think of the devil, I will tell you what you would say, unless you know beforehand what I am going to say. You would say, "the devil is a fallen child. He is the prince of those angels who kept not their first estate. He was once an angel of light, and through pride he fell from that condition. Then there was a conflict in heaven. Michael and his angels cast out the devil and his angels. The devil was cast down to hell, for he is the prince of hell, where he is reserved in torment; but in some way or other he seems to have access to this earth, hence he is represented as going up and down—walking to and fro in it." I say how did that ever happen, that the devil should be cast into hell, and yet should have unrestrained liberty to walk about the earth. The fact is, the popular descriptions of the devil are false and therefore unscriptural. You will ask me where have all the common notions concerning the devil come from. I can tell you. It is from a popular misunderstanding of God's word and the unauthorized fancies of men in the dark ages. Men think they have found them in the Bible. I have been taught them from childhood. They were held by my parents

and by the religious community in general. They have been held in past ages, we know not how long.

You will find our popular ideas of Satan in Paradise Lost: but that is of no consequence. They are not true because a great man has adopted them. Milton was not a great investigator, nor was he at all willing to be taught, especially by the scholars of the Church of England, who stood at the head of the world in their day in all matters of sound learning. True he was a great and good man ; lies are not to be believed, though a very good man may tell them. Job was a good man, and he told many lies before he got through his argument. That is one of the snares of the devil, to tell lies through good people ; because a lie that comes from a holy life is current from the very start. A lie has some little trouble to get an impetus unless it comes from such unsuspected source ; and if it does, man, saint and devil agree to let it go unquestioned.

It is a serious mistake to confound the devil and his angels with the angels that kept not their first estate, which is not only a lie, but an absurdity right on the face of it, for God expressly says by the mouth of Peter and of Jude, that the angels that kept not their first estate are cast down to Tarturus ; a word that signifies either a close place or "the outer darkness." In astronomy it is the almost starless depths of the Southern pole (Virg. Georg., 1. 243), but in Lucian it is the space outside the created universe where divine love expelled from the world of life all that is hurtful and pernicious and fixed them there with those doors of iron and threshold of brass of which Homer speaks ; while in Homer it seems a deep place of the earth itself ; the lowest region in Hades, where the dead gather after leaving the face of the earth. The angels that sinned are held in this place against the judgment, but to confound these closely confined

fallen ones with an order of beings who have unlimited access to the earth is a grievous mistake. The devil is going up and down, to and fro, claiming an absolute ownership of the whole establishment; and this Christ does not deny (Luke 4, 6); for he knows that his dignity, as guardian to man and the world, was conferred upon him by God himself before he had sinned. The kingdoms of this world belong to him. God acknowledged it in that he has given us the sweet promise that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ. They are not now. We should not confound those two orders of beings, one in absolutely close confinement and the other as unfettered as birds upon the wing, and of whom and concerning whom God never says they are bound for one instant. God never says they are one single instant in any particular place until the great angel comes down from heaven and lays hold of that serpent; that old dragon, the Devil, Satan, and binds him and casts him into the abyss or bottomless pit, or deep, as it is translated in the Scripture; and there he is kept in confinement for the first time of which we know anything, for one thousand years; then, afterwards, released for a little while, he leads an apostacy such as the world has never seen, and which is destroyed by fire coming down from heaven, and the devil is taken and cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, and the smoke of his torment shall ascend up forever and forever. There the Scripture loses him. There we lose him.

I bid you in the outset, my friends, not to confound the devil and his angels with the angels that kept not their first estate. I have a theory, I think, from the word of God, which it is not proper to speak about in this connection. The angels that are bound are not the devil and his angels. If you believe they are you believe the greatest absurdity

that the mind of man can conceive. I warn you against Milton. I warn you against the delusion of believing that the devil can be bound in everlasting chains unto judgment of the great day and be as free as a bird on the wing at the same time. I will not believe in such a devil's folly as that —not if I have the dear Lord to tell me something better ; and so, now, having put you on your guard and pointing you out the mischief that has been done by this false translation, " Deliver us from evil," being put in the place of " Deliver us from the evil one," let me say that the blessed Jesus well knows who the devil is. He puts us on our guard himself. He beseeches us to pray to our Father continually to be delivered from the evil one.

Now, my friends, do you ask me where the devil comes from ? I do not know. Is he a creature of God ? I do not know, and I have no desire to commit myself beyond the Scriptures. There are those who believe in the eternal principle of good and evil. They see the tremendous power, the fearful resistance of the personal devil ; see how he at times seems to be able to conquer God, and that is the simple fact. The devil and a sinner can conquer God in every instance. Remember this, whenever a soul is lost, that soul and the devil combined have beaten God ; have conquered Him ; thwarted his purpose ; gone right across his divine plan ; robbed him of the joy that he wishes to give. Ah, brother, that is the meaning of the tears of Jesus ; remember that.

Then God and I can beat the devil in every instance ; can beat him three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Ah, I have had my time with the devil beating God. I have done it ten thousand times. For the rest of my life I am on God's side, my friends ; and you do not know what a delicious pleasure it is to beat the devil ? He needs me

just as much as I need Him. He cannot beat the devil without me. With a willing soul he can beat the devil every time. With an unwilling soul the devil can beat him. Every soul that is lost, is lost because it chooses to be lost ; because it willingly goes to the devil. This is no imputation against his almightiness. I believe in the omnipotence of God more thoroughly than those who have a theological omnipotence, which yet is not scriptural. No one in the world believes more thoroughly than I do in the omnipotence of God ; but I take facts as God has given them in his blessed Word ; and I see that the soul and the devil together can beat God ; can disable him, can turn aside his purpose ; can thwart his will.

If you ask me who is the devil, I cannot tell you. Where did he come from ? I cannot tell you. Is he a creature of God ? I cannot tell you. Was he once an angel ? I cannot tell you. Scripture is silent on these points, and where Scripture is silent I refuse to speak on this subject. All I know about the devil is that God created the heavens and the earth. As for God, the Bible says His work is good. In the beginning we find the earth without form, and void ; and God expressly said in the 45th Chapter of Isaiah, that he did not create the earth void or in vain (*tohu*, see, also, Isa. 49, 4). The inference is that the devil did ; and I take that inference for granted until I can prove it. Take it for granted just for a moment till I prove it ; take it for granted that the devil came in and made it *Tohu Va Bohu*—that is without form and void. God expressly saying I did not make it that way. So he says in the 45th Chapter of Isaiah. Then the next thing you have is the 3d Chapter of Genesis, where the devil springs full armed, full grown upon the scene, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and turns God's fair creation up-

side down. I have elswhere shown that the devil came by invitation; for even the devil cannot come except he is invited in. I have shown you elsewhere that Adam invited him by failing to receive the sweet grace of God. Be that as it may, the devil comes in, and this fair scene of sweetness and order he turns into disorder and confusion and sin. He is the immediate cause of the man and woman being put out of that garden; driven out as fugitives; and so this world has been a fugitive world ever since; shut out from paradise. There is none such here except as the heart makes a heaven for itself by receiving the Son of God. Given Jesus with me and I will turn hell into heaven. Given Jesus with me and I will turn a prison into a palace. Give Jesus to me and I can turn mourning into joy. But save that, where Jesus comes into the human soul, this world is given over to the devil. It belongs to him. He is the king of it. He sits upon his dark throne, and reigns there to-day; but though he is king and the god of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, yet mark you, this, after all, is not his throne. This is not his proper place. Satan's place is in the heavenly world; *i. e.*, in the heights of spiritual power, he is king of the earth, hierarchies of religious pretenders are his setting. He never will be in hell until he is cast down into the bottomless pit; and then after a little interval is cast into the lake of fire. There is not one single test to prove that the devil is anywhere else except in heavenly places. He has never been anywhere else; he is there to-day, and he will be there until Michael and his angels cast him out of heaven. To substantiate this assertion, take the book of Job: "There came a day when the sons of God came before Jehovah, and Satan came also among them." Now, my friends, we have no right to prove that God held coun-

cil in hell, and called all the holy angels down there just for the devil's accommodation, to consult with the devil as to how he could further his work. I know, my friends, the devil came just where he had a right to come. He came with the holy angels, the sons of God, and God there enters into familiar conversation with the devil; says to him: Where have you been? Walking up and down the earth. There are only three places that I know of in the Bible, heaven, earth and hell. He was not on earth, because he tells God he had been in the earth walking up and down—walking to and fro, up and down in it. When he speaks about that, he is in heaven, unless you agree to do violence to a passage in Scripture, and say God held conference in hell for the devil's accommodation. You do not believe he dragged the sons of God down and held conference in hell. No, my friends, the conference was held in heaven. Where have you been? says God. I have been up and down the earth, walking to and fro. Have you seen my servant Job? Yes. What are you going to do about it? I am going to hackle him. He has got some of my property. Take him. That is the plain English of Job. The first time he destroys his children, and then takes away all his property; and at the last interview covers him with sore boils from head to foot. That is the devil according to the Bible; the devil with power second to God only; one who appears to have a right to come into the conference where the sons of God come before Jehovah. Turn again to the 22d Chapter of 1st Kings. Micaiah said, "I saw Jehovah sitting on his throne." You know he was not one of the lying prophets. He was the only one that told the truth that day. He told Ahab the truth, and he was put into prison, and had to eat bread and water. The king believed the lying ones, went up to Ramoth Gilead, and lost his life.

Micaiah says : "I saw Jehovah sitting on his throne, and the hosts of heaven to the right of him and to the left of him." My friends, mark the position. Right and left—The sheep on the right and the goats on the left. When it comes to the judgment scene, mark the significancy—right, left all through the scripture ; the right the place of blessing. Then, dear friends, knowing what we already do about the devil, we can find out there were holy hosts and unholy hosts. The unholy on the left, and the holy hosts on the right. "And the Lord said, who shall pursuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead, and lose his life." The first day of grace was gone. God had turned to him tenderly, and in love, until now there was nothing more to save in Ahab ; and said He, What is going to be done about it? One said this, and another that. And then said one of his spirits : "I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of Ahab's prophets." My friends, do you believe God's holy angels can become lying spirits in the mouth of anybody ? Did you ever hear of a holy child of God speaking a lie. See, now, my friends, the horns of the dilemma on which you are likely to be impaled. If you say they are holy angels, you have got holy angels concocting an infernal plot to tell a lie to a poor sinner and send him to hell. That is exactly the god that Robert Ingersoll is mangling, and I do not blame him. I tell you if there were no other god than he I would join hands with Ingersoll this minute. Ah, friends, if he would only take God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, he would be a benefactor of the race.

It is all very plain on that acknowledgement and what the Bible teaches elsewhere, and in every place, that the devil is in heaven. When God cannot save a man, as he could not save Ahab ; and there is no hope for him, then the evil spirit says, "He is mine. He is my property. I

will go and be a lying spirit in the mouths of his prophets," and that is exactly what he did; and God said unto him, Go, just as he said to the devil, Go and afflict him with boils. Just as he said to the devil Go and kill his children.

The devil is in heavenly places. It is all very plain and simple. Now, you take the 3d Chapter of Zechariah. Again, you have the *dramatis personae* all before you. There is Jehovah sitting on the throne; the angel of the covenant in front. There is Satan, the adversary, standing to resist Joshua, the high priest, in holy places before the Lord; mark you that; and the devil says, Give me this man. What is the matter? What do you touch him for? He has got on dirty clothes. I want all the dirty clothes in the world; and the angel of the covenant says, lay your hands off of him. He is a brand plucked out of the burning. He has put his case in my hands. There he is, saved by grace. He gets new clean garments on. And, mark you, the *dramatis personae* are the holy advocate, resisting the devil, and the adversary on the other hand, and Joshua with dirty garments on, and the devil is claiming Joshua as he once claimed Job. If Job had put his case in the Lord's hands as Joshua did, he would have escaped the power of the devil, but he took to religious duties. That is what he got for hearing with the ear. When he said, "Now mine eye seeth thee, and I see that it is all different from what I believed in—you are good and I am vile," then the power of Satan was broken.

Now, turn to the 2d Samuel and see the history of Saul. Four times it is said the Spirit of the Lord departed from him, and the evil spirit from the Lord entered into him. He could only enter from one place, for the evil spirits are only in one place; they are right there in the presence of the Lord. These hosts of heaven are right and left. The

Spirit of heaven departed from Saul and the evil spirit from the Lord entered. It is said four times, and perhaps five times in rapid succession. The Lord had tried to do his best for Saul, and Saul would not be done the best by. He went on and on and on. The evil spirit from the Lord came not from hell. You have not heard an intimation of anything near the region of hell. It is all from heaven, from the beginning to the end. And, say you, these scriptures are all from the Old Testament? Let us go to the New.

In the mouth of both of these witnesses everything shall be established. When I go to the New Testament, I see the devil is there perfectly unconfined, entering into the bodies of men, and doing pretty much as he pleases. Once when Jesus wanted to cast them out of him who had a legion in him, they entreated him that he would not send them into the abyss. That same word is translated bottomless pit in the 20th chapter of Revelations where the angel comes down and lays hold of him and casts him into the bottomless pit. "Oh, son of God, why hast thou come to torment us before our time." They had not been in torment. Yes, devils believe and tremble. They knew the work of the Son of God. They knew that Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and defeat him that had the power of death. When the disciples returned to Jesus in triumph, saying, Oh, Lord, we can not only cure people, but even the devils are subject to us through thy name; then Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, O Lord, I saw Satan falling as lightning from heaven. That is what he saw, and Satan will one of these days fall as lightning from heaven. That was the sweet prophetic word, that was an anticipation, just as holy John said: "And I saw new heavens and a new earth," that had not been, "and I saw

the Bride—The Lamb's wife." He saw it in anticipation. I could give you five hundred cases of the past tense to express something in the future.* So the dear blessed Jesus said, "I saw Satan falling as lightning"—from where? From Hell? No. "I saw Satan falling as lightning from heaven." Ah, here was a sweet foretaste for his own children, endued with power.

So in the sweet rehearsal of ultimate triumphs, the day is coming when the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. And so you will find all through Scripture. It would tire you if I were to quote all these Scriptures, but let us go to the 12th of Revelations. God and the angels put up with the devil as best they can. Michael will have to say, The Lord rebuke thee, Satan. Michael, when he disputed with the devil about a body, durst not bring a railing accusation against him, but said, Jehovah rebuke thee, Satan; and in that passage of Zechariah, one of the most wonderful passages in the Bible, Jehovah who is represented as speaking respectfully to the devil, says, "Jehovah rebuke thee, Satan, is this not a brand plucked out of the burning?" Remember that Michael, the archangel, dared not bring a railing accusation against this devil, but said, Jehovah, rebuke thee, and Jehovah himself, sitting on his throne said, Jehovah rebuke thee; and all this in heavenly places.

Paul presents his view in the 6th Chapter to the Ephesians. We are speaking about living the higher life; not living in the 7th of Romans, with our shield out of our hands and our helmet gone, the devil having us down and trampling on us. We must have the sword of the spirit, which is

*In Hebrew the tenses are indefinite. The true historic tense is a Future with *Van* prefixed. In the New Testament the tenses follow Hebrew usage: the past and future are interchangeable. ED.

the word of God in our hand, and never put the armor of God on your back, for you never calculate on running away. Now, says Paul, in that condition : "Our warfare is not with flesh and blood"—it may have been with these lower things when we were in the seventh of Romans—"Our warfare is with principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places." Our translation has "High places." Let me tell you how the devil got that in five times in Ephesians. Four times where it is spoken about Christ being there and the redeemed being there, it is properly put, heavenly places. When it comes to the devil being there they put it high places ? I simply call your attention to this.

If I had the word of God to translate I have not the least doubt that all my learning and scholarship—if I had any—would be warped by my early education. God bless them for the precious work they did ; only they did some devil's work, as men will always do. They left the gospel out of the opening of Genesis (iii, 16 ; iv, 7.). "In heavenly places." There is where the devil is, and there is where our fight is to-day. Not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers. In the heavenlies ; exactly where Jesus Christ is said to be and where the saints are said to be, in heavenly places. Therefore, the devil is called the prince of the powers of the aerial regions, or the air.

Who, do you think, sends all these infernal hurricanes and tornadoes that tear up trees by the root ; these horrible cyclones that kill women and children, and casts down barns on poor helpless horses and cows. Does this look like God? Yes, you people that believe in the Juggernaut god, think that it is God that sends all the mischief on the face of the earth. God sits up in heaven and delights to kill cattle and poor horses ; delights to kill women and children. Ah, he

is the God of carnage. He just sniffs the battle afar off, and his hands are wet with the blood of the helpless. Do you call that God. That is not my conception of God as revealed in Scriptures. He is not my God. My God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that always loves; that never hates, that blesses and never curses. My friends, give God credit for being good; learn to know the devil's voice when you hear it. There is not a good voice of God in the world but what is mixed with something of the devil's. The sweet showers that make the grass to grow are of God, but the lightning and the thunders, and the storm that twists the grass and throws trees down is from the devil. God is trying his best wherever he can to make everything come down sweetly, softly; but man's sin makes a handle for the devil; and so he takes hold of the sweetest blessings of God, and turns them to curses; thus our family joys and courtesies, everything that God designs to be a sweet cup of joy for us, the devil comes and mingles gall and wormwood with. What is the use of masquerading, and saying we do not know these things. We do know and have knowledge of the existence of the devil.

Thank God that in the 12th of Revelations I have an intimation of where this thing is going to end; when Jesus comes to take the church of the first born. Oh, joy of joys; the devils cannot be forever in heaven. Yes; glory be to our Saviour's love and the finished work of our Christ, the finished work of him who is all love, when we rise to meet him in the air, that is the signal for the devils to get out of heaven. Now Michael and his angels come. He is cast out. Then rises a shout among the heavenly ones: "Rejoice ye heavens; rejoice ye heavens;" the first sound of rejoicing of that kind that has ever been heard; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down who has accused them

before God day and night; look how he accused Job, look how he accuses you. The accuser of our brethren who accuses them before God day and night is cast down to the earth. "Wo unto you, Oh, ye inhabitants of earth and of the sea, because the devil is come down to you having great wrath." Oh, that wrath, whetted by his rejection from heaven; boiling with wrath; red hot, white hot with wrath. Wo unto you, ye inhabitants of earth, because the devil has come down, having great wrath, because he knows he has but a little time. It is made little because, if Jesus Christ had not shortened it for the elect's sake, no flesh should have been saved. There is tribulation; there is trouble such as the world has never seen, and will never see again. Such as Jesus speaks of in the 25th chapter of Matthew.

I am going up with the church of the first-born when he comes down. I would not stay down here for ten thousand worlds when the devil comes down; but he is coming down, and is going to turn the earth into hell; for a little while; but after the fearful tribulation is over, there comes down a strong angel out of heaven and the devil is confined for the first time. The rising of the church of the first-born is the signal for it. Then the strong angel binds him with chains and casts him into the abyss: thrusts him into the bottomless pit.

Then bursts out the glorious millennium, when the lion's teeth is no longer curved for eating flesh, but is square like the ox's for eating grass, like the ox. Then the leopard and kid can lie down together; then the venom is out of the serpents's tooth. That is the good time coming—a thousand years of peace and blessedness, when we shall reign over the earth with the dear Lord Jesus. After that the devil shall be loosed for a little while and get the whole world into a blaze of rebellion. Then comes a counterblast, and the fire

of God comes down and smites the rebels ; and the devil is taken this time, and put where he will never be loosed. Taken not into the bottomless pit. He can get out of that ; but now he is cast into the lake of fire and brimstone ; and the smoke of his torment shall rise up forever and ever—praise the Lord. Does it sound savage in me to say this thing ? No, no, I am to hate the devil ; by my loyalty to Jesus Christ I am to hate the devil, because Jesus Christ came to destroy—not sinners, he came to save them ; but he came to destroy the devil. I rejoice that I shall stand upon the heights of glory singing " hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and the devil in the lake of fire ; and I am glad of it, praise the Lord ; and the smoke of his torment shall rise up forever and ever. I shall never be more like Jesus than when I utter that shout of victory over the devil cast into the lake of fire. It is war to the knife ; war to the hilt, with the black flag floating, and no quarter asked and none given. I hate him, and he hates me. I have done all the damage I could to him, and I will continue to do so until my strength is taken away, and until I mount up to meet my Jesus in the air. God bless every one of you. I think you will understand that prayer better.

LOOK AND LIVE.

[John iii. 14-36.]

If you will read the whole of the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, you will not fail to notice a great difference between the first thirteen and subsequent verses. The first thirteen verses of John, indeed, are an enigma to this day. They are a perpetual puzzle. I doubt whether their meaning has ever yet been fully understood. We all think we understand them. Oh, yes, that is a very different thing. I thought I knew all about it when I came out of the seminary, a green lad, to enlighten the world, and set it on fire. One of the first sermons I ever preached was on being born again. Every man has a sort of fancy; I do not know what it is; there is a sort of fascination about the thing. The devil seems to persuade us all that we understand the third chapter of John, if we do not understand anything else, and up to this day, though volume after volume of theology has been written upon it, the world is in just as great ignorance of the first thirteen verses, as it was when it set out. I have heard the brightest minds in America expatiate upon it. I have heard men North, South, East and West preach upon being born again, but to this day I do not know what it means; I can tell you that; and the Lord has told me a great deal about the Scripture. I have been subject to the Word of God, and sitting at the feet of Jesus. I have heard a great deal that I never knew before; a great deal that others did not know, but I have not been instructed on

the first thirteen verses of the third chapter of John so that I dare venture to instruct others. There are parts of scripture that I can teach, others that I cannot teach. I will not keep back the counsel of God if I know it, but I do not know what the first thirteen verses mean, and therefore I never teach it; but when you come to the fourteenth verse, it is just the difference between the waters of the Upper Mississippi and the Lower Mississippi, one is all mud; it takes the tincture of the stream that flows from away out yonder at the Rocky Mountain into it, and the other is the sweet, clear crystal water that flows from the blessed lakes and springs of the North. And so when you come to the fourteenth verse, there is no mud in that; there is no difficulty about that. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That is as clear as the stream that flows from God and from the Lamb. There is not a particle of mud in that.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

There is no difficulty about that. God sent his Son into the world not to condemn the world; not to raise the question of sin; not to snatch men by the hair of the head, and rend them and tear them and talk harshly to them—God never did that; never raised the question of sin on a sinner from the time he came into the world until the time he went out. You cannot show that he did. If it is in the Bible you ought to be able to show it. If it is not there then you ought to believe my theory. God did not send his Son into the world to condemn it. He sent his son into it to save it.

I believe in a hell as firmly as I believe in a heaven. I believe in men perishing just as firmly as I believe in men

being saved ; but that is not a part of God's plan to damn anybody. That is what the devil wants. I am sorry to say he has his way in a great many cases. God does not send his Son into the world to condemn, but that the world might have life if it wants life. If any man is condemned he is condemned against the plan of God, for God's plan is to save everybody. Can God's plan be thwarted? Yes ; for God has decreed from all eternity that this plan can never be carried out except on the basis of a willing mind in a sinner. Men and the devil can thwart God's purpose in the matter of individual salvation. Men are doing it every day they live ; thwarting God's plan, destroying his purpose, and making him to sit down, as Jesus sat down over Jerusalem, saying, I have spent my strength in vain. I have labored for nought. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often willed I to save you—to gather you as a hen would gather her brood under her wings, but you willed not." I could not save you against your will. He wrings His hands, and the hot scalding tears course each other down his cheeks, and he turns away broken-hearted, as a man turns away from his brightest hopes laid in the dust. That is the heart of God, for Jesus Christ is God—God manifested. God sent his Son into the world to save the world ; but the world can be damned in spite of all. The world might be saved, but it is not saved.

This is the condemnation, and the only condemnation in Scripture : "Because they have not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God." That is the condemnation. He that believeth not shall be damned. There is no other condemnation. No man can be damned unless he rejects the Savior. That is what God says.

Dear friends, if I were sick with fever, or small-pox, or cholera, and there was nothing provided for my recovery, and I were to die, of course it would be written with truth-

fulness upon my tombstone that I died of fever, of small-pox or of cholera, or typhoid pneumonia ; but if a physician came to my bedside with a medicine that never failed to cure, and pressed it upon my acceptance, and entreated me with tears in his eyes to take it, telling me how it had wrought thousands of cures ; how it had never once failed ; and I said, I will have none of your medicine, and I turn my face to the wall and die, what is the truth ? I did not die of the disease. Why ? There was the cure of it right in his hand. It was right at my bedside, and I died because I would not take the remedy. Do you say I died with fever or small-pox or cholera, my friends ? If you do you do not tell the whole truth, and the suppression of a part of the truth is as bad as lying. " The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The reason I died was not because a disease was upon me, but because the remedy was rejected. Any one who writes on my tombstone he died of that or this disease, writes a lie.

God clears His skirts and washes his hands, and stands before the universe, and says, "As I live," says the Lord, " I have no pleasure in death." Any man that dies dies by his own hand. Dies a suicide, dies a self-murderer. A man kills himself ; damns himself.

I perfectly agree with Col. Ingersoll that there is no God that will damn a man for speaking his mind, or doing anything else. It is the devil on God's throne that does that. God is the life-giver, not the life-destroyer. The Lord says if you will destroy yourself I have nothing to do with you, but in me is your ransom. I can save you, so the Bible declares all along. This is the condemnation, because light came into the world, men loved darkness rather than light. This is the condemnation. They have not believed on the

name and teaching of the only begotten Son of God. Words could not make it any clearer.

I want to call your attention to this precious gospel which is as clear as crystal. Never mind the first thirteen verses of the third chapter of John. If I were to attempt to explain them, very likely I would leave you in greater perplexity than before. I have no intention to explain it, but to offer a possible reason why they stand as an enigma before the world to-day ; and there is nobody that knows the meaning of them.

Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. He was a man that wanted salvation, and was of an enquiring turn of mind ; wanted to take up everything he could find that was worth having. Struck by the teachings of this teacher he went to him. The man had a reputation to sustain among men. He was a Pharisee, a ruler of the Jews, and the rulers did not take to Jesus. Have any of the rulers believed on him? No. Then manifestly a ruler of the Jews, if he were to come to Jesus at all, and wanted to sustain his reputation, had to come on the sly. Nicodemus tried to carry water on both shoulders ; tried to keep his reputation and his position in the Sanhedrim as a Pharisee and ruler of the Jews, and wanted to take up what he could get from Jesus too. Let me tell you the name he was called by: "the man that came to Jesus by night." He never bears any other but that name. He never will bear any other name but that through the countless ages ; for the name that I make on earth I bear in heaven.

I shall see Nicodemus in heaven, certainly I shall. I know he went there. He was a saint of the Lord just like Joseph of Arimathea, who was a secret believer, who wanted salvation, who trusted the Savior and loved him. Did not Nicodemus throw in about a hundred pounds of precious

spice? did not Joseph volunteer his own tomb to bury the Savior in? Yes; anything that a man could do, and save his own respectability they would do. These respectable followers of Jesus Christ were saved, for believing in Jesus will save a man. I do not care how mean he is afterwards; but Joseph goes down to the ringing ages with this title, "Secretly a believer for fear of the Jews." How would you like to have that title tacked on to your name?

These two followers of our blessed Savior seem to have been buried in his tomb. They never set the world on fire. We do not hear of them joining that prayer meeting of a hundred and twenty. It was not for such people as that to do that. They were never heard of. They seem to have been buried in the tomb of Jesus and never to have got out. That is the last of them. They disappeared mysteriously. Better let them go.

Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. God grant that you may never be such a follower as that. He came with a patronizing air and said, master, we know that you are a rabbi; we know that you are a teacher sent from God; for no man can do these miracles that you have wrought unless God be with him. He was a man who had always been taking up information wherever he could find it, and he was not too proud to come to a man who he knew was wiser than he, and ask him. He said, you are a teacher sent from God. I know you have got something to communicate. Great teacher, teach me.

Says Jesus, very well, sit down there; I will teach you. Take a seat, Nicodemus. Yes, I am a teacher sent from God. Let me teach you a little, Nicodemus. "Unless a man is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." I can see that proud ruler just sitting in his place looking into the Master's face; eyes dilated and staring at him.

Born, born, born again? "Can a man enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" "I don't know what you mean." Of course he did not. "I thought you came here to be taught, Nicodemus. I am just teaching you, that is all. I will give you another lesson." "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." Still more puzzled, Nicodemus replies, "Master, I hear your words, but, oh, dear, I do not understand these things." "Why, I am surprised. Do you not understand what I am teaching you? Why, these are nothing but earthly lessons. If you do not understand the things that are earthly, how can you understand if I were to teach you of heaven." (I am not going to open my Bible there. I am going to tell you just as it is written there in my own loose phraseology.) "If you do not understand earthly things, how can you understand heavenly things." Now sit still (for he is twisting and turning and squirming, for a man does not like to look like a fool; it is a very humiliating position for a proud man to be in.) Now, he says, sit still, let me give you heavenly teaching: "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven." Nicodemus did not have the courage to say how? or what? He just sat there. The fact is, the gas was out. The man came there puffed up with earthly knowledge, and you cannot fill up a bottle with wine if it is full of water. You have got to empty out the water before you put the wine in. So Jesus knew there was no use of talking about the gospel with him until he was an "emptied vessel." What was the first necessity? To let out the worldly conceit. In three short lessons, two from earth and one from heaven, he took the conceit so

completely out of this proud ruler of the Jews, this teacher of other men, that he sat there bewildered. That is a good place to hear the gospel when a man has got the conceit taken out. Jesus never lets a man go through that without it is absolutely necessary ; without it is a *dernier resort.* He knows too well what heaven's jewels are to tempt the swine with them.

Jesus, as soon as he saw the man was somewhat reduced in his own estimation ; the self conceit taken out of him, and in a condition to receive the truth, He says ; now you are something like a little child, I can teach you something. Dear, dear soul, let me tell you what is the matter with you. You are just as clever and as wise as the rest of the Pharisees. I am not depreciating your sense or wisdom at all by asking you of these things. Here is what you know and what you do not, and you do not want to be taught. That is not your pressing need. What you need is to be saved. Let me show you how to be saved. Let us have everything in due order. Did you ever send one of your children to school before it was born? That is out of the question. That was exactly what Nicodemus wanted to do. He was trying to learn before he was born. Wherever I go, I do not care where it is, I find men coming to me and wanting me to teach them lessons that nobody in the world has any right to know anything about except Christians. The devil persuades them to ask questions about something that nobody but a mature Christian can understand ; the doctrine of "predestination," the method of "baptism," "free will," "human agency," "divine foreordination," "the counsel of God," where these two things come together ; deep lesson that Paul never presumed to teach until he got to the ninth Chapter of Romans, after the marriage to Jesus Christ had been settled, and consecration of life had been settled, then

he took them into the doctrine of predestination. But the devil sets them to asking questions about the doctrine of predestination before they are saved at all, and they say, unless I can see through it I am not going to come at all to Jesus. It is the old dodge of the devil. He is up to all such tricks as that. It is the same as the young man I have already spoken to you of; the man that wanted to get married, and read, "If you do not leave father and mother and wife and children and houses and lands and follow me, you cannot be my disciple." He thought God would not help him till he was willing to let his sweetheart go, and he could not do that. How many thousands of people perish right there. They let the devil put them to study things they have no business to study. What a burdener the devil is. Jesus's way is a way of pleasure, and all his ways are ways of peace.

Nicodemus, who was in the same category with those I have mentioned, wanted to be taught. When he found he could not understand what was taught, Jesus said, I am so glad you want to be saved.

Now we are out of the first thirteen verses of the third Chapter of John; except that I do not understand them, and you do not. You do not understand them any better than I do; and if you think you do, may God show you that you do not understand one single thing. Set a Methodist and Baptist to talking about the third chapter of John, and you will find out that one of them does not understand anything about it. They both think they do, but when they lock horns you will come to the conclusion that neither one of them knows. In a quarrel, we are in the habit of saying both are wrong, and that is the fact.

Let us now understand the way to salvation.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so

must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him might have everlasting life.

The people were in the camp. These fiery serpents came sliding into the camp and bit many people, and much people died. Their bite was certain death, and while they were threatening to annihilate the camp, the people came to Moses and said, pray the Lord that he take away the serpents. And Moses prayed to the Lord to take away the serpents. He took it as the people did. He could think of nothing else; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. God says, make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole outside the camp, and if it come to pass any one is bitten, when he looketh upon it he shall live. That settles it. He would not take away the serpent, because, if he took it away, there might have been a great many people that would not have got wide enough awake to make even a prayer.

The devil stands at the head of all the snakes. He has put the poison in the serpent's tooth. That is the reason I always kill one when the opportunity presents itself. That is the only animal I kill except a mosquito. Whenever I see one of the devil's works I will kill it.

So, my friends, these snakes, coming as they did right red hot from the devil—the devil's agents—if you drove them off one day they would come back the next. The devil has got no end of patience. But the Lord, who knew better than man, said, I am not going to take away the snakes. I will do something better. I will render the camp impregnable.

Brother, sister, do you know that what God gives us back is not a restoration of the old Adamic innocence? He does not take away the fact of sin, and set us back in the Garden of Eden innocently naked. No; thank God forever. Better than that, my friends. I would rather be Adam or Eve

clothed with the garment that God gave them, than Adam or Eve in innocence in that garden ten thousand times. To a man working out his own salvation, a man standing on his own spotless purity, the devil might come in any day. Let me stand in creature innocence, creature righteousness, and the devil can come in any day. I would not stand on such slippery ground for ten thousand worlds. But let me tell you where I do stand ; clothed in the garments of Jesus Christ. God can make a coat as well as any one. God clothed them with skins, and sent them out of that garden. That was no place for them. For an innocent creature yes, but for a sinner saved by grace, no. Outside of the garden, clothed in the garment that God has given them, standing in God's righteousness, the devil cannot touch them. My life is not within reach of the devil, because it is the life of Jesus Christ I have got now. It is not the old life of innocence. The devil might lay his dirty finger on that ; but the life of Christ, he can never take that. When Christ dies, then I will die, but because I live ye shall live also. My life is hid with Christ in God out of the reach of the devil. Praise the Lord, but out of my reach too, just as a loving mother takes away a handsome watch that she gives to her daughter ten years old, and says, mother gave it to you. It has got your name on it ; there it is ; given to my daughter on her tenth birthday ; but my pet, you do not know how to take care of it. Lay it away. Let me turn a key upon it, and some of these days you will say : thank you, mother, you have taken care of that watch so nicely for me until I was able to take care of it myself. So God when he gives you eternal life, gives it certainly, surely. It is our birthday. It is given in the name of Jesus, and given forever ; but, says He, my child, you would lose it if I let you have it now. And I will hide it away where

you cannot find it nor the devil either, and some of these days you will thank me.

I thank my God that he did not put us back to *statu quo*. I thank my God that when he saved us He gave us an everlasting life. An everlasting life is a life, that lasts forever. I do not know the meaning of the word if it is something that the devil can take from you at the end of ten years. Then it is not everlasting life, and if it is not the devil has sadly deceived us. When I believed on Him he gave me what He called everlasting life, and I have no idea of His ever taking it away again for any want of loyalty of mine. The Lord is not going to put himself in the wrong in that way. He gave that eternal life on the basis that we were sinners ; on the basis that we did not deserve anything ; on the basis that He knew everything that we ever had done or would do forever. Gave it to us for the sake of His son because I endorsed his finished work ; because I like to give praise to the Lord for his eternal gift. God is not an Indian giver. He does not give and then take away the gift. The gift of God is everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. It is given because I am a sinner. Is it going to be taken away because I am a sinner ? That would be stultification on the face of it. To say God gives me eternal life because I am a sinner, and God damns me because I am a sinner is stultification. Is sin in the future more damnable by God than sin in the past ? No, no, my friends, God is not going to damn me for a sin He saves me for. This is worthy of all exaltation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He saved me when I was a sinner. Saved me in my sins, just as I was, and with Almighty knowledge of what I was to be ; simply on the basis that His son had borne all my sins, past, present, and future, upon the cross, and gave it to me, and gave me the

receipt in full on the basis of that. Think you he is going to damn me for the same sin in the future. I snap my finger at future sin. I stand as Paul did. "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor principalities nor powers—(He is talking about the devil now)—nor things present nor things to come—(anything, it does not matter)—nor any other creature, can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. So, do not you be afraid if the devil wants to rob you of the full joy of an everlasting salvation ; wants to keep you stirred up with the idea that may be you will do something to damn yourself after a while. He does that in order that you may spend all your life trying to make your own salvation certain instead of trying to make your calling and election sure, to get the chosen place, the crown of life. The devil sets you to thinking whether you are going to get there ; whether you are going to be saved; and "shall I get there," "shall I escape hell." Ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred are considering that question all their lives. A man in that fix cannot think of God. A man in that fix cannot run the race. He is too heavily handicapped. There is no use of running a foot under such a condition as that. You have to strip the sinner ; to lay aside the sin that doth so easily beset you.

The devil knows perfectly well how to handicap us all. With ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred he makes this question of the soul's salvation an uncertainty. He keeps a poor child stirred up as to whether he is going to be saved ; whether he is going to heaven. You never can get a crown in that way.

Thank God that he has made it all so perfectly plain. He that believeth in the Son shall not perish. What, nothing more? Nothing more. It is not he that believeth and is baptized. No, that is in another part of the Scrip-

ture, and as God shall give me liberty I shall explain that in due time. It is not he that believeth and sticks to it all the time ; but "he that believeth on the Son"—nothing more, nothing less—"has everlasting life." Has life that lasts forever. Can you put it any plainer? And they shall not come unto judgment. Why? Because he is good? Because he has lived faithfully? No : because he believed, and has passed from death to life. That is all. Praise the Lord, there is the sinner's salvation in its rounded completeness, on the basis of the blood of Jesus Christ. "He that believeth shall have everlasting life ;" that is positive ; "and shall not come unto judgment," that is negative, because he hath passed from death unto life. How mighty is the logic of the Gospel.

What can we do but to stand and look into the Lord's face, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul"? That is what I do. Now I am unfettered, unburdened, I do not think about my soul's salvation one minute in the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The thought whether I am going to be saved never crosses my mind. I have laid that on the shelf as a finished question, and I am stripped and ready for the race ; and I am going to win. I am going to get in ahead. I am going to obtain the prize. All the powers of hell shall not keep me from it. There is where I stand. I have not the slightest care of what is going to become of me after this. Oh, let us understand, my friends, that God did not take away the serpent. He made the camp impregnable ; lifted up the serpent on a pole.

The next lesson that we learn is this : "And it came to pass that whosoever looked, lived." Do you know it is the easiest thing in the world to be saved? The devil says it is mighty hard to be saved, it is a mighty hard thing to keep your salvation after you have got it. He is the Father of

lies, and if you listen to him he will just lie to you three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Saints, you never will be anything as Christians until you learn fairly and squarely to stand up when the devil does lie, and tell him he lies. There are two things for a Christian to do; the first is to praise the Lord, and the next is to stand fairly and squarely and tell the devil he lies when he does lie. Give God his due, and give the devil his due. Give everybody his due. God says, "My yoke is easy, my burden is light. My commandments are never grievous." I believe the Lord and do not believe the devil. Do you say, My burden is pretty hard on me? Then you are a poor Christian. It is a very hard thing to be a poor Christian. It is a hard thing to be a poor preacher. I was a poor preacher twenty-two years. It nearly killed me. I had to go to Saratoga nearly every Summer, and was nearly worn out. Now I do not need to take rest. I would if I was tired. I preach three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and feel no sense of weariness. "His commandments are never grievous." "His yoke is easy." I have determined never to take up any yoke but his yoke, and when his yoke is taken up there is no trouble about it.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be saved. You may take any illustration of this from the Scripture you please. Jesus Christ is called the "bread of life." Can you imagine anything easier to do when a man is hungry than to eat a piece of bread? Any child can understand that the easiest thing for a hungry man to do is to eat something. That is God's way. There is Jesus Christ. "I am the bread of life." What will you do? I will eat as a hungry man does. It is a figure, you see, but the central point of the figure is this, it is easy to do. Food is the only thing that meets hunger.

Whosoever will drink, let him drink freely. It is the easiest thing in the world on a hot day when you get tired and thirsty to swallow a glass of water; so it is the easiest thing in the world for a sinner to be saved. Take any illustration at random. If you are naked or cold, it is the easiest thing in the world and the most proper thing to do to put something on. "Put you on the Lord Jesus Christ." The point still is easiness. Put you on the Lord Jesus Christ—a garment on a naked skin. It is the easiest thing in the world, as well as the most proper. Do not you see that Jesus Christ is trying to show you what an easy thing it is to be saved, and the devil is trying to make it hard? But God has made it easy for us. Says Jesus, "I am the door." One moment this morning I was outside of the door. I just made a motion and then I was in; that is all. I was outside. There is no doubt about that. Well, what put me inside? I took a step. Was that hard to do? "I am the door. By me if any man shall enter in"—that is all. The going in and out and finding pasture, that is higher life. That has nothing to do with a sinner's salvation. God chops it right off by saying, "If any man shall enter in he shall be saved."

So it is with the brazen serpent. It came to pass whosoever looked, lived. The idea is simplicity, ease. My brethren do you want any more? Go to your Bibles. You cannot find an illustration that God has given of his blessed salvation but what bears out its easiness. The devil would try to make it hard; that is the reason he says it was hard for him who died upon the cross. It is easy for you. Only confess the blessed name of Jesus. Thou shalt be saved if you only will confess me. How easy it is to say yes.

My friend, do you receive Jesus as your Savior the best you can? Not the best I can. God does not hold you re-

sponsible for my knowledge or advance. So he says, "If there be first a willing mind God accepts a man just as he is, and not as he is not. The only question that ever I will ask if I have the joy of asking any question, is this: Will you take Jesus as your Savior the best you can? And brother if you say yes, I have got a right to stand in the sight of God and say, you are a child of God, and if you are not saved, I will be willing to stand in your place. In the sight of men and angels, and in the sight of God himself I will say that. I know this soul has opened its mouth and taken in a mouthful of bread; has opened its mouth and taken in a draft of water; has put on the garment. It is bread that gives life; it is water that gives life. It is the garment that clothes. Praise the Lord for an easy salvation. God has made it easy.

The Lord said, put up a snake. Why did not he put up Aaron's rod, or Moses's rod in redemption? There is only one thing that is redemption, and that is a snake. Do you know who the great serpent was? Do you know the snake is the embodiment of everything we know about sin? Do you know that is the way sin came into this world? The way transgression came into this world. The devil in the shape of a serpent deceived our first parents. That old serpent, the devil, is the incarnation of sin; the embodiment of it. God says, put the snake up there. You have heard often under an adage, a wonderful truth. Oftentimes underneath an amiable, modest laugh, there are great spiritual truths hidden. One is, "If you are sick, take the hair of the dog that bit you." That has its foundation deeper than the slang phrase that is in the public mind. The devil tries to turn everything into fooling. That is a slang echo of the truth that a sinner cannot be saved unless there is a snake on that pole. Your salvation and mine de-

pends on Jesus being made sin ; though he knew no sin, he has got to be sin incarnated, as he is God incarnated. He has got to be a snake lifted up on a pole—a sinner lifted up on the cross. There is a sinner hangs there, that is the epitome of the human race. There is a sinner damned ; there is a sinner saved. The sinner saved said Jesus, Lord. The sinner damned said nothing. The sinner saved never turned over a new leaf. When he hung there to expiate his crimes upon the gallows, he turned and says, " Jesus, Lord." Jesus said, " To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." There was a sinner damned and a sinner saved. Like the human race, with Jesus standing in the midst on that little cross. This world never saw such a scene. On that center cross are the sins of the world. On that central cross hung him who took all our sins, though he knew no sin.

Brother hang a snake there ; hang a sinner on the cross ; hang such a sinner as the world has never seen before. Nothing else can express redemption but that—a serpent upon a pole. And it shall come to pass if any man shall look he shall live. That is the reason sin is all put away ; everything put away by the sacrifice of him who died for us. That is the reason that I look upon the Saviour. That is the reason I have nothing to do but to confess the name of him who did it all, praise his name. Praise the Lord that there was a serpent.

One fact in conclusion, and that is this, God made you to look at the cross. The devil tries to get us to look away. The devil wants to get up plausible things—cunning counterfeits, in the church and out of it, that have ruined the happiness of saints, and destroyed the souls of sinners.

I have seen a picture that hung in one of the galleries of the world. It now hangs in one of the galleries of Europe, priceless in cost, painted by a monk in the dark ages ; show-

ing that God has never been without witnesses even in the darkest times. Down in the dark ages that man preached the gospel ; and knelt on the cold flags of his cell every night, perhaps, before a crucifix. That man threw his soul upon the canvas. He was a born painter you can see by every touch of his pencil. There is the work of art. This monk threw his life into his picture, which now hangs, priceless in cost, in one of the galleries of Europe. The man, by rare, wonderful insight, has linked the old dispensation and the new. A serpent is wreathed around a cross. In the snake's head he has made to come out everything that is vile. Oh, such an ugly serpent's head ! Such a serpent's head was never painted before or since, perhaps; with all the guile and hatred of hell in him. All the ugliness that the genius of man could imagine is put in his head. In the terror of his tongue, the open mouth, and the horrid expression that leers out of that serpent's eye, he has put the very incarnation of sin. He has linked the old and the new, by putting that horrible serpent upon a cross. It is not Christ, in his earthly agony, gentle and tender. It is a horrid serpent's head ; and that horrid serpent's head looking over the cross bar, instead of the patient face of the dear Savior. But the chief charm of the picture consists in the grouping around it. Moses is standing there, right before the cross, and the cross is set up beside the camp, as Jesus was slain before the camp. Moses is standing there, not with a rod in his hand, but standing as I stand before you to-day, as man to man, pointing with outstretched finger, as if to say, I come to you with no rod of authority. I do not come to you as an officer of the law, but as a man. As man speaks to man ; as one saved by grace—as I speak to you to-day. Moses is looking at it and pointing at it with his finger. There is a group, and they are dying, every one. The ser-

pents *there* are active, and you can see them biting the people. You can see upon the faces of the people the perfect ghastliness of death. They are all dying, men, women and children. What is the matter with them? Just what is the matter to-day. I will tell you. Do you want to know? These people are looking away to the tents of Israel in the distance, just as men are looking at the ordinances of the church, at the Lord's Supper; going to prayer meeting, Bible class, Sunday school. My God, show these people that that is not Jesus. Oh, the souls that are looking there and dying, every one of them. Oh, my friends, would to God you could see that that is not the place to look. That is not life. Your father nor mother cannot save you. The ordinances of God cannot save you. Being baptized a thousand times cannot save you. There is another name given under the heavens, and that is Jesus. If you do not believe Jesus you are dying.

There is another group. Ghastly fear is upon every face. They are going to die, every one of them. What are they doing? Looking steadfastly at Moses; just as people to-day are looking at men—one at John Wesley; another at Alexander Campbell; another at somebody else—my pastor, my preacher, and following like sheep their guide. Oh, God, have mercy upon them, looking to Moses. Moses cannot save you. Take care how you pin your faith on the course of any human being. Moses cannot save you. He is not ordained of God to save; but Jesus can. They are dying, every one.

Another group is there, and they are dying. What is the matter with them? They are all dying. Death is upon their faces. The serpents are actively biting them all. What are they doing? They are fighting snakes—tearing them off their arms and face, and the snakes are biting just the same.

Oh, how many men go to hell fighting their sins. How many men try to turn over a new leaf. How many a man tries to reform his life, and goes to hell; yes, indeed, for that is an insult to Christ. That denies the blood; refuses the only Saviour that God has appointed to the world. You may do it in one way just as well as in another, for Satan has traps laid for persons just according to their own particular failing. Some have a fondness for ordinances, and some have a fondness for men—hero worship. They are all fighting snakes, and it does no good.

There is another group, and they are all well; a fresh bloom is upon every cheek. The snakes are lying prone on the ground, helpless, paralyzed, not one doing its accursed work. They are looking right at the cross.

Brother, Sister, look! live!

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

[1st. Chronicles, XXII.]

David and Solomon were types of the Lord Jesus, but types of him in different parts of his glorious salvation. Nothing could be more distinct and different than the reigns of these two kings, the one filled up with strife and bloodshed, that unfitted him to be the builder of the temple ; the other a reign of peace and rest, and glory. The reign of Solomon was the grandest, the most dazzling reign that there was among all the Hebrew kings. Silver and gold were as plentiful as the dust of the streets. The magnificence of that wondrous reign has been not only the theme of Holy Writ, but of historians from that day to this. And so, dear friends, it needed just these two types to tell out the various wonders of Jesus, for David is a type of Jesus in his first coming, in his first advent, when he laid the foundation of his glorious empire in blood and suffering ; that was the sword of David clearing the way, laying the foundation deep and wide : for Solomon's reign would not have been possible but for the stalwart arm of David, and the good sword of the giant Goliath, with which he cleaved his way to the kingdom, and by which he settled himself after he got through. So the reign of David is a type of Jesus in his first coming, while the reign of Solomon is a type of the Lord in his second coming, when his kingdom shall be set upon the earth, constituting the millennial glory of which we all have heard—the good time coming, is an

expression you have often heard. I wish therefore to call your attention more particularly to the building of Solomon's temple ; for in this reign of peace and glory occurred the erection of a building that has no equal, never has had an equal on the earth, and never will have, and is itself a type of what ? A type of the house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Solomon's temple was made with hands, but it was the type of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Now, my friends, here was the grand thing that made Israel different from all nations in the world. It was not that they were victorious in battle; it was not that they had brave men and fair women in their midst. There have been nations of that kind all the world over, but there never was a nation outside of Israel that had God to dwell amongst them. That was the distinguishing feature of them as a nation from the time they came out from the land of Egypt ; it did not matter whether it was manifested in that little tabernacle with curtains in the wilderness that was portable, and could be carried about on the shoulders of a few men, or in the gorgeous temple of Solomon. In the one case it was a durable lesson ; in the other a temporary lesson, although the tabernacle was very grand—the grandest thing that ever went about the wilderness country. It matters not whether temporary, or permanent, the thing to be taught was just this same thing, that God Himself dwells with men. That was what made Israel the unique nation. There was none like that in the world. God dwelt in their midst, and, dear friends, that is going to be the everlasting glory of Israel, that God is going to dwell with them and be with them, as it is written in the 22nd chapter of Revelations, so you see the winding up of things as far as the dear Lord permits. So that you will find that the very last thing that was

accomplished is this, that the tabernacle of God is with men. God shall be their God. He shall dwell with them, praise his dear name forever; and this fact, dear friends, was not only emphasized in the old tabernacle in the wilderness, not only set up in glory in the temple of Solomon, but even down here in the midst of all wickedness; this fact is emphasized in the Sacred Word, for, know you not brethren that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost. The meaning of the word temple is a place where God is, as your house is the place where you live. The temple is the place of God's residence, and God is just giving us the rehearsal of this lesson on all suitable occasions. Just as soon as a man believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, that moment God enters in and dwells in him. "Know you not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Now that is a fact in Christianity. That is a glorious fact. I am not talking about a pentecostal filling of the spirit; that belongs to the higher life. We ought to be filled with the spirit to be sure, but I am directing your attention now, to the common heritage of the saints, and I do not want to go beyond that, the fact that God dwells in his meanest saint as well as in the best saint. The distinguishing characteristic of his life is that God dwells in him. There never was a man that believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and confessed his name, but God took his residence from that moment, never to depart, in that man; and then when we are all gathered together, this lesson that has been taught in the individual shall be realized in the assembled church, for God shall dwell in that. Just as we are the house of God down here on earth so we saints shall be the house of God forever and ever, and the temple where he shall abide and dwell. His house is his dwelling place in the eternal ages,

exceeding magnifical of fame in all the generations that are to come; just as Solomon's temple in which God resided, where he took up his abode, was exceedingly magnifical of fame in all generations, drawing such a one as that elect lady, the Queen of Sheba, from the uttermost parts of the earth to see the glory of that name that was in all countries. It was the centre of the globe in its way, and so rich and magnificent that language fails to describe it as I want to show you. It is not simply to describe the temple of Solomon. All I do that for is to give you some idea of the glory of that, so you can make a stepping stone of it, and then go up to the glory of the upper temple. Whose temple are you? Whose house are you? Do you know the Holy Ghost abides in you that are to be the everlasting dwelling place of God, and more than this, God's magnificence is to be seen in the magnificence of that house that he lives in. According to a common lesson that we learn in daily life, a man's standing in society is told more plainly by the house that he lives in than anything else. Now I am speaking about the general lesson. I know that there are plenty of rich men that are too penurious to live in a good house, because they want to accumulate vast sums of money, and they are poor miserable fools, and plenty of people that have got no money go to the opposite extreme and live out of all proportion to their means. I have been that kind of a fool myself. I was never rich, but I went up like a rocket, and came down like a stone. I have learned I am a fool, which is the first step towards being a wise man. Men that are stingy, and those that spend more than they are able to spend in making a figure above their station are exceptions. The general fact is this: A man's house tells what he is and where he is better than anything else. So that a poor man lives in a wooden structure, and especially if he is married.

If he gets a little better off he gets into a two story, and then when he gets a little more money he will have to build a brick ; and if his wife lives he will have to build a three story brick, and by-and-bye he will have to build a brown stone front. That is the way things go ; a man's wealth is told by the house he lives in. You pass along the street, and say, "Who lives in that house?" "Mr. Smith, the banker." "I thought he must be some wealthy man, that is a very fine house," or, you say, "Mr. Jones, the manufacturer," or "Mr. Robinson, the retired tailor," or "shoemaker" if you like, but at any rate that house expresses the standing of that man. If it is a fine house he is a great man in the community. So God is going to do in the eternal ages. He is going to be known—His grandeur is chiefly going to be known—not in the magnificence of his creation that spreads itself around us, but his grandeur is going to be everlastingly known by the glory of the house he is going to live in. Jesus Christ is going to be admired in all of them that believe in that day ; that is, he will put such magnificence upon us that we shall reflect glory upon him. I am glad the dear Lord is going to use such poor worthless creatures as we are for his glory. He knows how to do it, and I am going to let him do that and rejoice in it. In the second chapter of Ephesians, we are represented as being built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets. Here is the common heritage of saints ; I am not talking about higher life saints, or bright particular stars, but the heritage of the saints. God does not dwell in some saints and not dwell in others. He dwells in all saints ; then he has bright particular saints. To be sealed with the spirit is one thing, and indwelt by the spirit is another thing. In the common heritage we are sealed, and then to be filled with that spirit is the heritage of those who choose to come,

and go on into the life more abundantly. Let us get down to the common heritage of the saints. We, "being built" on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into a holy temple in the Lord ; in whom (that is in Jesus) ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the spirit. "Praise the Lord."

Then Peter brings that same idea out when he says, "You being living stones" in contradistinction from dead stones of the temple, which was the mere type—"you being living stones, in the holy temple"—praise the Lord, that is enough. Out of the mouth of two witnesses everything shall be established. You do not want better witnesses than Paul and Peter. If you want any better you will have to go further. Now, when we have got the plain, simple declaration of the word of God, I stand on that. "I am a living stone in the temple of the living God ;" God signifying by his dwelling in me, that he is going to dwell in me forever. "He shall be in you and abide in you forever." This sweetly clinches the whole thing, eternity is written upon this lesson. That is all I want, God dwells in me now, God shall dwell in me forever. Oh, blessed, blessed God, give thy servant words to speak the glory of this blessed hope. Now, dear friends, in order to get out the spiritual, for God always gives us some external thing to put our feet upon as a sort of stepping stone, the thing which is seen reveals the thing which is unseen ; as Paul says, "While we look on that thing which is seen"—you do not suppose Paul was merely going around the world with his eyes shut and was never noticing anything ? Bless your soul, he noticed every leaf, every drop of water, every bird that sang ; there never was a more observing man in this world than Paul,

but he did not stop at the thing which was seen ; he turned everything into Jesus Christ. The thing which is seen is temporal, and teaches a lesson, the thing, which is unseen is eternal, and I am robbing eternity every step I take, if I only see things that are going to perish But, thank God, he has given us these external lessons so we may learn blessed interior lessons of life, and see, "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." When God once tells about this spiritual grandeur that shall overtake us one of these days, sets before us the temple of which the temple of Solomon is the shadow—that is the type of the glorious thing you are to be in the everlasting ages. Let us look at the type, in order that we may understand the antitype ; the thing seen, that we may gather some idea of the thing which is unseen. Praise the Lord that he has given us the particulars of this temple of Solomon. Jesus says, I, in my poverty, have prepared this temple ; just as our Jesus, in his humiliation and adversity, in his life and shame, and in his death of horror, laid the foundation wide and deep for all. But for David the temple would have been impossible. Solomon would not have had peaceful times to build it in. He would not have had the material wherewith to build it, but David, while he was conquering countries and cleaving his way to a grand throne, with his good sword, kept that steadily in his view, the one thing that was on his mind. He went to work preparing the material for the grand temple that should outshine every house that was ever built on the face of the earth. There was never one built like it ; never will be, for when Jesus comes there will be no need of a type, and away go all types.

So, don't you imagine there will be a house in this world at all comparable to the house of Solomon. David went out in the time of poverty and gathered the material

for building this temple, first gold, hundreds of thousands of talents. Go to any good commentary, and you will find that a talent of gold was equal to—I am not counting cents or a few dollars, but just in rough numbers you will find that a talent was $27,000. Then it is a mere matter of arithmetic. A hundred thousand times that made twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars and over. Think of that in gold that he put upon that one house—in the one single item of gold. David says so, and I believe every word that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken. If you say it is impossible to collect that sum, then you fly right in the face of revelation. If you say that cannot be, you give God the lie, and you are a bolder man than I am. It is all true or it is all a lie ; and it is just as true that David collected a hundred thousand talents of gold as that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. If one is a lie the other is, and if one is true the other is, and I trust the Lord. There is no marginal reading or anything else to make this at all obscure, as though some figure had been dropped out. When you try to make this less than it is you mar the grandeur, but you cannot mar the grandeur of the antitype. David gathered twenty-seven hundred millions of gold to put on this house. My dear friends, we never saw the one-hundredth part of that at one time in all our lives. Twenty-seven hundred million dollars of gold ; I think I can bring that home to your mind. Don't you have a visit from the sheriff every year with unfailing regularity ? And you only get rid of him by paying the taxes. You don't know what you are paying taxes for. I will tell you. You never heard of a nation getting out of debt, and you never will. America will be no exception. These politicians presenting you plans for paying the national debt is mere talk. They want to get in to steal something. That national debt will never

be wiped out; but you will be taxed and your sons will be taxed and your sons' sons will be taxed to pay the interest on the debt. When Jesus Christ comes he will find you paying taxes to the sheriff every year in order to pay the interest on the debt. They that dance must pay the piper, and people that will go to war must pay the soldiers. Remember what that debt is; not that you are taxed for anything, but just taxed to keep the interest up. What is that debt? It amounts to about twenty-three or four hundred million dollars, not by five thousand million dollars as much as the gold that went into that one building, Solomon's temple. Think of that tremendous national debt, and that does not come within five hundred millions in the one item of gold of the bullion that David collected to put in that one temple.

He says, I will gather together a thousand thousand talents of silver. A talent of silver is three hundred and forty-two pound sterling; multiply that amount and get it in dollars and cents, and you will find that a talent of silver is seventeen hundred dollars. A million times that would be seventeen hundred and ten millions of dollars. Add your silver to your previous twenty-seven hundred millions of gold, and you are within a fraction of forty-five hundred millions of dollars of gold and silver, as David says. As for brass and iron, there is no numbering it, and as for stone there was no numbering, and no account kept; and as for cedar of Lebanon, Solomon kept a hundred and fifty thousand men cutting steadily, I don't know how many months in order to get the wood, and bring it around by sea, and float it around by Joppa on rafts. There was no calculation of the money that was spent to do all that. Here we have two items, gold and silver, and all the rest left to your imagination. I cannot tell how much costly work there was about this temple. Forty-five hundred millions

of dollars in these two items, twice the whole amount of the whole national debt in the simple items of gold and silver.

Why does God give us all this figuring, this calculation? He wants you to look at the thing that is seen, and then the thing that is unseen, the grander temple, shall be told out. This temple is eventually to be destroyed, but the temple that God is building, and in which he is going to live forever and forever, in which he is going to show his magnificence, how rich and great and glorious a God he is, will stand in the eternal ages. It is God's ambition to live in a fine house, and he is going to have his ambition fully satisfied by having such a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, as will strike with terror in all the coming ages; and you, my sister, my brother, are living stones in that dwelling house that God will abide in. Does it send up your pulse just one beat? Does it? I am afraid if I were to take hold of your pulse it would be beating just about the normal way. The fact that God can tell out these things in the imperfect way that I am telling you, and yet the pulse not go up half a beat, shows how dull we are. Could not Jesus come to-night into this assembly, and say to it, "Fools, slow of heart to believe all that the Scriptures have told?" Couldn't he say that? Let us look at it, and look at it until our hearts do go up a beat. Here is this gold and silver. The fact seems to be that the temple was built in this way. It was built of stone; and I want to show you what these stones were directly, because we have got the measurement of them; got the way in which they were made—great stones and costly stones. These stones were laid one upon another, and then the costly cedar of Lebanon, not simply planed, but carved with all the delicate skill of the finest manipulators of that day—carved by men who were inspired, perhaps, by God to do the blessed work Bezaleel was in the olden

times, for remember, in those times these working men had heavenly skill, could carve the most delicate tracery; nice flowers, pomegranates, lilies, and most beautiful designs ornamented in this costly cedar wood, that covered all the stone so that you never saw a stone. There was not a stone visible in all the gorgeous temple of Solomon. Then outside of that solid plates of silver, that consumed seventeen hundred and ten millions of dollars of silver; and then over that great thick plates of gold—thick enough to consume twenty-seven hundred millions of gold that we know of. Think of what a magnificent man he was, what a grand king he was. You may be sure he had authority. I will just take the figures. I will not take anything that I do not absolutely know. It is certain that Solomon did add to its magnificence, but take the naked figures. There was simply stones laid one on top of another, and then over that the fine cedar wood, and then over that the silver and then the gold. First, the silver, which, if I am right, represents that which is communicable of the blessed Jesus, for we are partakers of the divine nature as well as the human. So Peter tells us there is something of the divine that God can communicate to us. We are covered up, as it were, in fine gold, which is the communicable tabernacle of divinity. When we hear of these grand stones, which are never seen—that is what they are, grand and magnificent even in themselves. They are completely covered up, for you never saw a sign of a stone without or within. Do not think this magnificence is not within as well as without. The stones covered with costly cedar wood covered with magnificent plates of silver, all indented and deeply carved just as the wood was, and then covered over with these thick plates of gold still presenting that magnificent appearance that it did in the cedar wood—one over the other; outside and in, nothing but flashing gold,

fine gold—the gold of Ophir. Praise the Lord for that. That is what we are going to be. You never saw such a house. You never heard of but one place, there never has been but one place in this world so grand. Succeeding monarchs, whenever their exchequer was low, all they had to do was to go up to Jerusalem and chip off enough gold and silver to make them rich beyond their fathers, and perhaps for nearly a century these raids were made by these monarchs, robbing the temple of Jerusalem of all they could carry off. That was the occupation of kings for centuries. That is just how magnificent it was; and the reason it was made so grand, and why expense was not spared was, that it was a type of the house that God was to live in in eternity. It must needs be magnifical, says David. I like that old English word. It has got more meaning in it than magnificent. This house must be exceeding magnifical of fame in all kingdoms, in all countries. Oh, gracious God, that the time might speedily come when that house should be furnished, when the scaffolding shall be taken down, when the glorious temple in which God shall find his resting place forever might be finished! Oh, the glory of that house! Oh, the grandeur of it! Oh, the exceeding magnifical of fame in all the eternal ages! There never was anything like that temple of Jerusalem in this world, never will be, and let me tell you that you and I shall belong to the structure up yonder, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, the like of which can never be seen in all the eternity of God, and all the universe of God. Don't that satisfy you? Does your pulse go up a single beat? to get you where you would not grovel? Gracious God, to think that one of these living stones in this glorious temple will go and grovel, and burrow just like a mole, away from the shining bright sun. It is as if the salvation of God had broken out, and the fool moles

would grovel and grovel and burrow and burrow instead of going out into the light and glory.

Great stones, costly stones, David set masons to hew wrought stones, remember that. How large were they? Let the books tell us. Go back to the 1st Kings, 7th chapter, and there you will find that these stones were stones of eight and ten cubits. Now, when God says length, breadth and height, he is always particular to give it, the length of it, the breadth of it, and the thickness of it was given. God is very particular in giving the right measure. So when he says stones of eight and ten cubits, he means eight and ten cubits square. The measure of a cubit used to be considered eighteen inches, but recent measurements have shown that a cubit is a little above twenty-five inches or two feet. Then here is a stone of ten cubits, which means twenty feet square. Not a stone twenty feet long and about four or five feet high, but twenty feet each way. Those are the great stones, those are the costly stones. Ah, my friends, it was wonderful. What in the world did they take so much trouble for? Why didn't they take little stones? It would all come to the same thing as far as the consolidated structure was concerned. Nobody ever thinks of cutting out such stones as that. Ah, my friends, God did not spare expense in that temple. God intended to represent these grand and glorious facts that we are living stones within that. Brother, look at that, living stones to be built up in this glorious temple that God is to dwell in forever. You see you are covered with a glorious cedar wood, covered with gold, but then you are costly stones, great stones. Think of the trouble in order get these stones out of the pit. Does that not bring back what it cost to save you? Does not that bring back Calvary. I verily believe that Isaiah has reference to that when he says, "Look to the hole of the pit

whence you are digged." You can always get a better idea how large a thing is by looking into the cavity from which it has been taken, than by the solid substance itself. Look at this hole of the pit from which we are digged. They had to first smooth off the top a little, to cut down twenty feet, then saw down twenty feet each side of it, and then underneath. How they ever got it out nobody knows. There is not a hoisting apparatus in the world that we are familiar with, that would take out such a stone as that. Think of the power that was necessary to lift those great stones, twenty feet square, the like of which the world has never seen, and never will see. And then, dear friends, these stones were all arranged at the quarry, all squared, sawed, hammered and chipped and chiseled so exactly, that when they were laid up into this gorgeous structure, there was neither sign of hammer, saw or chisel, or any tool of man in the building. Don't you see what a lesson this teaches. That is what I am doing to-night; I am cutting out the stone out of the quarry. I am a workman under God's own directions; and if you and I knew all the secret histories, we would find there was a spiritual history going alongside of this earthly history, God chiseling, sawing and hammering trying to fit you as glorious stones for this temple; that is what he wants you to be. But remember this, after the preacher has done all that he can, has presented the truth, whenever this stone is to be lifted into the temple, God does that himself. There is no sign of human tool. I can tell you his words, and their sweet hidden meaning, but after that is all done, then, my friend, it is you and God for it; and when you are laid up in the temple of the living God, then God comes, and the preacher stands aside. I can not bring you there; I can do nothing but persuade you to let God lift you there, and after awhile, when you get to that

point where you say, "I will let God do his work; I will let Jesus save me; then, brother, there is no more sign of a human tool. I stand back. Everybody stands back; and God by his almighty power elevates you, puts you in your place, and there you are for good, a perfect stone. You do not need to be chipped after that; do not need to be made fit. There is plenty of adorning afterwards, plenty of work, but remember a stone laid in its place had to be laid without the sign of a chisel, or saw or hammer. Remember the blood of Jesus makes you perfectly fit to be a living stone in the temple of the living God. You may have just as much ornament put on you as you please after that.

So when I come and take Jesus as my Saviour I am fitted that instant to be sealed by the Holy Spirit—as long as I behave myself? Not at all—until the day of redemption. That is the *sine qua non.* After you believe you are sealed by the Holy Spirit. Do not grieve him. Why? Because he may leave you? No; he is to abide with you forever; but grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. By him you are sealed unto the day of redemption. That takes you to heaven, praise the Lord for that. These glorious stones, these great stones, these costly stones—how much it cost to fit them for their place, how much it cost to lift them there, you and I will never know "till we stand with Christ in glory, looking over life's finished story." Then shall we fully know, not till then how much we owe. I am so glad that the hours of this dullness are passing so swiftly. I am so glad that soon I shall know even as I am known; that I can tell out with an unstammering tongue the praise of Jesus who has bought me with his precious blood. Remember that you are to go into the temple. This grand temple, dear friends is going up to night. It is nearly completed, but let me tell you, soon the top stone will be brought forth.

The top stone remember; that is Jesus Christ, the chief corner stone, praise the Lord for his precious love. It is a temple built by Christ; it is to be a dwelling-place of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, brother, what a glorious dwelling place it will be:

Let me remind you that this temple was built upon the margin of a dreadful precipice. Josephus tells us that there were six hundred feet of sheer descent from Solomon's porch right down into the valley of Jehosaphat. They could have very easily set the temple back, so as not to have gone to that fearful expense. No; God set it right on the edge by commandment, and made them build up the wall from the valley below, six hundred feet. One hundred and fifty feet is a good height for a tall steeple. Now, pile up four such steeples and you have got an idea of the precipice. Four times the height of a tall steeple was built up by solid masonry, dove-tailed into the very structure, and held by delicate joining, so that when you came to look over in that glorious porch of Solomon you beheld that sheer descent, six hundred feet, a bottomless abyss almost. My brother, God ordered that so just to teach us the lesson of this new temple that he is going to dwell in forever. It is built upon the margin of a fearful precipice that cannot be crossed. As Abraham said to the rich man, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from hence." God's temple will be of living stones, made so by the blessed blood of Jesus. We will always be known as those who are saved with the blood. Our sign should be as those who are washed from sins by the precious blood. I thank my God this glorious temple is built upon the margin of this tremendous precipice. That was built on one of the margins of Moriah. The word

Moriah in Hebrew means the bitterness of God, and it has another meaning, chosen of God. It means when it comes to the cross, the cross that was chosen of God. That place of suffering was the chosen place of God. God so loved the world that he sent his son for one object, that was to die to save poor sinners. Moriah was a chosen place, but also a place of bitterness, for on that fearful, fatal spot came that awful cry which ran through the ages, yes, and will ring through the eternal ages, for it is the centre of all the glory that is to be revealed from God, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" Why? I will tell you, dear Jesus, in order that he might never forsake me. That is it. He bore it a little while that the father might never forsake me, might never turn away from me with a frown as black as hell. I can give the answer in my poor way. "My God, why hast thou forsaken me." It was the bitterness of God. Moriah, that is a name of evil import in the Eastern countries to-day. It is a name of terror. I remember when my first-born was given into the hands of the nurse I had called her Maria, after her grandmother, my mother; and when I put her into the hands of the nurse and told her what the child's name was she almost let her drop, and says "don't ask me to call her that." Said I, "call her what you choose." She said "I will call her Marie, but not Maria." "Something unhappy and miserable will happen to her; don't call her that." That was the idea of the Moriah; for all those words are cognate. The word Maria is a name of terror in the East to this day, a name of ill-omen, a name of horrible import. That is the way she got the name of Marie. It is not a corruption of the French name Marie. It is Marie because her native nurse gave her that name because she would not call her Maria, that awful name, that terrible word so full of ill import to this very day in all Eastern countries. You may

ask me, where did all these great stones come from? Recent travelers have made a discovery, down underneath the foundation of Jerusalem caverns have been discovered as vast as the catacombs under the City of Imperial Rome. There are in these caverns stones with the mark of Solomon's saw and chisel and hammer on them marked out of the dimensions called for in the Scriptures, and with the saw and chisel and hammer marks on them. Have these any meaning? I pray God they may never have a meaning for your soul. Oh, friends, what I have said will leave its mark on many. The marks of this sermon will be upon thousands perhaps, who never heard my voice. God's mark of his saw, of his hammer, of his chisel, they are upon you and will be forever and forever. But I want to ask you this question, will you be everlasting blocks in the cavern of eternal darkness that God tried to save you from? Will you bear his chisel and saw marks on you forever and forever down in this dark gloomy cavern, or will you be a living stone, lifted out of the darkness, out of the pit? I declare to you in the name of my God who has sent me to speak to you, that solemn question can only be answered by yourself. Will you let God put you in his temple, or be an everlasting witness of his attempt to do what he failed to do? God have mercy. Oh, may his word strike into your heart the answer to that question.

THE BRAZEN SEA.

[2d Chronicles, iv.]

In an endless variety of ways, dear friends, the Lord sets forth the fulness of Jesus Christ in his glorious work. All Scripture is taken up, if we get at the interior meaning of it, with explaining what a precious Saviour Jesus Christ is, and how perfectly adapted he is to all our wants; how he meets us at every point; you cannot raise a single question but what he answers it; you cannot get in any place but what his faithful love has been there before you, and you find that in himself is the answer of every difficulty; the Scripture, in every part of it, makes manifest what is the fulness and the glorious excellency of our Redeemer. I want to look at him, and to speak of him at the present from the standpoint of the brazen sea in Solomon's Temple. Our last discourse was the temple itself. I want now to speak to you about the brazen sea which corresponded with the brazen laver of the wilderness, for whether it is a portable or permanent thing it sets forth the precious moral of the Lord Jesus Christ. The tabernacle in the wilderness taught the same truth, precisely, as the gorgeous temple of Solomon.

The articles of furniture in the tabernacle were the same identically with those in the temple. I want you to notice, dear friends, that whether in the portable or in the permanent form, whether it was a brazen sea that could be carried about on the shoulders of two men, or whether it was a

brazen laver that could be borne by two men, or a brazen sea that was ten cubits in diameter, thirty cubits compassing it round about, and set upon twelve huge oxen, and holding three thousand baths, why the lesson was just the same, and that is the lesson I desire to bring to your notice as the Lord shall unfold it to me. There is something of infinite importance from every standpoint of looking at the dear Jesus, there is always something that meets our wants. We cannot afford to pass any of it over. We cannot afford to lose any of the fulness that there is in Jesus Christ for us.

Now, just in the beginning, dear friends, I want you to notice how often the number four, the image of completeness, comes before us in the Scripture. It opens up with four rivers that run out of Eden. You know there was one river and it divided into four heads, that is the river, the Lord Jesus Christ, those four heads are the four characteristic features of his blessed salvation. It would be easy to show how the first corresponded to the gospel of Matthew, the second to Mark, the third to Luke, and the fourth to John—those four rivers that ran out of Eden, just as these four things in the tabernacle in the wilderness answered to exactly the same thing. There was the brazen altar, there was the brazen laver, there was the holy place, and there was the most holy, still answering to the four-fold character of the Blessed Saviour, as the Lord in Matthew, in Mark, in Luke, in John, the four living creatures, the one with a head of a lion or Matthew, the other with the head of an ox, or Mark, the other with the head of a man, or Luke, the other with a head of a flying eagle, or John. Elsewhere I have explained their meaning, corresponding to the four quarters of the compass, the cardinal points, north, south, east and west which go around the entire circuit. I want you to notice, dear friends, this fourfold arrangement, this expres-

sion of completeness in the number four, as the number seven or eight or three in their varied places are full of the blessed hidden meaning of the wisdom of God. God makes a great deal of numbers ; that is the reason I make a great deal of them. I want to make a great deal of what God makes a great deal of. When he does not mention a thing I do not want to speak of it at all. I want to learn to love everything that God loves, and hate everything that God hates, that is the one ambition of my life ; and when I find my blessed God paying very special attention to numbers, and giving a divine significance to them, then, dear friends, I love to study the subject ; and when I bring this number four before you, the number of completeness, the incarnation, and show you how it all goes through the scripture, and now as we come to this mysterious tabernacle, this curtained space in the wilderness, or come to the gorgeous temple of Solomon and its enclosures, in both of them you find the same order of things ; you find first when you lift that mysterious curtain of the tabernacle in the wilderness, the first thing that you see is the brazen altar, and that altar tells us of the bleeding lamb, a lamb with his blood sprinkled about the altar, the form, the legs, the appurtenances, everything upon the altar, the whole burnt offering ; that is the first thing you see. That is our Jesus in one aspect of his glorious work. Then you go on and the next thing you see is a laver, or as in Solomon's Temple, the brazen sea, portable in one case, and permanent and huge in the other, but meaning the same thing. In that brazen sea are two thousand baths of water. The capacity of it is three thousand baths, as you find by comparing Kings and Chronicles, though two thousand was the largest amount that ever could possibly be needed. Even in the gorgeous work of Solomon two thousand was the outside extent of the baths that were used, thus testifying of the

capacity of Jesus, dear friends, in that aspect—of the capacity of our Savior, that it far exceeds all possible use that can be made of him. I need not say that infidelity has taken up this, the mention of two thousand baths in one book and three thousand in the other—poor shallow infidelity has taken it up and called it a discrepancy, as if God did not know his own mind in writing two books without contradicting himself. Blind unbelief, so sure, so knowing always, is not afraid to take up the blessed God and say he is not able to write a book, and not cross his path from one section to the other; but dear friends, when you get the meaning of it, there is no discrepancy at all. On the contrary, one of the sweetest lessons in the whole book is taught there, that Christ's capacity far exceeds the greatest possible use that is ever made of him. The thing held three thousand baths, though in actual use it simply contained two thousand, for only two thousand were needed.

We proceed to this second institution, or brazen laver or brazen sea. In that, my friends, was water. That corresponds to the gospel according to St. Mark, as the brazen altar corresponds to the gospel according to St. Matthew. Then you go on and find the holy place on the right hand, and table of shewbread, in the centre the golden altar from which the incense (this odor of sweet smelling savor to the Lord) rose continually, on the left the golden candlesticks, with their light never going out, thus testifying to the blessed Word, the blessed light of the spirit that never goes out, and the blessed incense that goes up a continual offering to the Lord, an offer of sweet smelling savor unto the Lord. Then you lift another curtain and come to the fourth department. The third or the holy place corresponds to Luke or the special book of fellowship and friendship of Jesus, as he was the son of man. Then you lift another curtain, and into

the holiest of all you come, where God's sweet presence never goes out, where you are in the presence of the Lord, where it is not lawful for all priests to come.

Oh, the fellowship there was the sweetest, the best, the purest of them all, so you have this corresponding to the sacred gospel according to St. John, and the fullest joy that the human soul can have down here on earth. Everything progressing, you see, from the blood that begins it, the water which is in the second place, the candlestick and the golden altar of incense and the table of shew-bread, the sweet and holy fellowship as the third department, to the fourth, the perpetual presence of the Lord, where the married soul is no longer twain with God, but these twain are one—no longer twain but one, and the two lives flow forever in the same channel, and sweet secrets are there from one to the other that it is not lawful for any other to hear, the sacred secrets of the marital relation, the sweetest that earth can know, the nearest that even a man can have on earth; of which thing, as Paul says, I have not time now to speak particularly, even if I had the light and grace to do it. Let us go back to the second department. The thing that constituted the man a priest was blood. When that blood was put upon him he was a priest, that is to say, the blood and the oil together.

That constituted them priests unto God forever. We are all priests, my friends, ordained to offer unto God spiritual sacrifices acceptable unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord; so Peter says in his blessed epistle. I don't care if it is only a child born an hour; I don't care if it is a little five year old that says, "Now I lay me down to sleep," a real believer in Jesus is a priest, and, my friends, oftentimes a better priest than one of those Christians that do not know how to believe. In the sweet and blessed security

of love in its little heart, it just lies down so sweetly, safe in a sure enough Jesus, and believes that there is a loving Savior that lives to take care of little children, coming to take them up in his arms and bless them. Ah, my friends, that is a more real thing than merely saying prayers. I do not raise that question at all, but just advert to it in passing. We are all priests ordained to offer spiritual gifts and sacrifices acceptable to God ; that is to say, the blood makes us priests, and the oil makes us priests. The man that comes to Christ Jesus confesses that ; this is the application of the blood. After that you believe you are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise. Instantly, the moment you believe, he puts his seal upon you, saying to man and devil, that is my property, do not lay your hands upon it ; that belongs to me forever and ever ; there is my seal, there is the earnest of inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession. We are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise unto the day of redemption ; not as long as we behave ourselves —perish such a thought ; I despise it ; not sealed as long as you behave yourself ; there is not a word of Scripture—I dare you to find it—where the Holy Ghost once comes into a sinner and ever leaves him. He shall abide with you forever. Christ writes eternity upon this gift of God ; and the gift of God and his calling is beyond the change of mind. I am so glad of that. You may change your mind fifty times a day, God will not change his. You may be unfaithful as you can be, but God is not faithless. You cannot deny this. When he says he will do a thing there is no depending upon your goodness at all, there is depending on his and upon Christ's goodness, and he is going to keep his word. I do not care if you are as bad as the devil wants you to be. You ought not to be, and it is an outrage and shame if you are.

The question has often been put to me : " Now, Brother Barnes, suppose a poor soul comes and confesses the Lord Jesus Christ, and goes away and serves the devil right straight along, and dies serving the devil?" That is a very mean supposition. I never heard a man or woman suppose anything good of God in my life ; " Dem s'poses is what makes you miserable," as the old colored woman says. Do you know why you are always supposing something mean ? If you love the Lord, why don't you say, " Suppose he does right, suppose he lives all right and dies all right ;" but they always suppose the other side, suppose they do not do right. If you are mean enough to suppose that, I am good enough to take you right on that supposition, though such a case was never heard of of a man confessing Jesus and serving the devil right straight along, and dying serving the devil. I say it is a downright case of meanness to suppose such a thing, because it bears down on the good God ; but, supposing such a thing occurs, I say " yes," a thousand times yes. You are not saved because you are good ; you are saved because you are as bad as the devil would have you ; saved because you are nothing but a bundle of sins, and God is not going to unsave you, and if he saves you because you are full of sins, if you have done any good thing, he is not going to damn you for any such thing as that. There is no Scripture for any such thing. Let us not have any such suppositions in our hearts ; let us suppose that a man will do what is right, and if he should do something wrong let us have charity enough to suppose that the good God, knowing what he would do and had done, and that Jesus Christ had paid for all his sins, past present, and future, that the good God has power enough, and Jesus's blood has efficacy enough to save the poor creature, even though he goes along and serves the devil. He will not have a crown.

God cannot commit principalities to any such persons as that, but he is saved by the precious blood of Jesus. That is what the blood and the oil do. The moment you confess him who shed the blood you are saved, and saved forever, because he promises to give you eternal life when you do that; and if it is life that only last ten years or as long as I behave myself, it is not eternal life. God is not going to be guilty of any such meanness. When God says "eternal life I give to you," he does not mean eternal life that will come to an end in twenty or forty years, but eternal life that will never come to an end, because he gives you the life of Jesus Christ for the blood's sake. He died that you and I might live, and because he lives I will also.

The only way to get goodness of heart is to believe. If you find these people that are always afraid that the good God will damn them after all, that he will spring out of ambush upon them, you will find they will always be penitent, and will not have leisure to serve the Lord. I know lots of high life people that are living in the Lord, and consecrated to him, that think they believe all that stuff, but they do not do it. They are just as certain to be saved as I am, but the fact is, they do not believe that. They think they believe it, but they do not believe a word of it. Methodist, Campbellite, Presbyterian or Roman Catholic, if your heart is true to God you will never be afraid of being damned; but if there is a possibility of being damned you ought to be afraid. The reason I am not afraid is because there is no possibility of it. I want my head to correspond with my heart. The heart rides rough shod over the head, and puts it out of court. "Blessed are the pure in heart," not the clear in head. I know some Christians I have met with that are pure in heart and not clear in head.

Salvation, full, free and abiding, through the blood, has

such an attractive power for me that I love to dwell on the theme; but let us get to the water, for I believe in water salvation just as much as I believe in blood salvation. Water saves just as much as blood saves. "I saw a soldier pierce his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water"—not blood and water mingled—that is the way these people think they believe in baptism for the remission of sins; they have got the blood and water mingled, that is not the way the Lord says it in the Scripture. Blood first, there it is; water second, there it is; and the one is just as important as the other in its place, my friends, and God never mixes them together. Here is the blood that flows and cleanses a sinner from all sin, and there is the water in that laver that cleanses a saint from all sin; praise the Lord, and there is a difference between cleansing a sinner from all sin and cleansing a saint from all sin. The sea was for the priests to wash in, that is what it is for. It was not to constitute them priests, but it was to keep them clean after they were priests, a salvation that came by water and by blood, not by water only, no, no; but by water and by blood. The Lord knew what heresies would come into his church, so he has nailed them to the counter by this sweet and blessed clause, bringing the two together, and yet separating them so that all hell cannot mingle them together, praise the Lord. The blood and the water, the blood that cleanses a sinner from all sin; yonder is the cross of your Savior; the blood that cleanses a sinner from all sin. But here is a sinner, dear friends, that comes out and confesses Jesus Christ now, and to-morrow he may have just as bad a temper as he has to-day; that is a case in point, for I will venture to say that in every church organization there are some bad tempered Christians. I would not dare to speculate upon the average percentage of bad-tempered

Christians in every church, but there are Christians whose names have appeared on the Church register for forty years, whose tempers are as bad to-day as when they first professed faith in Jesus Christ, if not a little worse. I carried a hateful temper for thirty-five years. Thank God I have got rid of it now, and a man that has had a temper like that for thirty-five years knows when he gets rid of it. I found what the water was five years and a half ago. The blood cannot cure your temper. It can do some things, but, my friends, when it comes to the saint, the blood has done its work, and done it well ; oh, so well. I believe better than many believe on that subject. The blood has done its work so well that the sinner is saved forever. For a sinner's salvation you have the blood and the blood alone ; but the saint's salvation is in the water and the water alone, for the blood, being once applied, is applied no more. One application of the blood is forever sufficient. By one offering he hath forever perfected them that believe. I believe in one application of the blood. I do not believe in making Jesus Christ's blood like the blood of the bull and goat that has to be poured or sprinkled on a man again and again. No, no, the blood in its place, the water in its place. What constitutes me a priest once and forever ? It is the blood. What keeps me clean ? That is the water. Suppose a priest were to defile his feet, would he go back to the altar to be cleansed with the blood ? I know we have got a good deal of that in our hymnology, but the Bible must have the precedence of the hymn book. We have preachers—and I do not deny their merit, but they have a wrong theology—who teach a second application of the blood. There is no Scripture for such theology. The second application of the blood of Jesus Christ is nowhere taught in the Bible ; it is applied once and forever, it perfects

them who are sanctified. Then how do you get the saint's sanctification. There is a double sanctification. There is the sinner's sanctification, but that cannot change your bad temper—sanctified, yes. How? Sanctified by the blood. What, that man that loves whiskey, is he sanctified? Yes, sanctified by the blood, for Christ has by one offering forever perfected them who are sanctified. If you do not know that there are two sanctifications in the Bible, let me now assure you of the fact. There are two sanctifications, just as there is the sinner's eternal life and the saint's eternal life; just as there is the justification of the sinner by faith, and the justification of the saint by works; just as there is the kingdom of God for a sinner, that he is born into, and the kingdom that the saint must hold on to the plow handles in order to get; just as there is the sinner's offering and the saint's offering; and this divine duality goes through the Bible. There is the sinner's sanctification, which is by the blood and the spirit, and the saint's sanctification, which is by the water and the spirit. I want you to get back to the naked word of God, for you have read your Bibles in a measure in vain if you have not discovered this double salvation. So I believe in the sinner's eternal life, and I believe in the saint's change of heart. I believe in it because it is an actual experience. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Yes, indeed. Jesus is not going to be in heaven and leave me behind. Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord. I am holy, praise the Lord, and I claim it, not by any presumption, oh, no, but through the dear, dear, holy love of my Lord Jesus Christ—my Lord Jesus Christ accepted in his second glorious character—Christ of the water. Ah, my friends, I know that Christ not only saves me *in* my sins, but he saves me *from* my sins. Through the blood I

am saved in my sins. I was a saved man with a bad temper; I was a saved man, yet chewing tobacco; I was a saved man with unholy ambition in me. If I attempted to go over and count the devil's spawn that was in me, I should weary you with the catalogue, but I was saved all the same, saved by the precious blood; but then, my friends, I needed a second salvation. What was that? That was, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, my Saviour, because he shall save his people from their sins." By this second salvation I am saved from the power of these imperious lusts, saved from my temper, saved from my bad habits, a clean Christian, pure in heart and pure in life; but I do not get that by the blood, my friends. No, no; I got that by the water. Not by water only, of course. You cannot be a sanctified man until you are a saved man. One is bound to follow the other, and can never go before the other. Not by water only, but by water and by blood; the blood saving a sinner, and saving him everlastingly and entirely, and then the water saving a saint, and saving him completely. This is exactly God's provision for you, my friends. Many stumble when they get into the higher life, because they are in a muddle about the blood and the water, just mixed up on this very question; but keep in mind that the blood everlastingly cleanses the sinner, and has got nothing to do with the saint; as a saint he passes into another department, as the priest, when he needs cleansing, never goes back to the blood, though he may be as vile as Judas. Ananias and Sapphira were saints of the Lord, and yet did a thing that is common in the church. My friends, if every Christian was killed in the church for the sin of Ananias and Sapphira, giving God the whole, apparently, and holding back a part of it, there would not be enough living ones left to bury the dead ones.

The consecration of property to God is the rarest thing in the church. If Ananias and Sapphira go to hell, then what a mighty gathering there will be from the churches; but, praise God, hell has got nothing to do with Ananias and Sapphira. When a saint does so mean a thing as that it gives a chance for the devil to come in and kill him, and he will do it; and that is the case now, as it was then, very often, dear friends.

Let us get back to this blessed brazen laver in which the priests washed—the laver with water in it. Here you see the significancy of baptism. It was a glorious discovery to me when I first saw its true meaning, that it had no more to do with the sinner than it had with the man in the moon, that it had no connection with the sinner. To suppose that it is an initiatory rite is a falsehood which the devil has hoisted upon the church. It does not admit you to Jesus Christ as Savior at all; it has got nothing to do with the sinner at all. He is saved just as the thief on the cross was by the blood of Jesus Christ. He was not baptised, and yet went that day with Jesus into paradise, thus signifying that the water was not required to save a sinner, but was required to save a saint. I believe in baptism, for I believe in salvation by water just as I believe in salvation by blood. I will defy you to do one thing, and that is to find one place, one text in the Scripture where baptism is not put in connection with the fullness of the spirit; not being sealed by the spirit, not at all, for after that you believed you were sealed by the Holy Spirit; but after that you are baptised, if you know what you are doing, you are filled with the spirit, and I defy you to point to any text in the scripture where a man was sealed and not saved. To be filled with the spirit is the saints' right who have been baptised in water. Let us see how that comes out. What about Jesus when he was bap-

tised. The Spirit had sealed him. He was sealed before that certainly, but now came the fullness of the Spirit, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." But Jesus, being filled with the Spirit, immediately went and was tempted by the devil, praise the dear Lord, filled from the very moment, thus identifying baptism with the fullness of the Spirit. So you will find it always. Peter baptised three thousand on the day of Pentecost. Repent, change your mind, that is salvation; repentance is unto salvation, repentance is unto life, according to the Scripture; repentance toward God settles the sinner's question. Repent and be baptised—here are two things; be baptised every one of you into the name of Jesus Christ, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost. That followed baptism. Remission of sins follows repentance. Repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted out; certainly, then the most refreshing part will come when the Holy Spirit comes down and fills you full as it did the disciples on the day of Pentecost when the baptism of the Spirit follows the baptism by water; that is the saint's cleansing; that is no initiatory rite in the Christian church; it is not before salvation. In its true significancy it represents the cleansing power of the Holy Spirit by which we are fitted for service, pure in heart and fitted to be a light in the midst of this dark world. See how beautifully Paul brings that out in the epistle to the Romans. The first five chapters in the epistle to the Romans are wholly taken up with proving and illustrating the sinner's salvation without any works in it, saved exclusively by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. Then comes the question, what are you going to do about this temper? Is there nothing in salvation to cure a man of bad temper, and unholy ambitions? Certainly there is in its place. Jesus Christ saves you before he ever undertakes that. That question was asked in the 6th of

Romans, "Shall we go on to sin that grace may abound?" Suppose we are saved? Now, says one, suppose a man go on to sin? Says Paul, What are you talking about? What do you want to go on and sin for—that grace may abound? Because your father is good are you going to sin against him? Because the good God saves you just as you are in your sins, are you going to be mean about it? Here is the first mention of baptism in the book. So we go on by faith through grace, the only way that the sinner can ever be saved. Here comes salvation by water; says Paul, "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into his death? Like, As Christ was raised up from the dead even so we should walk in newness of life." "I saw a soldier pierce his side, and forthwith flowed therefrom"—(not simply blood, that did for the sinner)—but "blood and water." Glory to God, and it is water that cleanses, water is the cleansing element. All that the blood can cleanse is the sinner's sins, but if you want to cleanse the saint's ways you must bring water. And so, dear friends, the sea was for the priests to wash in.

See how beautifully Peter brings that out also, "The like figure whereunto baptism doth now save us." Who are "us"? We Christians who are already saved, who are just as certain to be saved as God. What are you going to do about sin? About practical sin, about the power of sin? "The like figure whereunto baptism doth now save us, not simply putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." How plain this salvation by water, the cleansing of a saint's ways, which is the second thing to occur in this salvation. God saves me, and it is his will to sanctify me. It is his joyous wish to save me. Finding that my dear Lord has made full provision for all my wants,

all I do is to go on from blood to water, like a priest applying that cleansing element to hand and foot, and then he is fit to go on into the holiest of all, a more perfect, joyous fellowship with the father and with the son Jesus Christ. See how beautifully the Lord Jesus brings that out in the 13th of John: "and, supper being ended"—(the Lord's supper of course. The Lord would not have put that in if it had not been the Lord's supper. What was in the supper? This cup is the New Testament in my blood; not a bit of water about it, this cup is the New Testament in my blood, shed for the many, for the remission of sins. Drink ye all of it—that is, the weakest of you and the strongest of you. Oh, my friends how you have perverted the Lord's supper, fenced it around, kept poor weak children away from it. The little lambs are not allowed to have a taste of it, and yet that is simply a supper by which we are to remember his death only until he comes; it is simply a family feast that the weakest of his children can enjoy. It is a family feast such as you have around your family table when you set the little child three years old in its little high chair, with its little tin plate before it, and he eats like a little man, and the grown son of twenty-one and the daughter of eighteen, and the father and the mother all sitting at the same table. The devil has been into the sacramental table and into the water of baptism, and oh, how he has perverted it.) And so, Jesus' supper being ended, and having had his dear children cleansed by the blood that cleanses from all sin and to the end of the world, whatever happened they were to come down to that sweet blessed love, and always know they had that much to their account in the bank—all of you do drink of it till I come. There was another thing that Jesus taught them about. He girds himself with a towel, and poured water into a basin, and began to wash

his disciples feet. Peter made a blunder that so many of us make, and said, "Oh, Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" Don't wash my feet. Very well, said Jesus, if I do not do it you will have no part with me. Oh, says Peter, you wash me all over. Jesus said, "You are as wild as you were before." You do not need to be washed all over, as a man that is bathed. Walking through the dusty world one will get his feet defiled. What, are you going to go into the house with dirty feet? No, have them washed; bring your feet to the dear Jesus. Does he wash them with blood? No, he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, and then he is clean every whit. The blood cannot do it. It can cleanse me as a sinner but not as a saint. What cleanses me as a saint? Water is just as perfect as is possible—a *sine qua non* in salvation, just exactly as the dear precious Jesus is a *sine qua non* in the salvation of the sinner. And not to worry you with further Scripture proofs, I think I have brought enough to bear on this subject.

This is indeed a holy place where we can come in, where the shewbread is, and a light that never goes out is always witnessing that we are children of God, these are witnessing with our spirits and then on that golden altar the sweet incense offering going up forever and forever—an offering of sweet smelling savor; and then from that point you can go into the holiest place—go into the gospel of John and live in the sweet presence of God, where the glory that would dazzle common eyes strike them blind, only fills you with the sense of his love.

What do you mean by washing with water by the Word, Brother Barnes? I will tell you in the language of the Scripture. Let me quote you that Scripture that puts the whole thing before you. "Jesus Christ," (5th Ephesians), "loved his church and gave himself for it," there is the sin-

ner's salvation, "that he might cleanse and sanctify it with the washing of water by the word." What do you mean by the water? Does a man being baptised—does that wash him clean? Oh, no, no, no. That is only the simple form, and if you do not have the thing signified, it does not amount to any more for you than if you were ducked in a water pail, or if a Newfoundland dog were to come out of the water and sprinkle some water on you. To you these ordinances do not mean anything. Ignorance blots out the meaning of the Lord's supper and of the glorious baptism. Baptism means that we may be cleansed and sanctified through the washing of water by the Word. What do you mean by the Word? Let me illustrate the meaning by a little of my own experience. I was once a slave to the tobacco habit, and a man who is a slave to that is as perfect a slave as the slave to opium or whiskey. It is not so terribly destructive, but in its way it is as despotic a master. I wanted to get rid of the habit, and tried in various ways, and at last I will tell you what hammered it out of me in the Lord's own sweet way. I was the pastor of a church, going around among people where it was not much of a custom to chew tobacco, for it is not near so much the custom for men to chew tobacco in the North as in the South. In the South we all chew. There is where I learned. I was at Chicago, and the pastor of a little flock there, and when I came into a lady's house, and was squirting my tobacco juice into the fire place or out of the window, and when her son came in the room I could see the uneasy restless look of the woman. She wanted to keep her boy from that habit, and there was her pastor setting the disgusting example, and appearing to enjoy it just as a sheep would enjoy chewing its cud; as if saying, "I have got something good; why don't you chew." That poor woman would just as soon have had

a wild animal in her parlor. I saw it. I said, "Oh, Lord, what shall I do about this? I can't quit it." Then I argued with myself, and I said, "Oh, well, what is the harm; It is an enjoyment. Some people like coffee or tea, and I like tobacco, and that is all right; and some people like dress, and I like tobacco, and why shouldn't we have our likes." But that argument was scattered to the wind when I read in the second chapter of Titus, "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works." I said, Well, George, you may just argue as much as you like, but you know as well as you know your name is George Barnes, that you are not a pattern in all things. You are not a pattern on the subject of tobacco; and one day I said, "Oh, Lord, you are talking to me—for God's words are always the still small voice, and I put the tobacco in his hands, and I have never seen it since. I have no more taste for it. That abominable filthy habit was perfectly cured. I agree with Moody, that a man may be a Christian and chew tobacco—that is a "dirty Christian." I believe this word of the blessed God is the water that washes you, and you will find then that all uncleanness will be taken away; all your bad habits and bad ways if you will submit yourself thoroughly. "Now, ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you." Yes, indeed, by his own will he cleanses us, by that same sweet precious word of truth. I am so glad. That cleansing process shall go on as long as I live. Everything that I find out is displeasing to the Heavenly Father, the blessed Word of God makes me aware of what it is, and just sweeps it out, just as water which is a proper emblem is used in cleansing the dirt from my face. There is clean water, and I take up that water and rub my face with it, and now my face is clean and the water is dirty, and I throw the water out. My face is cleansed—cleansed by displacement. So the

sweet Word of God comes and abides in your heart. "If my Word abide in you," says Jesus, "ye shall bring forth much fruit," and the devil's filth has got to go because there is not room for the two—cleansed by the washing of the water by the Word. Do you believe in salvation by water? Do you believe that Jesus Christ loved his church and gave himself for it that he might wash, cleanse and sanctify it with the washing of the water by the Word? Oh, blessed, blessed living Word. May that sweet written Word, that precious Word of God, cleanse us from all filthiness of the flesh and of the Spirit, making us perfect in the fear of the Lord. Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God—sister, my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may know what you are baptised for.

QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO SOLOMON.

[1st Kings, 10th Chapter.]

"The Queen of the South shall rise up in judgment and condemn this generation, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here." That is to say, she "believed the report;" it was but a straggling report, from some assertions, perhaps, of the wonderful wealth, the wonderful wisdom, the glorious house that Solomon had built; it was a straggling report from strangers that had come down into Ethiopia to trade, perhaps in ivory or some such commodity; but it just struck a want in her heart. She gathered up that immense train of camels with all those costly presents of gold. As it written, she gave a hundred and twenty talents of gold to Solomon. Multiply twenty-seven thousand dollars by a hundred and twenty and you have the amount of gold that she gave to Solomon. Then there never was such spices seen in all that country as the Queen of Sheba brought to Solomon. She made all this costly preparation, and came all the way from the uttermost parts of the earth. Ah, this elect lady, as John would have called her, came from the uttermost parts of the earth. Elect lady means a lady who chooses to come to Jesus; that is what makes her an elect lady, because she chooses to come and see for herself. She banked on a very small capital. She heard a report, and she heard it to some purpose. Dear friends

remember that where she lived, Sheba, was the country of Ham the accursed; remember that, and his race peopled the land. She came therefore of an accursed race. She lived in the land of darkness, for Ethiopia means darkness, and she was the Queen of this land, but out of this benighted country came this elect lady on a simple report, that is all—a rumor that had reached her ears, and following up that with a faith something like Naaman of old, who heard the report from a little maid that waited upon his wife, just a simple prattling child, "there is a prophet in the land of Israel that can cure leprosy;" that was a very small thing for a wise man like Naaman to listen to, and start on such a great journey with such a great train as he had; but, my friends, there is where lies salvation; it is hearing the report. It is the mistake of great numbers of our fellows that they will not come to Jesus until they know everything, until they feel everything, until they experience everything. Some men will not come unless they thoroughly feel that they are willing to give up everything for Jesus. Some will not come unless they feel what they call a change of heart, as perfect a contradiction as ever was heard of. There is no such thing as feeling the change of heart. My friends, you may feel the results of a change of heart in the actions, in the outside life, but you cannot feel a change of heart. Some will not come unless they feel sure that they are going to stick after they come. That is to say, I will not put my foot in the ferry boat until I get across the river; that is to say I will not put my foot in the stirrup until I get at home, five miles off. That is current, and it passes for sound logic in these shallow days, when men are easily duped by the devil. I will not put my foot in any ferryboat until I cross the river; I will not come to Jesus until I feel a change of heart, until I am thoroughly persuaded that after I come I will

stay; until I am thoroughly persuaded that I know what I am doing. I will not take a leap in the dark; no, no, I will examine into this matter; I will carefully ponder it, and pray over it if you like, and when I am thoroughly persuaded, and have gone through the Bible, and tested all the doubtful points, then I will come. In the meantime you die and are damned. How many have missed salvation who tarried in the land of darkness, waiting for a feeling they never could realize? Let us take warning from the Queen of Sheba. She will rise up in judgment to condemn millions even of those who had learnt the little adage that "Hell is paved with good intentions." She took the right course. She did not wait to hear the whole; she did not believe half she heard; for she said so to Solomon; "I did not believe what I heard." She certainly believed it up to a certain point. She believed it enough to make up a train; believed it enough to put a hundred and twenty talents of gold for a present to this mighty monarch, and skim her good fine spices, and bring the like of which had never been seen in that country; but she did not believe the half she heard; no, my friends, nor does God ask us to believe the half we hear; he just asks us to come to Jesus. He does not ask us to know more than we do, but he asks us to act promptly on what we do know. The great majority of the damned are so damned because they did not act upon what they knew. They waited for something that they did not know, waited for something that never came; thank God, our sweet elect lady did act on what she knew. She came from the accursed race, the most unlikely people to be saved in the world. She did not believe the half of the imperfect story that she listened to, but she heard enough to make her determine to come; and that is salvation. Salvation is not knowing much, that is, of things that accompany salvation.

That is higher life, to grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; that is life more abundantly; that is the saint's prerogative. The sinner has got nothing to do with that, but just to come on the bare report, just as Naaman came all the way from the land of Syria, to the land of Israel with a great train, on the simple testimony of a little curly headed thing about seven or eight years old. There was a little maid of the land of Israel—a little maid. God takes the trouble to put in the adjective. There was a little maid of the land of Israel, waiting on Naaman's wife, and she said "would to God my master was in Samaria, for there is a prophet that can cure it," that is all. Ah, my friends, people call a man a fool that will go upon such a little thing as that; God calls him wise, for I need not remind you that man's wisdom is God's folly, and God's wisdom is man's folly. As high as the heavens are above the earth so are God's thoughts above man's thoughts. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts at all. There is heavenly wisdom in the man who acts on what he knows. Naaman did not know much, only knew what the little girl had told him; but he said, "That is enough, and I will go on what I do know." And he went and got cured. So this dear elect lady, hearing straggling reports and not believing the half she heard, said, "I will go and see" more; and she came and sat at the feet of Jesus or Solomon. Never mind all her blunders, for she made the common blunder of sinners. She brought a train with her that was quite useless, for everything that she brought to Solomon, do you know she carried back. There are two accounts of the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and if you will read the 9th Chapter of the 1st Chronicles, you will find just a little item there that is of infinite importance that is left out in the 10th Chapter of 1st Kings, and really it is the back bone of the

whole thing, and yet as God's most blessed things are often down in a single sentence, the careless reader is apt to overlook it. Read just where she turned and went.

"King Solomon gave to the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatever she asked, beside that which she had brought unto the king," that is to say he gave her back all that she brought; that testimony was to go to the uttermost ends of the earth. He had more gold than he could waste. It was as plenty as the dirt in the streets. My dear sister, it was very kind in you, you came from the uttermost ends of the earth, take it, and let me pile another hundred and twenty talents on that; and he gave her all she asked besides what he gave her of his royal bounty, all that he could think of, and piled on top of that everything that she brought, the magnificent spices and the gold, and she took them all back on her camels, and in fact she went back with a bigger train than she started with; went back with her own train beside the royal bounty of King Solomon. I would like to have seen that train of camels. What a train it was. King Solomon's bounty added to all her riches; and she was as rich as Crœsus. Dear friends, she made the common blunder of humanity, for she brought her whole train with her. She was like poor Naaman, who reasoned after this worldly fashion: "If am to get a great cure I shall have to pay a great price for it." That would pass for sound logic by those who submit to the treatment of quacks. You seldom hear of doctors that prescribe for nothing; no, indeed, they are in a ring to charge so much a visit, and if one is found charging under the fixed scale of prices, he is liable to be thrown out of the regular profession. The majority of doctors are like some hotels I have lived in—they are all bill. Whether they kill you or whether they cure you, it is all bill. There is only one doctor that never charges anything; that is our

Jesus. That is the reason I practice gratis. So you must not blame people if they come expecting to pay a great doctor's bill. I do not quarrel with Naaman nor the queen of Sheba, because I have done the same thing myself. We have all done it, poor silly fools that we are. That is only part of our ignorance, and the Lord gently, lovingly overlooks and dismisses it, saying, dear child, that is all useless. We bring our prayers and the Lord says, I do not need that, it is useless. We bring our tears, and the Lord says that is useless, I have no use for anything of the kind. I give what I have got. You cannot get it out of me by wrenching open a clenched hand, for there is no clenched hand. It is backed by a loving heart. You cannot move my heart to pity by all the tears you can shed, because it is moved already, and all your promises to do better have nothing to do with my salvation, because I save you, not because you are going to do better, because you have done nothing but bad, and your promises, therefore, go for nothing. Dear Queen of Sheba, remember I am a giver, not a receiver. Dear sinner, remember there are two places, and it is far better to give than to receive, and I must have the better place. You do not want me to be put off of my throne and to get in it yourself, do you? It is better, as God says in his book, to give than to receive, and the Lord must have the better place. If there is one thing that is emphasised from Genesis to Revelation, it is this, that God is the giver and never the receiver. Even when he seems to receive things, of his own has he received; of thine own have I given thee; that is not much of a gift. If I give a man back a little of the bushels that he has given me, that is not a square gift, but the Lord Jesus "'tends like it is a gift," as we say when we are children; the Lord "'tends like" he is getting something from us all the time we are giving back a penny of the millions of dollars he has

given us. Of thine own do we give thee ; of his fullness we all receive, and then, when we poor feeble vessels are so full we cannot hold any more, we give back the overflow to the blessed God. It is all very loving, my friends, but don't you be puffed out with the idea that you ever give God anything. In him we live and move and have our being. He is evermore the giver and we the receiver ; let us learn that. And so our dear Queen of Sheba made the common blunder of humanity, and Solomon received it all ; and I dare say our poor prayers—(the Lord looks pitifully on us, and on the tears we shed, he looks down pitifully on us). While they do not please him, they move him to tender pity, and so dear friends, he gives without money and without price ; that is his character. He does not cast our prayers back into our teeth. I would not have you think he ever does anything unkind, but just hands them back with a gentle, shy pity. Solomon said to the Queen of Sheba, I will fill you up for life ; I will surely give you back all you have brought me. I know these gifts which you have brought from Ethiopia must have been a great drain upon your treasury ; well, I will give you enough to make it overflow for the rest of your life ; and so he gave her of his royal bounty, beside all that she had brought him. What a royal king he is, what a royal giver he is. Ah, brethren, the crime of humanity to-day is that they will not receive it. God is always trying to give us something, to give us the best ; always holding out his gold refined in the furnace. His hands are always full of it, backed by a loving heart. Oh, if sinners would but take Jesus as a Saviour ; if saints would only take Jesus as a sanctifier, what a happy world, what a glorious church we would be ; but ah, the poor, shriveled, withered, tottering thing we call the church to-day, is content to pick

up a few crumbs that fall from the overflowing bounty of God, while the full measure of his love held out to them with loving hands is passed by. They get a blessing, but it is the mere scintillation of that fullness of which a loving God is ever inviting them to partake. Oh, that the church would open her mouth wide. Oh, that Christians would open their mouths wide, and receive the sweet blessings procured for them by our loving Saviour. Anybody can open his mouth if he will. You can bring a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Stick his nose down, and he may snort and blow, but you can't make him drink. Oh, brother, there is a spring of life flowing freely—no bottom. What is its depth? No measure. What is its width? No end. What is its capacity? No end to its capacity and height. That is the saddest thing in this wide world; not that there is sin in it—that is bad enough—but that is not the saddest thing of this sad world; but it is because where grace so much more abounds men will not have grace. That is the condemnation, says Jesus himself, in his own dear words; this is the condemnation, because light has entered into the world, light such as the glorious Son gives, flooding everything, but men will not come to the light. They will shut themselves up close and draw up the blinds and close the curtains, and will not admit save a little struggling beam, that hardly serves to render the darkness visible. Pity. Well, our Queen of Sheba came—this dear elect lady—came on what she knew, not waiting till she knew more, not believing half she had heard, she came to prove Solomon, for she had heard of the wisdom of Solomon touching the name of the Lord. Whenever you mention the name of the Lord, that strikes a chord in every human heart that is bound to vibrate until you unmake yourself. You can no more fail to vibrate that chord in the human

heart, dear friends, than you can unmake yourselves. It is a part of your very being. The name of the Lord will always strike that chord. It was not so much to hear about his wealth, but it was to hear about his wisdom touching the name of the Lord, for whatever we may deny—and we may deny it as Col. Ingersoll has done—but I will tell you, the name of the Lord vibrates in that poor heart of his just as much as it does in mine. I have got other chords that vibrate to other touches, but he has that chord, and it will never cease vibrating until the day of grace is past.

She wants to know something about the name of the Lord; so she comes to him and proves him with hard questions. Oh, my friends, we know some of these hard questions; they are hard for a sinner to answer. The hearse goes by your door every day. It will take you, how soon I cannot tell. The allotted age of man is three-score years and ten. Very few, however, live that long. Most people never reach it. A few, by reason of strength, continue to four score, but sooner or later we are cut off and fly away. Where are you going to fly to? There is a law as certain as the law of gravitation that governs your flight. You are going to fly somewhere. Ah, brother, you are going to take angel's wings, or you are going to fly down to the region of darkness. Where are you flying to? You have got to go somewhere; you cannot help yourself. You say you are going nowhere. The moment you say that, that little chord commences vibrating, and says, "You lie, and you know you lie." That is all I say to any man that says the contrary, "You lie, and you know you lie." It does not matter whether it is Col. Ingersoll, Paine, Rousseau or Voltaire; for the minute he says you are going nowhere, he touches that chord that God has put within you—he touches it with his own finger, and all the men in the world, if they were to

get down on their knees, never could convince me to the contrary, because I know how God has made me, and I know what he says in his blessed Word. The answer to it may be curses and blasphemy; the answer to it may be, "I do not believe in hell," but, my friends, that little chord goes on vibrating until it is snapped and broken, goes on vibrating, and says, "You are a liar, and you know you are a liar."

Ah, my friends, these hard questions come up whether you want to have them come up or not. We drive them from the door, but they come back on us in the quiet of the night. I do not envy any man who has these hard questions thundering at his door by day and night. They were as hard in my life as they were in any life, but I proved my Solomon with these hard questions. I came and asked him, what about this? And he said, this about that, and that settled it; and there are now no more hard questions for me. I have no mysterious providences. Mysterious providences took wing in my life five years ago, the 25th of August, 1876, and although I have gone through various experiences since then, to God's sweet grace be it spoken, I have never had a mysterious providence. It is all as clear as daylight, for if you walk in the light you never can have mysterious providences. They never can come into that charmed circle where the soul walks with God. It is given for you to know where it comes from. There stands the giver. While you are out in the darkness he could not give it, but when you go into the light then it is given to you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. So, dear friends, if you have got any mysterious questions, any hard questions, you come to Jesus, and he will answer them all, and truly. Come if you have any mysterious providences in your life, and I would be willing to lose my crown if Jesus Christ does not make

them all as clear as sunlight can make them. I cannot go any further than that. All that I have is my salvation and crown, and if I am willing to risk everything—no, there is no risk. Come, my brother, into the presence of Solomon. That is what you need. Come into Solomon's presence. His name is peaceable. That is the meaning of Solomon; come unto me and I will give you rest. You shall never have an unanswered question in my presence. "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and you shall find rest unto your souls." The second rest is more glorious than the first, in knowing that sin is past and that God has not only forgiven, but forgotten, as it is written, "thy sins and thy iniquities will I remember no more," but sweeter far than that is when we find "his yoke is easy and his burden is light, and you shall find rest unto your souls." How sweetly the Lord tells all out in this little story.

She asked the Lord all the questions that were in her heart, and then Solomon told her all that was in her heart, and afterwards all that was in his heart. There is a wonderful difference between those two. I have got a poor, narrow, circumscribed limitation of views, but the Lord knows everything. When you go to him he will tell you all there is in your poor little, pent up heart, and then he will tell you what there is in his great, expanded, glorious heart. Ah, my friends, the glory of the second is greater than the glory of the first, for when the Queen of Sheba had seen all the wisdom of Solomon, and the house which he had built and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel and his cupbearers and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord—how many is that—seven of course. It is the Lord's number that belongs to him. How many things did she see? She saw all that the Lord has, and he has got but

seven things. You can just class them all under seven heads. That is what the Lord does, beloved. When she had seen that, then there was no more spirit left in her. The Queen of Sheba was dead and buried and resurrected. There was no more spirit left in her. Well, the body without the spirit is dead. There was no more of the Queen of Sheba's spirit left in her, that is, she was dead; but then she had something a great deal better. The spirit of God was in her. As soon as the spirit of the Queen of Sheba was out of her the spirit of God filled up the place for it. Remember the first touch of the Holy Spirit is not the filling touch, it is the sealing touch, but there is lots of the Queen of Sheba left there, and lots of John and Mary and Martha, lots of all of them; but there comes a time when there comes a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and it fills the house where you are sitting so that there is no room for anything else, as God filled the temple, so that there was not room for the ministers left to stand. There was no more spirit left in her. All she could do was to say, "The half was never told." All the report that I heard I did not believe until I came, and now I see you. Ah, brethren, there is such a thing as walking by sight, there is indeed. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." I know they shall see him up yonder. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I know when Jesus comes that we shall walk then by sight. Now it is simply by faith we know Jesus is here. I do not feel him there on the right hand, or on the left; these poor hands cannot touch him, but he is here. He has been consciously present with me for five years and a half. I have never missed him during that time; even when I went to sleep my heart was watching for him. Do I want a book of evidences to prove that there is such a thing as the Son of God? Do you want a book of evidences to prove that the

sun is shining? All you have got to do is to open your eyes, and there it is. Ah, brethren, "mine eye hath seen you." Job heard the doctrine that his fathers had taught him, that God killed his children and took away his property and all that. That is the story I heard from my father and he heard it of his father, and so on. I do not know where the devil started it. Oh, my dear Lord, you never touch me. I see now behind the curtain the devil has done it all, and good Lord, to think that I was willing to lay it on you. The minute Job cried I am vile, Job was dead, was dead and buried out of sight. There was nothing left but God and God's love. He cannot be anything but love. Ah, my friends, if we would stop this twilight seeing of God, this looking at God through the loathsome works of the Devil, and read him in his true character we should find that he is love. Of course, we get these twilight glimpses at the first; there is first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear; and all I ask of you is to follow on and know the Lord yourself.

Now, I have not time—I wish I had—to touch upon those seven points. When she saw the wisdom of Solomon—that is the first thing. Wisdom means knowledge of God, wisdom in chemistry means knowing chemistry, wisdom in production means knowing farming. If you are not a wise and knowing farmer you will have all sorts of farming on your farm.

The first thing I need is the first thing I get. I want to know God; down comes my blessed Savior in a form I can handle and touch and talk to, and brings God before me. Indeed, he is God manifest, not hidden, but manifest in the flesh. God in the spirit I cannot touch and speak to; but oh, friends, God manifest in the flesh so that these short arms can embrace him and can walk with him, and talk with him,

and sleep with him, and live with him, and eat with him as his disciples did, just as much now as they did. That is the first need. I know God, he knows me, known to me in the person of his Son; that is the first necessity of my soul. Then what? I must know not only something about God but something about the house; so the second thing she saw was the house that God built. The house that God builds, dear friends, in the heavens, not made with hands. This is manifested and revealed by the fact that God dwells within us, and then showing us we are all living stones constituting the everlasting temple, "magnifical" in the extreme, that is to be glorious in all the generations that are to come, the house that God lives in by which he is to be known in the everlasting ages just as a man is known by the house he lives in. Don't you know that Jesus Christ is to be admired, why, on account of the glory and beauty that he puts upon us. So the second thing, that is our destiny. The first is wisdom. What I need to know of God, that is the first necessity. The second is like unto the first, what am I to know of myself. Ah, brother that shall be the dwelling place of God; you cannot go higher than that part of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; that is the second thing.

Now, after I am at peace about what God is, and have wisdom of God, and have wisdom about myself, and the house that God is going to build, then I am at rest about God and myself. Then I am at liberty to go and look into the details. The next thing touched is the meat of his table. Ah, that blessed Jesus that is to be admired in me is the meat of my life. First the manna, when I didn't know better, then the pomegranates and the figs, and the grapes so big it takes two men to carry one bunch. Oh, bless you, that is better than the wilderness—and the green

grass and the flowing waters. First manna. It is good in its place. That is what you get in the wilderness, but bless your life, when you come into the land of Canaan you do not eat manna any more. I have not eaten manna for five years and a half. Praise God my food that comes down from heaven now is pomegranates and figs and oranges and grapes with bunches big enough to take two men to carry one, and I am sitting under my own vine and fig tree.

And so when she saw the meat of his table—that is the thing that Christ is to me in the way of refreshment and food all along life's path. And so I am to know the sitting of his servants. His servants are his ministers to do his pleasure. They are the ministers to wait on you that are the heirs of salvation, and bear you up in their hands lest at any time you dash your foot against a stone, for the devil has put these cobble stones all along the way for you to stumble over. I was always stumbling on some stone or other when I was in the 7th of Romans. Those messengers or angels of his—those servants, the moment he says go and take care of George, they fly as swift as the morning light to aid me. He gives his angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways. Oh, brother, I have not grazed my boot over one of the devil's stones since the 25th of August, 1876, praise the Lord. He has given his angels charge over me. I love to think of the sitting of his servants. There they sit around him swift to do his will ; the angels who exalt in strength, who can come like a flash in the morning light from heaven to the earth to help out a poor creature like me fighting with my back to the rock.

And so she saw the sitting of his servants, and then saw the attendance of his ministers and their apparel. I think that carries us on, beloved, to the time when the church of the first-born shall attend to the administration of his king-

dom ; for you see the few that are chosen are to be in such a glorious place, those who escape the tribulation. The church of the first-born always implies that the other is the church of the latter-born. The church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven. Ah, there are his ministers. Their apparel is glorious. It is like to the blessed form of the Son of God, for our vile bodies shall be fashioned like to his glorious body. I do not dare to say that the 7th of Romans Christians will get there. Many are called, but few are chosen. Not all shall go up with him, as I have told you again and again. I want to be in the church of the first-born and go up with my Savior, I am going to be ; all I have got to do is to keep light enough to fly. There is nothing that weighs me down. The ministers, remember, are of the church of the first-born ; that is the head executive department in the glorious administration. Remember that when the world is swarming with the sons of darkness, and hell on earth is going on there we will be in glory. Ah, we will sing the praises unto God in that day. There is a germ of truth in the doctrine of the invocation of the saints. Rome never cut that out of whole cloth. You never heard of a false doctrine that didn't have a grain of truth in it. There is a mountain of chaff in it, but the invocation of the saints is a true doctrine, which you will see come true in the days of darkness, when we who are in glory, the church of the first-born, the ministers that carry out His executive will, when we shall bear in our hands the incense, which are the prayers of the saints. Now we have one great high priest. We shall see not as you see things, but we shall see what no tongue can tell, no thought can comprehend. She saw not only the sitting of his servants, but the attendance of his ministers and their apparel and his cup-bearers, and the ascent by which he went up into the

house of the Lord—now we are in the house of the Lord. Down here my body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, but, brother, that is only a rehearsal, that is only a foretaste of the day when we all shall be living stones. We shall have to go up for that. We shall be living stones in the house not made with hands, not eternal on earth, but eternal in the heavens.

Whose house are you ? Ah, brother, the ascent by which we go up into the house of the Lord ; do you know what it is ? One of these days or nights I shall hear a sound that I shall know just as well as I know the voice of my dear daughter. I shall hear the sound of triumph from heaven that will say, I have come for you ; and I shall spring up with such joyful alacrity as I shall bound to meet my Lord in the air. That is the ascent by which I shall go up into the house of the Lord. One of these days I shall go up to be with him where he is.

I have skipped one. The devil himself wants me to skip that. Let us go back to number six. I know that is one of the sweetest lessons that the Lord does not want us to miss for one single instant, because that is in connection with all this glory. How is it to be obtained, and how does it come to us. Ah, my brethren, it has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. How is the drink borne over the desert ? By the rough camels. I am one of them ; I am one of those ships of the desert, one of those camels. It has pleased God to commit the treasure still to earthen vessels ; and the cup-bearers of our blessed Solomon are those who present the new wine—not this old devil's drink that will make you drunk, but new wine that "cheereth the heart of God and man." I know you would not like the taste of it at all, for no one that has drunk old wine desires new, but after you once get the taste of the

new you could no more go back to the old than you could fly to the moon. If the new wine does not taste right your taste has been vitiated, you have been drinking strong drink. Fermented drink comes from the devil straight, for you never get anything that will make you drunk unless you get it through corruption, and all corruption comes from the devil; so I consign all these debasing things right where they belong, to the devil. Jesus Christ never made a glass of wine that would make a man drunk. He made new wine—sweet new wine of the gospel, exactly the wine that I am going to drink with him, none of your old intoxicating devil's potions, but new, with him in my father's kingdom. Remember, my friends, remember the cup-bearers. As God shall give me utterance, as much as in me lies I am going to bear to you new wine of the gospel. I wish that more would drink it. I will bring it to those who will take it.

Oh, brethren, let this sweet lesson of love sink into your hearts. Let his dear message just come in as an ocean tide and fill you up. Just open your mouth a little wider. That is what God says, open it wide and I will fill it. Your part is to open your mouth; his part is to fill it. God bless you.

THE OLD AND NEW CREATIONS.

[Genesis, 1st Chapter.]

I do not think any one can thoughtfully read the New Testament Scriptures without discovering that Paul, James and Peter, and the rest of them, found a great deal more in the Old Testament Scriptures than we are in the habit of finding. If you will just look at any concordance, or at any modern version of the Scriptures that has the different passages that are referred to in the Old Testament drawn out in full, you will be astonished, my friends, to find the use that the Lord made of the Old Testament Scriptures in the writing of the New Testament. The same truths are there, but the one part illustrates the other. Why, the old Latin father discovered this fifteen hundred years ago when he wrote in a sort of Latin doggerel :

"Vetere Testamento novem latet ;
Novo Testamento vetus patet."

That is, "In the Old Testament the New lies hid ; in the New Testament, the Old is unfolded." They are mutually dependent upon each other. We cannot understand the New Testament without understanding the Old, and *vice versa.* So you see this carrying the New Testament around in one's pocket is a poor thing. Let us take the whole Bible. We have got plenty of New Testament Christians in Kentucky, and if there is one character I will run from quicker than another it is a New Testament Christian. I don't know by what strategy the man gets in by taking the

New Testament. It is only one-fourth of the Scriptures ; and the man that neglects the other three fourths will be a narrow-minded Christian, a one-sided Christian. I am so glad that in these days the Lord is calling attention to this fact, that the whole Bible is dictated by the spirit of God. There is not a chapter in the whole Bible that begins to have as much Jesus in it as this first chapter of Genesis. There is nothing in the Bible but what you have got a germ of it here, and that must needs be so ; for it gives an account of the old creation ; and the old creation is an exact and perfect type of the new. As it is written by Paul, speaking by the Holy Ghost, " If any man is in Christ Jesus, he is a new creation." Not a new creature. You cannot understand the new creation until you understand the old. That throws us right back on God's account of the creation right in the first chapter of Genesis. There you will find the whole of every step of the divine life of the soul of man. Our name, Genesis, means beginning—that is to say, the beginning of everything is here—the germ of everything.

As the Lord shall give me utterance and grace to tell it out to you, dear friends, I want to show you what I may have learned, be that little or much, in this first chapter of Genesis, and how exactly it goes over the progressive steps in the divine salvation. Let us always remember that salvation is progressive. God begins with a small thing and goes to the great thing. That is the exact and perfect order of the new creation, that it never varies for one single moment. God did not make the world in a day ; he made it in six days, and rested on the seventh day. He advanced from the minor point in the creation up to the perfected features of it ; and then, dear friends, there is another thing I want you to notice ; this development marked every day in its turn, each day in its place, from evening to morning—

that is from darkness to light; from the small to the great, from the insignificant to the glorious, God's creation. in all its details, was marked by just this same rule—from the small to the great; from darkness to light. Now, that is not according to man's idea at all, but it is God's fact, my friends, and I would you could all understand it; just for the lack of understanding that how many a person is made miserable. I have known some dear children of God a week old that were distressed because they were not as good as people that had been living in the light of Jesus' countenance for twenty-five years. That is nonsense. You might as well have a child crying because it has not a beard and a full set of teeth. God never ordained that a baby should be born with a mouth full of teeth. It does not need teeth. When it gets old enough to need teeth it will get teeth, all in God's time; and so if a child would sit down and weep because it cannot do what its father can do, what folly it would be. I remember when I was a little fellow, I could not have been over five years old, for mother had just got me into pot-hooks in writing, and it was an awful thing for me to learn to write. She set a very nice copy, but my marks would not stand up straight like hers, and there I was scratching away for dear life, and grinding my teeth; and, every mark I made, moving my lips and eyes, and sweating over it as if I was splitting rails, making those simple marks or pot-hooks that my mother had set me; and when I was in the agony I stood beside my father, who was writing a letter very rapidly. To this day I can remember how my heart sank within me as I saw his hand gliding rapidly over the paper, and I said, "Oh, dear! I shall never learn to write; I never shall." I was ready to cry. I was only a foolish little child, dear friends. I lived to write a better hand,

write faster, do anything connected with penmanship twenty times better than father could. If I had only then thought a moment—you silly, foolish little child, stop your repining, and wait until you get older, and it will all come right. Before I had got well into the pot-hooks I wanted to be writing as fast as father wrote; and I have seen lots of Christians that make themselves miserable on just the same ground. I see it in every department; I see it especially in the "life more abundantly." Do you know there are more people repining in the life of holiness on this ground than any other, because they do not have everything, and feel everything, and own everything, and experience everything all at once; and the devil is getting them down into the dumps over it, because they do not get along faster. Now, dear friends, I do not believe in never being happy unless you are miserable. Some people have a happiness that consists in being miserable over it; but I do not want to be that way. I do not want to be worrying myself about what I am not, or about what I have not; and, dear friends, since I have learned the lesson of the new creation, as seen in the old, that the Lord has made the world in six days, and makes a saint in six typical days, I am not going to worry myself if I find myself in the second, or third, or fourth day, because I am not in a fifth or sixth. But I am going to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." There is happiness for you; there is rest. I do not mean to say that we are to be conscious of living in a mean condition, conscious of displeasing God. I am not talking about that, but I am talking about a soul yielded into the dear hand of the Lord, thoroughly, constantly, to be carried on just as the Lord wants to carry you on, and after that the constant care of the soul should be, "By the grace of God I am what I am." I have

learned, in whatever condition I am, therefore, to be content. Do you know that godliness with contentment is great gain. I have seen lots of it with discontent. I see very rarely godliness with contentment. Better than any other one thing is this, to be godly and be satisfied with the measure you have, going on not always stretching yourself above your measure; that is what Paul is warning us against continually. A child might as well try to fill up his father's boots as for a young Christian to try to live like an old Christian. He cannot do it. "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child." "When I became a man I put away childish things." There are few things more painful than to see a child with the manners of a grown person; there is only one thing more painful, and that is to see a grown person with the manners of a child. Be perfectly natural, just what you are. When you are a child, act like a child; when you are a man, put away childish things. That is the way of God's sweet creation. That is the first lesson God wants us to learn, that God made the world in six days. I am in a passive condition, therefore I am to be content. Guarding that point now, God has never asked you to be content in a condition of meanness, never asked you to be content under those circumstances. God keeps you awake, my friend, if you are doing anything you know to be wrong, or God makes you unhappy when you are living in meanness. My dear friends, it is well for us then if we cannot be content. Never do I want you to be content in anything less than a full surrender to God, but, once having surrendered to the blessed God, do not treat him as if he did not know how to do his work, and go along fretting and repining and hindering your growth. I know lots of good people that are stunting themselves—dwarfing themselves

because they cannot stretch themselves to the measure of somebody else. It is the poorest business in this world, trying to live according to another's measure. It is just like somebody trying to wear somebody else's clothes. They always look awkward. Fill your own clothes. Be just what you are. I could have fretted myself to death as an Evangelist, if I had sat down to fret and whine because I didn't get as many converts as Moody. God taught me this lesson early in my life. I was just as well satisfied when I was getting twenty souls a week as I was when I was getting three hundred souls a week, or five hundred, as was the case in Frankfort. If the Lord has taught me one lesson, it is that of contentment, and I wish I could say something so that you would get some of this same life of godliness with contentment.

Now, dear friends, in this matter of creation let me just point out to you a few preliminary facts before I proceed further, and the first thing I ask your attention to is, that all important fact that "God does everything." It is the backbone of all religion; it is the backbone of God's salvation. The Alleghany Mountains are not more the backbone of the eastern part of this continent, or the Rocky Mountains the backbone of the western part, than this fact I am telling you is the backbone of salvation; and because it is so important God brings it to the front immediately. It is the one thing that we are so slow to learn, and yet that the Lord is so anxious to teach us from the beginning to the end of the Scripture. It is one of the first lessons in the world to be learned by Christians, that God does everything. How do I know he does everything? Because he says so. There is not anything in all that work of creation but what it is said that God did it, God created; God saith, and God made. The first chapter of Genesis should end with the

third verse of the second chapter, for the reason indicated in the structure of the text. In all those verses we have got "God;" it says "God" did this, and "God" did that; and in the fourth verse of the second chapter, we have an entirely different name; and the "Lord God," the "Lord God"—a name we never had once; and that points it out as a division by the hand of God. God, my friends, is *Elohim* in the Hebrew, and the meaning is self-existence—self-absolute; that is the idea. In other words, it is the God who works. Now, when I come to know the "Lord God" I find El-Jehovah. That is God the Lord. Jehovah is the name by which he is known to his covenant people. Every body knows of God. The vilest heathen that ever lives knows about God; but the people of Israel know the Lord God. That is the name he revealed to Moses. That was the name by which he was to make himself known in person to the people he was to get credit from, Lord God, Jehovah; that is the family name you see. That is the Christian name, but now we have got another name which is Elohim, that is the first name. That is the God who does everything. That is the word that is translated God in the first chapter. Then the word Lord God does not tell so much what he did, but what he is. You see the exact order of the discovery of the blessed God in our souls; for you and I know perfectly well that the God that does something is the first God we know; and then after that we find out God as he is; become acquainted with him not by what he has done for us, but by what he is. At first we do not care much for him except for what he does for us. We are like children lying in their mother's arms; as long as they can get what they want to eat and drink, and can sleep with somebody holding them, they will lie and smile in the face of their mother. Baby love is a very pretty thing. I do not depreciate it. I love the smile

of an infant, but it is the smile of a little selfish animal, that does not care anything for mama apart from what it gets from mama; does not care any more for its mama than it does for anything else. You poor, silly mother, that think your baby loves you. How long would it love you if it did not get its milk? And so it is with us poor children when we are first born. We smile in our father's face, and have a sort of little selfish love that goes not one inch further than what we can get from him. It is very sweet and very good; the Lord does not despise it. He looks at it as a childish thing. The Lord does not expect any better. When you are children, you think as children, act as children, speak as children, but when you become men you put away childish things. There is a better thing than that—not the God that does, but God as he is. I tell you the truth that I think very little of what he does. Since I have learned Jesus—lying on his breast, and hearing the throbbings of his heart, I think very little about heaven, and the heaven that Jesus has gotten for me. All that style of thinking and praying has gone almost completely out of me, but in its place the Christ my Lord—not Jesus, but Jesus the Christ; not he who does things for me, but him, "who, not having seen, I love, and in whom, though now I see him not, yet believing I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Not for what he has done for me, brethren, but what he is to me, the bride of my soul, the husband of my love, the companion of my life, the joy of my joys, my Jesus all along. I think you understand what I mean; I know some of you do, and I hope the rest of you will find out what I mean. Brother, sister, dear, it is a very sweet thing to be a child, but do not be a child always. God wants progress, God wants development. Dear friends, if I see a child, however lovely it is, if I go away and come back ten years hence, and find it still a child

it turns into the saddest sight that my eyes can look upon ; and the mother who rejoiced in her love over the darling, turns away from it and weeps, and cannot bear to look at it; she says, My God ! I wish the child was dead and in its grave; it is a dwarf ; it will never grow any more. It comes to the age of twenty-one and is about three feet high. It is a monster.

Life in the soul—ah, how many of these little monsters there are. The Church is getting to be a huge collection of dwarfs, monstrosities, children that are always children, children that have the years of a man, and growth of a child. There is not a sadder thing in all this world.

So, brethren, go on and grow ; that is grow in grace and in the knowledge of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and it is to aid in this blessed precious growth that I believe the Lord has given us this old creation as the type of the new. Now, remember this, God does everything ; in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth ; do you know how many times that God is pronounced in the first Chapter of Genesis, including the first three verses of the second : just five times seven, still a multiple of that blessed number of the Lord. I want you to love what the Lord loves. If he finds a divine significance in numbers let us find it there ; and let us be glad to do it ; at any rate it is not by accident that this blessed name of God is given just thirty-five times ; it is given so often as to utterly ruin the thing as a mere rhetorical composition. He gives it in every verse and sometimes twice in a verse. There is not a book in the world but would fall still-born from the press if in the first chapter a name was repeated with such aimlessness apparently as that ; but that is the precious life in the first chapter, because it is filled with what God does—with God who does it all, and that makes my part so easy. If I

have something to do, why then I will have to stir myself, I will have to be on the strain. Ah, yes, but thank God there is nothing like that in the old creation or in the new; for this first lesson that God wants to emphasize in our hearts is this; "whatever is done I do." That is good news. I am glad he does it. I am not going to try to do his work for him. There is nothing in which we succeed so badly, my friends, as in trying to do God's work for him. What mischief it brings to sinner and saint, to the poor man that strives and agonizes and burdens himself, and resolves and re-resolves, breaks off bad vows and avows anew—ah, dismal experience that, trying to do God's work for him. He has told you in the beginning—the first lesson in the new creation as in the old—"I do it all, why don't you let me do it?" Ah, brothers, the second discovery God has emphasized, is not only that God does it all, but there is another little word with three letters in it just like God—do you know what that little word is? It occurs twice seven times, just fourteen times. Do you know what the word is? "Let." That is the second part of salvation. God does it all, and I let him do it all. Oh, the rest! Oh, the joyousness! Oh, the peace of it! Oh, the success of it! Oh, the fruitfulness of it! What do you let him do? Don't hinder him, don't bother him, don't worry him, don't fret him, don't try to help him; let him do it, that is all. To the sinner or the saint God says, let, let, let. He could not say anything but that; that is what he does. When he addresses the earth that is about to bear the marks of his mighty power he never does a thing until he says, let, let, let. And so you see right here in the very beginning, dear friends, are two great, cardinal, fundamental facts, God does it all, and I let him do it.

Can God do it without I let him? Oh, no, God cannot do it without I let him. He is just as dependent upon my letting as I am dependent upon his doing. I speak with perfect reverence. There is not an irreverential thought in my heart. He is just as dependent on you for letting him do it as you are dependent on him for doing it.

Here are the germs, here are the beginnings of all principles, I cannot do anything; God does it all. God cannot let himself do it, you have got to let him do it yourself; and so, beloved, I can see why God should say. "He that believeth hath everlasting life and shall not come unto judgment." I can understand it perfectly; why? Because that is my part. God cannot believe either for me or through me. I believe myself. God cannot repent for me or he would never have told me to repent. God cannot come or he would have never told me to come. He never tells me to do anything but what I can do and do easily. That is the glorious fact of this salvation. It does not matter whether it is before I have been saved or after the work of his salvation, his yoke is easy, his burdens are never grievous. That makes it all plain and simple. I repent because God cannot repent for me. "Jesus Christ is exalted as a Savior to give repentance and remission of sins;" that is perfectly true; and the dear precious Jesus, by his death upon the cross and by his ascension on high, I believe has purchased the whole thing, has purchased my privilege to let him. If it had not been for that, I would have sunk to the lowest depths; but after this is done, I only insult God by saying, "Oh, Lord, teach me how to believe; oh, Lord, help me to believe." He is not going to do it. Let me tell you this, that is the first lesson in the new creation. I know it shocks you. If you are wrong I want to get you right. I do not want you to ask God to help you to believe any more. He

will no more help you to believe than he will ask you to reverently in the presence of the Word of God. I live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, but do not try to put off something on me that man says, and make it binding on my conscience as if God had said it. This sets the poor sinner to crying instead of believing ; sets him to feeling sorry for his sins instead of believing ; sets him to vowing he will do better instead of believing ; sets him to dropping his bad habits instead of believing, to quiting his bad companions instead of believing ; and the devil knows perfectly well he may die any moment and be damned in a single instant; hence he strives to keep you away from Jesus. My beloved friends, anything that keeps a soul away from Jesus one single moment, if it be the reading of the precious Bible—and I love it as well as any of you--though it be the bowing of the knees in holy prayer—and there is not any man that prays more than I do in this house, because I am praying all the time ; it is the breath of my life ; I pray without ceasing, pray walking along the streets—Ah, but I say if prayer keeps you a minute away from Jesus it is the devil's prayer. If reading the Bible keeps you a minute away from Jesus it is the devil's Bible ; if leaving off your bad habits keeps you a minute away from Jesus you are at the devil's work. There is but one thing the Lord asks you to do, and that is to let him save you. That is the whole question. Give me your heart, that is all he asks ; not your love, that is an after consideration—give me your heart. Don't pray ? No ; don't read the Bible ? No ; what does he want ? Give me your heart ; let me save you ; believe on my Son ; confess my Son ; that is all that God ever told a sinner to do. Then why not do it ? What is the use of doing forty things before you do it ? That is the thing that settles the question. Are you going to confess Jesus any-

more after you have prayed two weeks about it or read the Scriptures two weeks? Not a bit. Every step is outward from God; every step is hardening the heart, and if you are saved it is because God sees you do it ignorantly and in unbelief. If man did wilfully what he does ignorantly, we never would have had Jesus. There is no sacrifice for sins, and the man that does such a thing wilfully is insulting God. We do it in ignorance and unbelief. Did you ever backslide? I can tell you the reason. You thought you did something before you came to Jesus; tried to quit swearing. I thought I had quit swearing, and I swore in six weeks like a sailor, after I came to Jesus. I thought I had quit drinking whiskey, and I got as drunk as any man you ever saw nine months after I joined the Church, and I was a backslider for five years. If backsliders are scattered as thick as autumn leaves ninety-nine one-hundredths of them come from trying to do God's work, or asking him to do theirs. You must reap what you have sown. It is irrefutably true of grace as well as of nature. God himself is subject to the laws that he himself has made, and he cannot help it. I am talking about something that affects the whole life. Come to God without trying to do his work. Come to God without asking him to do your work. Walk in the middle way between the faults of our Arminianism and Calvinism, those Scylla and Charybdis on which many a bark has been foundered. So doing, you shall never backslide; and so doing you shall never fall, and an abundant entrance shall be opened unto you into the everlasting kingdom of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The devil is an old practitioner, for he knows how to perplex us, knows how to pervert the simple truths of God's word to the endless confusion of saints as well as sinners.

Ah, my friends, if men had only paid attention to the first Chapter of Genesis; if they had only gone to the germs of things; if they had only pondered the name of God, thirty-five times saying he did everything, and then what? God rested the seventh day and hallowed it, because in it he rested from all that he had created and made. He did it all; he rested from it. If you will just read that verse, the third verse of the second chapter, you will see the thing. I have not quoted it accurately, but, dear friends, you will see the great idea is this: he did everything; he rested because he was the only one that had done any work; and so dear friends, there are two lessons of God. Oh, that they may be written on your hearts; God does it and you let him do it. For many years I tried to be sanctified, until one day I found out that the whole of sanctification, being part of this new creation in which the law never varied for so much as a hair's breadth, was a free gift. I didn't know that. I thought I would have to be giving a little bit myself. But he is the giver of every good gift. Life is not every perfect gift. With him there is no variableness, nor shadow of a turning, not a hair's breadth. He is the giver; he is the doer. When I found that out I was sanctified at once. I said, "Oh, dear Lord, what a discovery that is?" I was sanctified, and have been sanctified ever since? It was five years and a half ago. I do not mean to say I have not made progress. I have made rapid, almost uninterrupted progress since then. But the rule of sanctification is just like the rule of justification; there is first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. I came very near being wrecked on that same rock. Because I was not Harriet W. Smith, I was thrown into despair; and when I found out, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, I grew up like a calf in the stall. We have progression in every detail

in divine life. There is a certain measure of growth even in the justified state. You do not suppose that a Christian, even in the 7th of Romans, does not grow some? He grows like a medicated child; a child that has to be continually taking medicine to keep it in anything like decent health. That is life, of course it is. A lady told me, "Brother Barnes, I have to take a blue pill every Monday morning." Said I, "I am so glad the Lord don't let me take a blue pill every Monday morning. It seems to me if you would trust the Lord and not take a blue pill every Monday morning, you would get along a good deal better." There is such a thing as growth when you take a blue pill every Monday morning; but it is not the right growth. The way to grow is to grow without any medicine. By eating good honest victuals such as God gives you, and do not swallow any devil's mess in order to keep you straight; So, first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. There is progress in the 7th of Romans. You cannot get down in any position in the life of the soul except where you will find that is the order. So it is in the holiness life. There are children in holiness, and there are grown people. They are not all exactly alike. As I have pointed out elsewhere, there are lots of holiness people that have not got power. They say, "Oh, Brother Barnes, I have not got power." Very well, the time has not come. Those dear consecrated disciples waited ten days before the power came. "Tarry, until you are endued with power from on high." Let us understand the law of growth. The evening and the morning were the first day; the evening and the morning were the second day—the third—the fourth—the fifth—the sixth until you come to the seventh; and then there is no evening, praise the Lord; no more darkness at all. I will defy you to find night or darkness in the seventh day. It is all light: and come to that

just as quick as you can. There it is always light. Let us learn the sweet lesson of charity that God teaches us in this; that in growth in grace, at every step, I don't care how small it is, the Lord says it is good. The Lord saw that it was good. There was nothing but the Lord; there was not a fish in the sea, not a bird in the air, not a blade of grass; nothing but light, and rough soil, and bitter waters. I suppose that is not a pleasant thing to look at. The Lord does not look at pleasant things; does not go out, like so many people I have seen, to look at the sun, and say, "Oh, dear, did you ever see such an unsightly spot on that sun. How it does destroy the beauty of that luminary. See, here is a bit of smoked glass; here is a telescope; just look at the spots on the sun—just look at them." That is a very foolish way of looking at the sun. The better way is to let the dear light of God come into your eyes. That is the way we ought to look at Christians, instead of picking out their faults; the faults of our neighbors form the staple of conversation. "Oh, she is such a sweet, lovely Christian; does so much good. She is so very earnest, and so very faithful; but"—and back of that *but* almost anything will come up; and by the time they get through, after you get the other side of that *but*, the whole beautiful character is torn in pieces. Mercy, what a world this is. Ah, brethren, let us learn a lesson from God. I know so many blessed Christians, and I want to lay it to your own soul. I have not got entirely over the habit of picking flaws in my neighbor's coat. I have not got over the bad habit of looking at spots in the sun. The Lord is getting me out of it. I am satisfied with the progress I am making; and I am going to beat the devil on that spot question; and I speak this for myself, as well as I do for you. Speak evil of no man, and it would abridge

talk. There would be such a silence in the world as never was heard of. It would sound as if the whole world had gone to a funeral. Speak evil of no man; have no buts in your conversation.

And God saw the light that it was good. So, if whenever you meet anybody or think about anybody, if you have got anything sweet to say, be sure to get that out; but if you have not got anything good to say about them, hold your tongue; never say a single word. Speak evil of no man; it does not matter how much evil they do, do not speak evil of them. God saw the light that it was good. You see a vine with mellow clusters of beautiful grapes; they give a good smell, but they are sour enough to make a pig squeal, but you need not say that. You can say, Vines, your tender grapes give a good smell. Stop right there. You need not go any further. The Lord does not ask you to go any further. And God saw the light that it was good, God saw the firmament that it was good, and God saw the dry land that it was good, and by and by, as everything was completed, it was all good. God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good. That is the last finishing word; then said he, I will take a rest; then the dear God consecrated one day that he set apart, and rested thereon. That is beautiful; God rested from all the work that he had created and made. Whatever difference there is between creating and making, I cannot tell you that, but he rested, as the Bible says, from all—emphasis on all—which he had created and made.

Dear friends, in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; I shall just leave that lesson. God bless the word that he has already spoken.

THE FIRST DAY OF CREATION.

If any man is in Christ Jesus, he is a new creation; that is the foundation of what I have to say about the first day as a type of the beginning of the divine life of God in the soul of man. For the better understanding of this subject, let us first determine, in the light of God's blessed Word, what creation is. It is not something out of nothing. I think that the popular idea or definition of creation is quite excluded by the account of creation itself. We cannot go a step until we find out what creation is, and understand that it is not something out of nothing; I do not know whether God can make something out of nothing or not. If he can he has never told us anything about it. All I know is what he has been pleased to reveal to us. I do not know that there is a necessity for any such thing as that; nor do I pretend to be wise beyond what is written. I am neither going to make nor demolish the Bible. I want to live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, and I certainly know you cannot find anything about God making something out of nothing. I want to show you how erroneous popular ideas are in many cases. The world is full of false ideas. True wisdom, dear friends, is to find out the truth and cleave to that; for, mark you, there is no good in that which is wrong: there is no good in error. Now, God's creation, as far as I understand it, and I think you can see it by the language employed, is not making something out of nothing. In the beginning God created the heavens and

the earth. He does not tell us how he created them or why he created them, or anything about it. Then, the next thing you see is that the earth is without form and void. It is in the Hebrew, *Tohu va bohu*, a queer and singular expression. I would like you to remember, first, God created the heavens and the earth, and then does not say anything about them ; showing there is ruin there, and that the blood of Jesus Christ is just as necessary to cleanse the heavens as the earth; that the heavens are unclean in the sight of God. All we learn of the creation of the heavens is contained in a few obscure, casual hints, which are, nevertheless, sufficient for the well-instructed child of God. Very little is said about the heavens in the Bible, because we have very little to do with them. The Lord satisfies not our curiosity on that subject. When we get there we will find out. In the meanwhile I am particularly concerned with the earth. That is the subject that I am deeply interested in, for I live here. I walk on the earth, and the problems of earth are the things that God wants me to solve. On that subject God gives me full information.

In the first place we have to consider God as the Creator of the earth, and His works are all perfect. In the 45th of Isaiah he expressly declares: "I created not the earth *Tohu va bohu*." He did not create it that way. He created the heavens and the earth, and the man in whose heart the fire of God's love has been kindled feels instinctively that whatever the Creator made was made perfect, and that the *Tohu va bohu* (without form or void) was due to some other cause or agency. God says expressly he did not create it that way ; and I am to live by every word that proceeds out of his mouth. "I created not the earth in vain." That word in "vain" is the very word that is used in the first Genesis—and the earth was without form or *Tohu* (vain).

I take it for granted that God speaks the truth ; that he did not create the earth that way, but that something or somebody made it that way. Then, after knowledge of who the devil is, I find out he was a disturber of all this, and by fair implication, I fix the devilment on exactly the right person. I can find no person except him, on the state of facts presented, that has anything to do with *Tohu va bohu.* I find this king of darkness is the only one who might be expected to bring darkness and confusion on God's creation ; and when I learn that afterwards, when God had restored things, the devil comes into the perfection of paradise and turns everything topsy-turvy, then I am driven back by the irresistible action of my mind to thinking that the devil was the author of *Tohu va bohu.* I do not assert it.

I say it is a fair implication ; as I can find nobody that is the author of devilment except the devil—as I can find nobody that is the author of wickedness and confusion except the devil. Have you heard of anybody else ? But if the devil does this very thing all through the Bible, and is continuing this wretched work every day while I speak, then it is a fair inference that the earth was without form or void, because the devil came in, in some way. God does not tell us how, or why, or whence he came. God created it perfect. The devil comes in and turns it topsy-turvy. This earth is first represented to us as being created by God, and then we are told that it existed in a state of confusion ; darkness was upon the face of the deep. Salt and bitter waters were there, and there was not a dry spot of ground in the world. There was not a blade of grass or a tender flower, not a fish swimming in the sea, not a bird flying in the air, nor man to till the soil, nor four-footed beast, nor a creeping thing ; darkness and the waters covering the great deep. Ah, there was *Tohu va bohu.* No life, for the devil

has the power of death. If there had been life, it was destroyed. There was death, darkness and waste. Do you think God makes things that way? Nonsense, I do not believe that of my God. I stand here on this question, which is now a question in the world, as to whether God is good or not, when God does good things. I stand in the name of God and with these Scriptures to prove it; I say that God never made it that way. God does not make anything bad, never does and never can. As for God, his works are perfect. I know *Tohu va bohu* is not perfect, or he would never have gone to work to try to rectify the whole thing. God therefore comes down in the work of creation, as we call it, and undertakes to show what love, and grace, and power can do on the platform of a previously ruined creation—and that is all the creation I know anything about. That is all the creation that ever I knew anything about. That is all the creation that God explains. As to how God created the heavens and the earth originally, I do not know anything more than you do, and we neither of us know anything, because God has not told us anything about it. All I know is that from his nature and from his name, he created it perfect. How he made it, whether out of nothing, I cannot tell you. All the rest is hypothetical. I will not go beyond the written word; but on that I stand, and I want to be wise up to what is written; not beyond; therefore, creation is not making something out of nothing; creation is restoring what has been ruined. That is what God calls creation, and what we call the work of creation, that went on in six days—the restoration of a previous ruin.

Now, when you come down to the spiritual application of that, you find out exactly what it is. Man ruined in Adam, originally made perfect. How was Adam made perfect?

Because God cannot make anything but what is perfect. Then the devil comes in and ruins him. Then God comes in in grace, and that is the new creation. God comes in in grace and undertakes to show what his love, and grace, and power can do on the basis of a ruined soul. So the old creation and the new correspond exactly.

Friends, let us correct our definitions. Let us learn what the new creation is, as well as the old. Ruin first, perfection second, ruin third, restoration fourth. What God does after anything is ruined, that is creation. And now, as the Lord shall give us light, let us go into this sweet and simple story, in order to find out how God works in your soul and mine. My friends, I have nothing curious to tell you; I only want to bring a lesson down to our every day lives. I have a great ambition to know how God is dealing with my soul and the souls of others. I do want to know the ways of the Lord, because I know to learn his ways, that is true wisdom; and you cannot learn his ways except from the Scripture, and you cannot do it unless you accept the data that God has given you. Now, he calls this work, whatever it is, whether it be of Christ, or of the Holy Spirit, or of the free will of man, he calls that the new creation, and when he utters the word new he points his finger back to the old.

In the Old Testament the new lies hid; go and study the old; there you will find a full explanation of the new. When I get back to the new creation, there God has given me a picture, for a loving, grateful heart. I cannot understand dogmatic statements; they make my head ache; but if you give me the picture to look at, I can just sit down and look at it, and learn something. There is nothing like pictures, friends. Here, then, is the picture —"Darkness broods over the face of the deep"—darkness covers the deep, the great deep. Now, the first verse

in Genesis opens with a full explanation of the difficulties that have beset men's minds for ages, just as I have shown in the previous sermon that if men would believe what God said in the first chapter of Genesis, they have just got the key note of the whole thing. Arminianism in its worst features would have been impossible; Calvinism in its deadliest features would have been impossible, but the holy medium that rejects the very worst of both, and takes what is good in both, would have been established in our hearts long ago. It is because men reject the life of God, that darkness comes on the earth. Light has come into the world, but men love their own notions, and will not accept the light; so I want to show you that in the very first chapter of Genesis, in the very first two verses, we have got the whole theory of salvation just put up before us so simple that if we would only believe it as God has given it to us, just open our mouths and receive it—feed on this spiritual food, the controversies that have filled the thousands of volumes would have been utterly impossible. Now, God says, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. He is the creator. Then the question comes at once, what is the agency that he used in this creation, for we all know that there is an agency of some kind in every work. My dear friends, if you see a good piece of handiwork, you want to see the tool by which it is made. How in the world did you do it? I was looking at a little ship put in a little flat whiskey bottle. Thank God it had a little ship in it instead of whiskey. I wish all whiskey bottles in the world had little ships in them so that you could not get whiskey in them. I said, I would like to see the tool that man used in order to accomplish so delicate a piece of work. That little manipulation could not be done without perfect tools. It was the natural impulse of the

heart, to enquire, "How in the world did you do that?" And to the question of creation God gives an answer. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. There is the author, there is the great Father, there is the great one who produced everything. Well, all right, the Father of creation; we will find him after a while as the Father of redemption. That is the first character we know him by. That is the first thing Jesus came down and revealed to us, the great All Father, the Father of everybody. Well, now, the very first lesson in the old creation is exactly the same thing. We have got the All Father in that sentence. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "How did you do it, Oh, great father of the universe, how did you do it?" Well, said he, I will tell you. "The spirit brooded over the face of the waters, that is the way I did it." That is a great gratification, to know as much as that. That is about all I can know. Do you know the meaning, dear friends, of that word brooded? The idea is plain; you people that have raised chickens know exactly what it is. You have seen the hen shake herself and spread out her feathers until she is as large as possible that she may the better cover the eggs in her nest.

The illustration is homely, but perfect, for that is really the word in the Hebrew; that is the way the spirit did. That is exactly the way the spirit brooded over the face of the deep. I cannot tell you any further than that how it was done. I am just taking God's word for it. I can tell you that an egg will not produce the chicken without the hen sits on it, or you must have something that corresponds to that. Every time she sits on the eggs she sits down so she covers them all; if she does not they will be addled. Beyond that do not ask me any more. That is the wonderful mystery of life. We may bother about the mystery for

ages and never will find out. Your little head and mine cannot contain it, and that is the reason God does not give us the information. If it was of the size to go into your head and mine God would not refuse to give it. He gives us everything that he can give us, but you don't want an idea put into your head that would burst it open like a bombshell. So the good God in his tender mercy withholds from us that which we cannot understand. This is the simple fact in the case, God never, in the old creation or in the new, establishes anything without the blessed glorious, everlasting intervention of the Holy Spirit. That is just the very thing that God teaches in the very first verse of Genesis. And yet you know that there is nothing that has been more fiercely contended for than that of the direct operation of the Lord God on man. There is no worse heresy that I know of in the world, when God has said there is no creation, just as there is no hatching of an egg without incubation, so there is no creation without the blessed spirit. You see he brings men into prominence, but just as he has revealed himself all through, that is the plural number. There is trinity in unity. There you see where the dear God gives the doctrine in the Trinity. In the beginning God—Elohim there is the plural of it, which is, there is only one God—that is our translation, and yet the literal translation is, in the beginning "Gods" created—Elohim—the plural of it; and here we have a doggerel something like my own poetical effort :—

> " Three in one, and one in three,
> And the middle one he died for me."

As a matter of gospel truth it would be impossible to improve on this in the same number of words—we have God——the All Father; God the Blessed Spirit who is the agent in this almighty work of reproduction, regeneration, recrea-

tion and restoration, for the Spirit is the everlasting, constant, perpetual agent. Now, what are the means? Let me see what the Scriptures have to say: "And God said, let there be light." Can you say a thing without pronouncing a word? You cannot do it. You cannot say anything without saying it. There is nothing that is made previous to that word—"and God said." But there you have got the means. There you have got the Word of God. There you have got the third person of the Trinity. There you have the name of the blessed Jesus. In the beginning the Word was with God, and the Word was God. What do you mean by the Word? Why, it is God manifest in the flesh. Who is that? Jesus Christ. So, you have the mystery in the germ, but as clear as God's sunlight can make it—the three persons of the Trinity, the Father, the Spirit, the everlasting Word; and there is no creation without the concurrence of these three. You cannot have it. It is impossible.

The doctrine of the Trinity is the thing that all holy souls hold fast to in the midst of all ignorance. Ah, brother, the thing that the human soul clasps nearest to its heart, the blessed doctrine of the Trinity, is the first thing that God reveals.

Here, then, is the simplicity of the gospel of the grace of God, "In the beginning God created." You have got nothing to do with the power in creating, in restoring; God does it all. The All-father is the one who does it. Very well, then what? Then, the agency is the blessed Spirit. Let him do his work. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, You hear the sound thereof, but you cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." You can see certain effects, but the mightiest tornado or the most destructive cyclone is an incomprehensible mystery. Very well, don't trouble yourself about it. I have had a rested life since I did not

concern myself about things that are too high for me. Do not trouble yourself about the great Creator, and how he produces the spirit of life. The evolutionists may work their brains out if they like, in trying to evolve something out of something else, or something out of nothing. It is a pitiable way to spend a man's life. The way of true wisdom is to just take facts from His Word, for you can understand that. There is something when you get down to the Word that touches me on this point. There is in this creation a point where man and God come together. They do not come together in the mysterious operation of the Holy Spirit, for that will ever remain a mystery. Nicodemus could not explain it any better than you or I. It is a standing mystery to this day. But there is something I can see; that is God manifest in the flesh. There is a point where God can touch me, and I can touch God. There is a point where I can come upon the stage. There is a point where man and God come together in this glorious creation, old and new, and that is the divine Word. Therefore, faith cometh not by the Holy Spirit; not by God the Father, but faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. Ah, brother, this living word teacheth me. The God manifest in the flesh. He is the true nexus between God and man, God over all, blessed forever more, divine-human made in one. Ah, there is where I can touch God and God can touch me in person. There is only one point in all the universe where God can touch me, and that is by His loving Word.

So, brethren, it is written in James, "Of his own will begat he us with the word." And Peter says, "We are born again, not of corruptible things such as silver and gold, but by the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever." Well, Peter, what Word do you mean? Why, this is the Word,

and this is the Word *par excellence.* There are a great many words, but this is *the* Word which by the gospel is preached unto you. Do you know what that word is? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God." I claim Jesus as my Savior. I embrace him in these short arms. He comes into my heart and life. The life I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God. It is no longer I who live but the Son of God. The rest is a mystery profound. I shall understand it when I get to heaven. I cannot tell you how the grass is painted green, and fire is painted red. I can tell you all about it when I get to heaven. In the meanwhile I have these simple facts in creation; everything is dependent upon my hearing and hearing upon the Word of God. Ah, my brother, "Let him that heareth say come." "Hear what the spirit saith unto the churches." He that heareth the Word; he that receiveth—"Faith cometh by hearing, hearing by the Word of God." Not every word, but *the* word *par excellence.* That is, he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ, on the Savior that brings it down to him. Now, I can take it in; I can believe; I can live. I can love an unseen presence. I will believe, praise the Lord, and that is the whole of it; and the very minute you hear the first word then begins the work of restoration; then the work begins that never can be cancelled; then the eternal work of God begins, the moment I hear. "And God said." Whom was he speaking to? Why, dear friends, he was speaking to the earth that was to be restored. Can the earth hear? God speaks to it as if it could hear. "Oh, heavens, give ear." "Oh, earth," you say "it is the language of a hyperbole, it is the language of a metaphor"; call it any language you please; it is something and it means something. God when he says, "Hear," means hear. He does not say taste, does not say

smell, but says, hear. "Hear, O earth, hear, O ye heavens." And then, dear friends, we are taught this blessed mystery that faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God. So God addresses me. That is the first lesson of the new creation. Not what I can do, but what I can hear. Say that I am so dead I cannot reform myself; so dead that I cannot even do the smallest thing without the devil coming in and turning me topsy-turvy—it is not what I can do, but what I can hear; thank God it all comes from that Faith cometh by hearing—not by smelling, not by tasting. not by feeling—Oh, how the devil rings in every sense but that which God ordains. He has brought in everything, and made that the way the sinner is saved—the old liar. He infests every avenue of truth with his soul damning lies, but, faith cometh by hearing, and only by hearing. I am not sure that I have explained it as thoroughly as it lies in my mind, for dear friends, if the thought is at all new to you, you are liable to be confused. While I am talking I can well remember when the true idea of faith "coming by hearing" was first presented to my mind. It just upset me, but it is a good thing to be upset. Dear friends, if you are not set up right, it is a good thing to be upset. The dear Lord went on telling me over and over again, until the mists of a false theology were dissipated, and the truth stood out as clear as daylight. I do not know whether my stammering tongue has given you an inkling of it, but it is very clear in my mind. Just ask Him; sit at the feet of Jesus; live up to what you do know, and God will teach you more. The first effect of a clear, sweet, bubbling, spring, struggling up from the bottom of an old, dead, flag-covered pond, is just to set everything that is slimy and corrupt and filthy afloat; and now lizards go crawling through the grass, and frogs hop, and at first you say, dear me, you had better let the old

thing remain quiet. What have you done? Just set everything that is slimy and creeping to work. Come in a few minutes when they have all floated off or crawled into the mud that they belong to, and it is as clear as crystal. And so it is with these well springs of salvation that God makes to bubble up in the heart. "I will be a well of water." The first effect of a spring is to stir up everything that is muddy. That is the devil trying to fool you. Hold on; give God a little time. Let patience have her perfect work. He will clear all up, and you will have a glorious, fresh reservoir of water instead of an old malarious swamp that you had before.

The first thing that God did—and this is the first day—God said, "let there be light, and there was light; and God divided the light from the darkness. And the light God called day and the darkness he called night. And the evening and the morning were the first day." That is the simple account of the first work that God ever performs in the human soul. The moment I hear him, if there be first a willing mind, God accepts me. That is equivalent, you see, to "Faith cometh by hearing, hearing by the word of God." The moment I hear and understand and respond by willingness, why, dear friends, then God says, let there be light, and all hell cannot keep the light back. It was nothing but darkness. The devil's work of darkness covered the face of the deep. The creature was very helpless, but God was very near, for the spirit brooded over the waters; and when the earth heard the voice of God, "Let there be light," there was light. Oh, my friends, if a man is only willing, the devil is powerless to prevent him from receiving blessings. If he will only let God do his blessed work upon him nothing can come to pass to prevent it. An unwilling mind God cannot work with. An unwilling

soul God cannot save, for God has ordained from all eternity that he will only save them that believe, and believing means being willing to let God do his work, and saying so.

God divided the light from the darkness. I want you to notice, dear friends, that there is a large part of this new creation that is taken up just in getting things all arranged so that something can be done, having things divided and pointed off. It is just like a man clearing out an old brush-wood that he wants to make a nice farm out of. The very first thing he does is to just get an idea of how the land lies, see how the waters run through the fields, and think exactly how he is going to divide the old thing up, and he runs his fences—tries them this way and tries them that way until he says, "Now, that will do for a number of crops; the water comes right into these lots just as I want it. This must be for corn, that for oats, and that for fallow land. Now that is all right." Now, he has got his fences all fixed right and he can go to farming. If he goes pell-mell into the thing he will break himself up moving his fences. But if you will just plan everything, have an apple orchard here and fence off the farm and divide it, and appoint everything right, then you have got a magnificent foundation made for being a successful farmer. That is exactly the way God does with his farm, for you are God's husbandry; that is, you are God's farming operations. So, in this blessed work of creation, God first divides and appoints all these things. The first thing he does is to divide the light from the darkness. The devil has got everything mixed up. We call bitter sweet and sweet bitter. We do not know anything, my friends. What horrible confusion there would be in society if we would just transpose the names of about twenty familiar things. We would all be in the mad house before a week. We would not understand each other.

So the first thing God does is to get us to call things by the right name. Light he wants you to call light. That is what the devil does not want you to do. If the light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness, said Jesus. And you will find that the devil produced more devilment by mixing up the names of things than anything else. What do you mean by repentance, devil? "Why, don't you know what that means? It means, you ought to be sorry for your sins." What do you mean by coming to Christ, devil? "Coming to Christ, why, that means a full, thorough appreciation of what a poor sinner you are, a thorough resolution that you will never do anything that is wrong, and a thorough vow before God that you will at once quit what you are doing, and after you have shown that you mean business by being a great deal better, then join the church, and show that you are not ashamed to put yourself with the people of God; that means coming to Christ." You still let him call things by the wrong names. I am not denying that these things are all right things in their places. The devil says coming to Christ means looking over the Bible, seeing whether you have got things right, and reading it from Genesis to Revelation on your knees, and when you get through the Bible and find out exactly how it is, then like a steady man, not in excitement, just go quietly off and join the church. Now, my friends, what God wants you to do is to call things by their right names. The light he calls day and the darkness he calls night. Day in Hebrew means movement, Night in Hebrew means crookedness, deviation from a straight path. Ah, my dear brother, just let me tell you how the dear Lord has given us the latest theory of light, will you? I want to show you how the wisdom of God in the oldest book of the world has just in one little word given us the latest results of modern scientific investi-

gation on that wondrous subject on which men have been floundering for thousands of years—What is light ? And the very last investigation shows that light is movement of an infinitesimal number of whatever you may please to call them—that is light. God said that six thousand years ago, when he called the light movement. If they had just gone to the Bible, that would have set men to work on the right road. God does not intend to teach science. He takes it all for granted. God knows just exactly what light is. He uses a word, and if we would only take God's account for true, not only in theology but in physiology and astronomy and everything else we would have less trouble ; but for lack of that we go philosophising around. Hugh Miller blew out, what he was pleased to call his brains, over the first chapter of Genesis. Why, he had his theories of science, and he twisted God's word, and pulled out one little sentence and chopped off another that was too long, and ended it all by announcing his theory and committing suicide. He was a good man too. If he had been one of the devil's he would not have killed himself ; but when a child of God comes down to that the devil has got a chance at him. One of the finest minds that the world has ever seen blew his brains out because he would not sit down at the feet of Jesus and learn heavenly wisdom as God wanted him to do, but he would understand everything. Let us understand this in passing. God calls the light movement. I have got a much better thing to tell you than the agreement between this and the latest scientific investigation. God calls the light movement and the darkness crookedness. There is nothing straight about darkness. God has nothing to do with anything that is crooked. This generation is a crooked and perverse generation. Darkness means crookedness. Light means straightness. As for God, his lines are all

plumb lines. There is nothing crooked about them. Why is it that God saw that the light was good? Well, it was light. It was not the sun. The sun had not been made yet. I am not concerned with the speculation of scientists. I believe what God says. He made the universe, and I believe that he knows more than any of them. He is the scientific author of everything. We in our poor shallow ideas say the sun is the author of light; and man in his presumption and self-conceit will undertake to teach the good God how to make light. In the beginning God said, let there be light and there was light—there was movement. Why does God see the light and say the light was good? I can tell you; it is the beginning of life. It is life. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear; first infancy, then childhood, then manhood and womanhood. Let us never forget that. Why does God call light good? Because it is good, good in itself, and better for the promise that lies in it; just as you say when a little child is born into the house, "Oh, there is such joy in the house." What is all that joy over? Joy that a man is born into the world. I wish you would go and look at what they are all rejoicing over; a little helpless, uninviting object, squaring itself to the universe as if it were fighting because existence had come so suddenly upon it. There is nothing prepossessing in a new born infant, and yet everybody is rejoicing over it. My friends, that joy can never be repeated again. The day it was first said a child was born in my house, was a day of rejoicing. I have had children born since, but never had that sensation but once—the joy that a man and woman have over their first-born, there is nothing like it in this world. That is the reason Jesus Christ is the first-born of God. God has joy over his Son because he is the first-born. There is joy when another child comes into existence. The heart

of God throbs with joy when any of his children are born ; but oh, my brother, when the first-born came into the world; I know something about it. I know something about the way God felt when his first-born came into the world, in my measure. He is God and I am a poor creature, but in a measure it is exactly the same thing. My mother, have you forgotten ? Shame on you, if you have. Father, have you forgotten ? Shame on you, if you have. Can a woman forget her suckling child—her first-born ? Ah, my brother, if it had not been for one thing, my joy in the very hour of my first-born's existence would have been turned into sorrow, if it had not been for the outcome that was in that little mortal ; if it had not been, as I looked at that little thing, there came up the vision before me of a little girl beginning to talk. It was afterwards realized. The little hand grasped my poor finger, I could feel the tender pressure of it as I looked in the cradle, and it said papa. I just looked and sat and dreamed. And then it was a school girl, and then it grew up into graceful womanhood. I saw her then just as I see her now, the dearest object to me on earth. I saw all that in the cradle. That is the reason that I rejoiced. That is the reason God rejoiced. It is not for the little brown seed ; it is not for the insignificant little sapling, but it is for the giant oak that tosses from its mighty branches the storms of centuries. That is the reason that God rejoices when he sees the light. There is movement in it, all undisciplined, all ungraceful, if you will ; but dear friends, did you ever see an ungraceful movement in a child? Never. Did you ever see the movements of a child mimicked by a man, and gracefully done ? Never. In his movement there is nothing graceful. Whenever we look at a baby there is nothing uncouth in the movements made by it. There must be something in the outcome of them, that

is the reason why God, the very moment a sinner repenteth, rejoices. Why? It is nothing but the poor fellow come back covered with rags and filth. That is all there is about it, but he repents. He has changed his mind, that is all, and the father's heart just bursts out with joy, and he clasps him as if he was the sweetest scented boy on earth, and he never minds anything. The tears of joy fall down on his upturned face. Do you know why? He sees those rags off of him; sees him clothed in his right mind; sees him the prop of his declining years; sees this boy reformed, better for that wandering. He sees him cured of his wildness, sees him more careful of his money, for his former profligacy and spendthrift life; and the heart of the father rejoices. I am so glad that when God sees the weakest of us, he is looking on what he can make out of us in a thousand years or ten thousand years. And why am I talking about years? Eternity has no years in it. It is an everlasting future when God shall lengthen out this everlasting life of ours, and every minute shall be filled up; an advancing, glorious existence in the eternal future, with no disabilities, no drawbacks, no hindrance. Think brother, sister, of what we will be in a thousand years' time; think of what we will be in ten thousand years; think of what we will be in a million years. Think of the glorious body that our God will clothe us in, the grace and beauty that we will wear. So, I do not wonder that God looked at the light and said it was good. It was a mighty poor little thing. It shone out over the blank waste of the bitter waters with never a fish in the sea, never a fowl in the air, never a man to look upon it all, never a four-footed beast or creeping thing to perceive the change; it was light shining out over the waste that the devil had produced; but oh, the promise that was in it; the joy that was in it, for it was the beginning of the end. That is the

reason that God looks at the light and says, it is good, just as the farmer when he looks at his unripe crops rejoices, because he sees in them the ripened sheaves of grain and comforts to his family, and the wealth that flows in to him. I need not tell you that all God's hopes are far beyond the reach of failure, but the drouth may come and ruin the farmer's prospects, the flood may come and waste it. God says, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth and changes his mind. There is fresh joy at every one, but remember God gives joy over that which can never be changed ; praise God forever. We will have other things to think about, other things to rejoice over. God bless you, and may this lesson sink into your hearts.

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

The dear Lord does not want us to be discouraged at any stage of this journey. He wants us to be full of life and joy, for the reason, that it does not matter how little progress we make, the Lord is going to do his best for us where we are. It does not matter how low down we are ; it does not matter how little we have, if we will not get up to where the Lord wants us to get, then he will come down to us where we are ; that is a sweet comfort. While the Lord wants us to have the very best things, yet if we will not have the very best, he will come down and do the best he can with us in the smallest things. So, there is joy and blessedness all along.

Now, dear friends, there are a great many people that stop right short the very first day in this new creation ; get no further. I know them by thousands that never have gotten one inch further than the first day ; and I know people that have stopped the second day, and people that stopped at the third day. I cannot answer very much beyond that, because the light is not as clear and distinct ; but these thousands and millions of Christians who come to Jesus for eternal life are found at every stage. And so, dear friends, let us remember that ; and now, what is going to happen ? The Lord is just coming down to all these children of his, and do his best for us on the platform that we ourselves shall choose ; and by the platform I mean this, that I can have just as much or just as little of this salvation as I choose.

I can be barely saved, as by fire, or go on to have an abundant entrance, and still more abundant entrance and most abundant entrance. I can go just where I like; but remember, dear friends, that heaven corresponds to earth exactly; let us never forget it for a moment. That is not to discourage us. Heaven takes us just where earth leaves us. We form our eternal character here and nowhere else. We cannot repair the mischief in the skies that is done here. God teaches us that most plainly. You cannot repair the mischief of earth after you get to heaven. It is impossible. You can choose your own plane, and that will be the plane on which you travel forever and forever, and you can never, by any means, get out of it. You see that is the thing that makes life so serious, while it is a thing full of joy, because God has given it and because God will do his very best for us on our chosen plane. Still, there are lots of blessings that we may miss. For as one star differs from another star in glory, so shall it be at the resurrection day. Remember all are not alike at all. Remember there are dominions and principalities and powers, and there are the barely saved. All these will you see in the heavenly world; and these grades up yonder in heaven correspond to the characteristics that we have down here on earth exactly. Here I am. I come and confess the dear Jesus, take him as my Saviour. When you do that, I say truthfully the Lord will save you, God will take that soul to heaven. His sins are perfectly forgiven. Now he is an accepted child of the dear God, and his name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life never to be erased. It may be blotted, but never to be taken off. That is a saved soul. It will get all that it could possibly get by taking that step, for God's boundless blessings are in that step, and that soul when it enters heaven will go on a career of everlasting

progress, but always in that plane; let us understand that; a career of everlasting progress, but you will never get up higher, never, never, never. You will go on in a career of everlasting progress on that plane forever. God will pour out the riches of his grace upon that plane; you shall have it freely. If on the basis of this free salvation I say, Lord I will pass on to another grade, or to another degree, very well, I shall go up. Then, when I get to heaven it will be one everlasting progress of joy and blessedness on this higher plane. Then if I choose to go on and take the third degree, go a little higher on earth, and have the character of a third grade here on earth, then when I go to heaven it will be everlasting progress up yonder on this third chosen plane. If I want the fourth I go up higher, or if I want the fifth I go higher still. So, all God wants us to do is to go up to the higher place. He sits up yonder and says, come up here. Excelsior, that is the word, the still small voice of God speaks to us, "My children, Excelsior." Ah, joy of joys! as I take each step, when I know I have found an everlasting plane of blessedness.

So you see, heaven takes us where earth leaves us. The mischief of earth can never be repaired in the skies. What we make ourselves down here we are forever and forever. It is an idiot dream that we shall be turned into heaven on exactly the same platform, just because Jesus Christ died upon the cross for us. Not at all, for he not only died, but rose again. My friends, unless we know our Jesus in his full character we will not get the full blessing that God intends for us; so justification is one thing and sanctification is another; and I pray you to consider that God emphasizes this lesson first of all in the first chapter of Genesis, by teaching that the world was made in six days, thus revealing that in the new creation there are grades of creation; there is

the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth days. If I get the first day of creation I am saved; yes, indeed; the light I have got will never go out; and truly the light is good. The Lord says it is good. Wouldn't you rather go on to the sixth day, where the Lord looks over the finished thing and says, now, it is very good. Wouldn't you rather have God say to you it is good twice than it is good once? Wouldn't you rather have him say to you it is good three times, than twice, or it is good four times than three times. Let us have this holy ambition to get the very best thing? Jesus died and rose again. Don't you see that is the thing that makes life so full of meaning, because every day and every hour I may be rising obedient to this heavenly call, "Excelsior," rising higher and higher, retaining all that I get, never losing that; for that is another sweet feature of this salvation, that what I get I keep, and what I gain that I may have. Remember that God is not forgetful, not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love. He forgets nothing. When a child is born in the house it is born forever, and saved forever. God never forgets that. If, on the other hand, I go on to the second or third or fourth platform, I can never lose it. I may fail to get to the fifth. I may stop right there and lose my ambition and grow lazy, and never attain the fifth, but I will never in the eternal ages fail to have the fourth. What I gain I have; what I have won I shall wear; what I earn I shall have. You never take away wages earned because subsequently your servant turns out bad; they only forfeit the wages they have not earned, they do not forfeit past wages. He is not unrighteous to forget our labor of love. My dear friends, if I never get another bit higher as long as I live, I know I have got my Eastern Kentucky crown. I have got my twenty-seven thousand souls laid up in heaven,

and the devil cannot touch them. I will have that as sure as God is God and pays honest wages for honest work. I went for the love of Jesus and did that for his dear sake. He knows it and I know it, and if I never get another soul, I have got that much. I do not mean to say I will stop there. I want half a million souls, and will have them by God's sweet grace, and I cannot rest on that except with joy, because God will never take it away from me. But that is simply furnishing me a standing point. I am not to sit down and sing myself to everlasting bliss, but to get up and go to work. Ah, my brother, this holy ambition to die a millionaire, this greed to get heavenly wealth does not degrade. Oh, no. This longing to lay up treasures in heaven, to accumulate more and more, that is a noble ambition that will never wither your life, will never change a loving nature into a base hateful one, like avarice of earth. No, this is heavenly ambition, and the more you get, the more grandly your character will expand, the more enlarged your views will be. So, you see, dear friends, that while there is full enjoyment, while there is full joy for us all, there is always something more than we can get; there is no sitting down for a while, but it is going on, it is progress, it is a journey of twain that does not end till the eternal journey ends.

Well now, dear friends, never stop, and I think you can see the propriety of it at once; I think you can see that it explains at once this lazy feeling. You had that when you confessed Jesus. Have you reaped the full benefit of that confession? No, indeed. You have got a glorious heritage that never can be taken away from you, but oh, my brother, it only gives you a standing point from which you can look forwards and see fresh fields of conquest, and go on, and on; praise the Lord.

Now, we get to this second day of creation, that is this second day of grace, making the second stage in the divine life, and advance on the first place, for every one is an advance upon the other. It is like going up a pair of stairs. The third is very far ahead of the second ; the fourth is far ahead of the third, and so on, until we rest in that blessed day when the morning and the evening was the seventh day, no darkness. But I want you to notice one particular thing, and that is the characteristic feature of the second day ; that God does not say it is good. Now, what God omits, my friends, is just as significant as what God inserts. There is this remarkable thing ; and it must strike you if you do not gallop over the Scripture. This second day has a mark upon it that no day in all the creation has. In the first, God saw the light and it was good. The third, God saw the dry land that it was good ; the fourth, He saw the lights that they were good ; the fifth, He saw the fishes that they were good, and the sixth, He saw the beasts of the earth, and man, and God saw it was very good. But here is this remarkable omission, that in the second day God preserves a steady silence. Now, that must have a meaning. What is the meaning of that ? I wish I could go to its fullest depths.

The second day, if I interpret Scripture aright, answers to the thing that runs all through Scripture ; it answers to the second life in the Scripture. Let me here observe that in Genesis there are seven lives that correspond with the seven days of creation exactly. God ever going onward in these epochs of seven ; for there is a seven-fold order. There is Adam, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, and there Genesis ends, for Genesis is the germ, the starting point, the ground plot of the Bible, and these seven lives, my friends, are the seven days of creation ; these successive advances in the divine life are stated dogmatically

in the days of creation, and then afterwards stated in the fullest illustration, in the fullest detail in these seven lives. Now, dear friends, Adam is the first life. The only account that we have of Adam is that God forgave his sin and clothed him with a coat of skins; put him outside of the garden; and there he leaves him. There is no other history than that. Adam disappears from view. There is salvation in its simplest aspect; God saving a soul. There is the salvation of the first day; there is the light breaking in upon the darkness; there is a man saved and nothing more; but when I get to the second life, I have got a very different feature. This life of Abel is a lovely life. All the features of it are lovely. God saw the light, that it was good. Is not the light of the second day good? Yes, it is beautiful. "God set the firmament in the heavens, and he divided the waters from the waters." The waters that are above are those pure, purged fresh waters that bring life and health and vigor to everything. They are the source of blessing. They are gone out of the bitter and unpurged salt sea. They rise to the fresh sweet clouds, and patter down in gentle rain, watering the tender herb, filling the streams, refreshing man and beast. No salt in them, no bitter in them. There is nothing purer than rain water, dear friends. That is the pure, purged water. God arranged in this second day to divide the waters from the waters; but mark you, now, the characteristic feature of this pure, purged waters is not what we see in them to-day. To-day you gather them into wells, into cisterns; to-day they make your crops to grow, and furnish you food and clothing; but in those early days, dear friends, when the waters were divided from the waters, then the pure, unsalted, purged waters did nothing but just rise and weep themselves away down into the dark and cruel and relentless bitter sea; there

was no man to refresh nor beast to refresh; there was no herb nor grass nor growing flower; there was no fish nor creeping thing; there was nothing but these purged waters and the light that shone on them and made them beautiful. There was no good in them. They were very sweet; just as sweet as they are to-day; but there was nothing in them as far as utility was concerned; and, dear friends, God is a utilitarian. Now I see the reason why he could not say that the second day was good; not that the waters were not good; they were. But they were good for nothing. Not good for nothing in themselves, but good for nothing as far as uses were concerned. The second day the pure purged waters stood above the firmament. They were good for nothing, because there was nothing that they could be good for. The clouds rose as they do to-day, but those grateful drops that are now the life of the world, sank again to the salt and bitter waters. God could not say that it was good. He never says that except when it is good. He may admire the light, but when the light is wasted he is bound to maintain a steady silence as to it. You see the reason why it corresponds with the second life. The peculiarity of that second life was this, that it was a beautiful life; none more sweet and beautiful than the life of Abel, but it went out under the murderer's blow. It was a waste of time; a life that perished before it came to maturity; a life that was stricken down and came to nothing, that is as far as the earth is concerned. We are not talking about the heaven, we are talking about the earth. A life cut off is a life wasted. You need not tell me that it is according to God's appointment when I educate my daughter or my son up to twenty-one, and she or he dies in the fulness of youthful vigor, just turning into sweet womanhood, or just rising into strong manhood, you need not tell me God takes away a

life like that ; he never does. It is a life blotted out, and the instinct of man recognizes it. I saw an illustration of this not long ago upon a tombstone in a graveyard, and I knew the dear man over whom the tombstone was erected. It was the cry of an anguished mother who had laid away her son in the bloom of early manhood, just as he had developed into everything that was bright and beautiful and lovely to her. And the cry of that broken heart was set in the marble. So and so ; born so and so ; died so and so ; "*Only five-and-twenty.*" It was a cry of a broken heart. Ah, brother, do you think God does that? I do not. I do not believe a word of it, any more than I believe he takes hold of a little baby ten days old or ten weeks old or ten months old and wrenches them in pain and agony, limb from limb. Brother, do you believe that is God? If you do let us part company. I will not walk with you one step on such a devil's road as that. God does not approve of this sort of thing. Never has and never will.

As concerning the second day, the second life, dear friends, there is a steady silence. A light that is quenched by the murderous hand of a fellow man is a life put out, a life wasted. It does not matter how God may bring good out of evil ; that is another thing. I know that Abel, being dead, to-day speaketh. God overruled the murderous club, and sent the song going of the ransomed in the sky ; for Abel was the first one that ever struck the note that shall give heaven its gladness in the eternal ages. There is no thought here that God will bring good out of evil. Don't you affirm that God killed Abel. God clears his skirts of that whole thing in saying, "Cain was of that wicked one," and slew his brother. And yet men say, "It hath pleased the Lord to take away our brother at twenty-five." Oh, those devil's lies, how they float around, as thick as autumn

leaves. The world is so full of lying, because the devil is the God of it; don't you forget that you are walking in an atmosphere of falsehood. Don't you forget the devil is the "God of this world; the prince of the power of the air."

Dear friends, this water that never does any good, the water, though pure and sweet as it may be, and lovely as it may be, wastes itself, weeps itself away in everlasting tears into the black and bitter sea, God never says it is good. He cannot say it is good. This corresponds not only to the second life in Genesis, but it also corresponds to the entire picture that God gives us of Israel. Redeemed by the blood, brought out of Egypt, brought into the wilderness. There must needs be a wilderness to go through; that is all right—a wilderness in which God wants us to learn our dependence on him, and go on our way rejoicing, and get through it in eleven days. These miserable creatures laid their bones there. They are a redeemed people. You will lose the meaning of the Bible entirely if you think that the Israelites who laid their bones in the wilderness were lost; they were not lost; they were as much the people of God and of Israel as Caleb and Joshua were. For forty years they traveled, until they laid their sinful bones in the wilderness. God walked with them; he fellowshipped with them as best he could, not in the place he wanted them to be, not in the goodly land that flowed with milk and honey. He wanted them to live there; he wants everybody to live in a fine house, but if they will not live in fine houses in the land that flows with milk and honey, he does his best with them on their elected plane. And so he came and pitched his tent where they pitched their tents and led the way. It is our place to follow Jesus. But when we are in the wilderness, in nothingness, that is, the spiritual rock follows to keep life in us; but that is not God's place. That spiritual

rock that followed them was Christ. Let us understand the lesson, for these are signs. Israel chose the lower plane. When the land was ready for them, when God had ordered the land for them, this was their self-elected place, and they traveled until they laid their bones there, and there were only two who were elected to go into the land of Canaan ; and into the land of Canaan they came.

As it is written, "There are many called, but few are chosen." Ah, brother, you may be among the chosen, honored by his grace to-day ; may a holy ambition be in you to be among the chosen. Oh, God says it is good to be honored. Surely, life is sweet ; I know that as well as you do, but then it is so much more pleasant, it is so much better to go on and get the best thing. Remember that is the third place where the Lord brings out this solemn lesson of this second day ; and we have another in the dear Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz. She missed her place to be the wife of his bosom, the mistress of his home, the sharer of everything that he had, just through ignorance ; if you say, that is all right, I grant you it was through ignorance, but we can make wilful choice as well. The choice of Israel was ignorant at first and afterwards wilful. Her choice of the harvest field, where she got an ephah of barley, to keep life in her own body, and have a little to spare for her mother-in-law, was like some Christians of the second day. Ah, my dear friends, Ruth had a perfect right to be the bride, the spouse of Boaz, all the time she was gleaning in the harvest field, and as soon as she found it out she went right into the house and there was no trouble at all. Ah, brother, I pray God you may take your rights. My sister, do not stay in the harvest field when it is yours to be mistress of great broad acres where you are now working and toiling. Oh, my brothers and sisters, won't you learn this?

I see it in another place. Mary and Martha are types of just the same thing. Martha careful and cumbered about much serving. I would not be surprised if Martha lived and died Martha. She chose that place. Mary chose another place; that was at the feet of Jesus, to know more of him, recognize him in his true character as the Son of God; but going far past that, far out of the sight of that, calling him the Son of God and sitting at his feet. Ah, that is the portion that you should have. Let us go on to another place. I think I can point you out another type. We have it in the 7th of Romans, when the blessed Paul went over that road, the second day in that creation. I have been over it, too, but I am seeking the Scriptures now. Hear the blessed Paul: "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I know not. The evil which I would not that I do; the good that I would that I do not. I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity." What about your desires? They are all right, "I love the law of God after the inward man." But I find this law in my members that is stronger than that, that brings me into captivity to the law only which is in my members. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death? So, beloved, we have in all these, types, and I will not go any further, though I could point you out dozens of them. We will stop right here, for in the mouths of these few witnesses this thing will be established or it cannot be established at all.

Notice this second day in the new creation. Here in the 7th of Romans we have it given; good desires defeated like the purged waters rising into the upper skies weeping themselves away. "Oh, wretched man that I am, wanting to do good, cannot do it; desiring what is right, failing at every attempt, every effort proving abortive, falling back, fainting

and spent every time you try to reach your ideal. Your ideal is right enough, praise God for that. You attempt to reach it, and the first thing you know you fall back. It is the old story of the heathen rolling the rock up to the top of the hill and as soon as he got it there down it came to the bottom. You want to do what is right, but it does not come to anything. Ah, my friends, it is that stream of water that is ever rising to quench the thirst till it gets to the upper lip, and just as you are about to open your mouth, the waters sink to your feet again. Oh, this life; I know what it is! Wanting to do good—I have tried so hard to do good, and God is the witness of that, God who has sighed and wept for me; and the devil is the witness too—the devil who laughed and scorned. I tried so hard to be a good man, and I never was. I lived in the 7th of Romans for five and thirty years. Ah, my friends, that is that weary stage where I say, "the good that I would I do not." I say to-day—and God knows how true it is—"The good I would I do not; the evil that I would not I do;" praise the Lord. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." I no longer say, "I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind." But I say, by God's sweet grace I bring my body under subjection. That is just the difference. No longer is there a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity, but, on the contrary, I sing with joy every day and every night. The law of the sweet life in Christ Jesus my Lord hath made me free, hath made me free from the law of sin and death, and I go on my way rejoicing, shouting thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ. The world is not dead, the flesh is not dead, the devil is not dead; but I have got the whip hand of them all. They who once put me down so that I could not rise; they who each one

by itself was always stronger than I, who each one by itself was always too strong for me, now my friends, the three of them cannot get me down. They can combine, and in the name of the Lord I can put them all under my feet. That is the difference. Do you know the difference, beloved? I have passed beyond the second day; I have left the wilderness behind me, that land of unavailing marches, I have left that; I have got into the land that flows with milk and honey. I have sat down under my vine and fig tree, and here I am, with none to harass or make me afraid. Thank God the land flows with milk and honey. My food is changed. It is no longer manna, but the old corn of the land. I have entered into a house without the trouble of building one. I obtained patrimony that I did not have the trouble of working for, I have fields that I till not, trees that I planted not, and I eat the fruit of the richest and most luscious fruit. Canaan is a good land to live in. I am living there, as God lives in heaven. Do you suppose I do not know the difference between Canaan and the wilderness after walking in that wilderness for thirty-five years? Do you suppose that I do not know the difference between being in the field or out of it? No, my friends, what I know I know; and one who has had this experience knows exactly what he is talking about. I know what the second day of the new creation is. I was in it for five and thirty years. Thank God I am over it. I give you the benefit of my best experience, warning you that God wants you to tide over this second day. The wilderness is not the place God wants you to abide in. God passes us all through there. But this experience will be turned into joy and gladness if, instead of failing there, we learn the lessons God wants to teach us, that is absolute helplessness. How can we learn it unless he takes us out into the land where there is no

wealth. These poor disobedient ones that laid their bones there, instead of learning that lesson, sweetly saying, here we are, there is no bread, but here we are, and here is God and that is all you want—they would have got through if they had done that—God wanted to bring them simply to lean on him. If we learn not that, we are lost to usefulness, lost to blessing, lost to everything that can follow life. Let us learn the lesson of obedient helplessness ; let us learn to lean on him sweetly and simply. You may be in the wilderness land, but you can learn it without living there for thirty-five years as I did. It is only eleven days' march. God wants you to move quickly across it, and every day added is a day in the desert. Though the sands be burning to the feet, and the desert sun be hot overhead, God will make it a blessing to you if you will let it be so. You can wander and lay your bones there, and you can never raise a grape there while you live. Canaan is the land of grapes. There is nothing but sand in the desert. Jesus says, now you are clean through the word I have spoken unto you ; abide in me, and you will bring forth fruit. You cannot bring fruit until you get to the land of Canaan. So in this second day of the new creation, almost universally, men fail, where even Paul failed. Ah, this sad, sad second life. There is where the beautiful Abel had his life quenched in blood. This is the second day where the purged waters weep themselves away in unavailing tears ; this is the 7th of Romans life, my friends. God calls it a purification. God cannot call that good, the days of purification in the wilderness. I ask the question kindly, as one who has had a great deliverance, as one who remained in that land so much longer than I want you to linger there ; I ask you, brother, sister, are you in the wilderness yet? Do you say, "The things that I would I do not ; the things that I would not, that I do?"

Have you been saying that longer than the eleven days? Then, beloved, I tell you what you do, before God. You may not think it, but I tell you you are wandering around through a weak, useless, fruitless life. Oh, my friend, God may delight in the life that is in you; but he cannot say, a thing is good if it is not. He is a utilitarian God. Brother, won't you come? Oh, that you would get over this second day. God bless you.

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

The analogy between the natural life and the spiritual life is a very exact one. If we could only see this more distinctly it would remove much that encumbers our lives and retards our usefulness. It is a common thing to say that a person is not a Christian at all because he is so inconsistent, does not bring forth the fruits of the divine life; nobody can see that he ever did produce any fruit, not a particle of it; and therefore they say, "Why, such a person cannot be a Christian." That is a great mistake. There is many a fruitless tree in the world. Fruit-bearing does not come on in the new creation until the third day. Jesus Christ says, you are clean through the word which I have spoken to you. Now, abide in me, and you shall bring forth much fruit. Fruit-bearing is a thing of going on, but many for lack of the fruit-bearing life say that there is no life there. That would be just as great a blunder as to say that because a child is a sick child, therefore there is no life there. The remedy for this is just to open our eyes and see what God has scattered around us. It is to open our eyes and see our life. Here is a feeble life, an existence, that nobody can deny to be life. It is a feeble and helpless child, no doubt; it has a feeble, listless life with just strength enough to breathe and open its eyes and see to take in its food; and so far as the functions of life are concerned, why it is as useless as a bit of wood; and yet that life goes on, wearily, slowly goes on, and at last in a few years it just fades out as

it came. It came upon the scene in that feeble, fluttering condition, and it goes off the scene in a feeble, fluttering condition. Would you deny that there is life there? Nobody would do that. Then, again, I see life in another form : a life that is intermittent, a life that seems to struggle and struggle and struggle against the evil that is within it, and the power that is trying to break it down ; and it fights and makes a gallant fight, and comes up to the front ever and anon, and then falls back, beaten, beaten, beaten, into bed again. Then tries again and gets bravely up and goes staggering around with a fearful headache, shattered nerves, but still with a deal of courage tries to keep itself up to the front ; then succumbs, and then gets up again, and then succumbs, and then bravely gets up and makes another trial, and then goes to bed again. How pitiful that is ; how touching it is, this struggle of life against disease ; the saddest thing in the world, my friends, a life beaten back at every point ; a life that, so far as usefulness is concerned, is almost a failure ; yet it is vastly better than that listless thing that made no attempt, that just breathed and slept, an existence that absolutely and deliberately yielded to the triumphs of the power that was bearing down upon it, until at last it became more and more feeble and went out altogether. But here is another life that will not succumb, that bravely goes to the front, and fights and fights, and lasts longer than the others. It fights so hard, and yet it never does anything, and by-and-bye there comes a great sweep of the opposing power, and the will goes down, and all power of resistance fades out, and the poor life is swept away into the eternal ocean. Have you never seen such lives as that in actual existence? You can see them by the hundreds any day. And there is another life that comes to the front, comes boldly on and bears back this power of evil that is

coming against it, with a strong and steadfast hand, beats it back and holds the situation ; and at last drives it out of doors altogether, and then it goes on in its steadfast way. We call that good life on earth. You have seen that occasionally ; not often. The people that have that life are the few that are chosen. The people that have the medicated life are the many that are called ; for, now, dear friends, taking the thing which is unseen instead of the thing that is seen, God wants us to understand the spiritual lesson. God wants us to just go beneath the surface, and find the analogy to this natural life.

Coming to the spiritual life, I find a person that is born again, that has a feeble, not even an intermittent life, but that feeble life that is breath and nothing more, and one day it is snuffed out and disappears like a snowflake melting upon the stream. Its existence produces no commotion in the world. It just comes and goes—fades away like the gentle dews of morning before the rising sun. I have seen others, brave souls that did not want to yield, brave hearts that had an ideal and said, I will struggle for it ; brave hearts that wanted to cast out the evil that was within them and fought for it ; but they fought and struggled ineffectually. They were brave. They did not lack the energy. They did not lack the will. The will was present with them, but how to perform that which was good they never, never found. So, their lives were passed in a weary struggle, only to be beaten ; with no shout of triumph on their lips, saying thanks be unto God who always causes us to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ. But, they say, "Oh, my Lord, I have tried to be a Christian, and here I am to-day. I have been in the church five, ten, fifteen years ; what have I done ? My God, is this the life of a Christian ; and I have tried so

hard, fought so courageously, have risen early, and I have burned the midnight oil. My God, is it this to be a Christian? Is there nothing better than that? Is it this everlasting struggle in which I am to be forever beaten? Is it this that my soul cleaveth to?" Do you know anything about that? I do. I am talking about something the very mention of which goes like a knife right through and through my heart. Do you know anything about it, sister dear, brother dear? I think all of us who are converted know something about this second day's existence, this journeying in the wilderness, this marching where you can gain nothing; sand, sand, desert sand; soul cleaving to the duty, and the dust so very deep. Then, dear friends, I have seen such lives as this where the soul just steps out of this weakening, unstable state of existence, where nothing is settled, where nothing is established, the soul at once steps out into an existence where it is no longer tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, but, as Peter says, is strengthened, settled and established. "The things that I would I do;" thank God. The things that I would not I do not; praise the Lord. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me;" thanks be unto God who always causeth me to triumph through my Lord Jesus Christ, walking worthy of the Father unto all pleasing, adorning the doctrine of God in all things, abiding in Jesus Christ and bringing forth much fruit. Ah, brother, these are Scriptures as well as the other, and I pray that they may sink deep into your hearts, not as passages of Scripture repeated in your hearing by one who knows the meaning of them, but, brethren, sisters, passages of Scripture that you can say, I have tried and proved, and found to be true myself, and I know what they mean; not a bunch of the grapes of Eschol brought to your tent door by some one else, but sitting under your own vine and

fig tree with none to molest and make you afraid ; that is what I want you to know ; that is what God wants you to know. That is making progress in the divine life, and when you come to this third day that tells out this story where the wilderness wandering is over, friends, where the second life and the secondary are over, God no longer maintains a steadfast silence, but he breaks out as if to make up for lost time, and says, "It is good," yes, indeed, it is good, and he said it twice. God speaks twice on this third day ; praise the Lord for that. Dear friends, there is progress, remember, in this divine life, and oh, what I long for you is that you may just take a step up. If you only knew the true significance of life ; if you only knew what a precious thing it is ; if you only knew that every day you might step up a little higher, and when you are there you will never go back, you will stay there ; there will be your platform through all eternity, then the next day you can step up a little higher, and that again you will never lose in the ages of eternity ; you have settled that much anyhow for ever and ever. Do you not see what significance there is in life ? Stepping up a little higher, and obtaining a higher platform on which you shall go through everlasting progress in the ages of eternity. What I want you to do is to follow the dear Jesus as best you can, follow the Lamb wheresoever he goes, and then you will get the best wherever he goes. If God will but use any word I say to lift you a little higher, that is all I want—a little higher, for that word "a little higher" means a little higher in the everlasting ages, not simply for three score years and ten, and simply an advance in happiness down here; that is a little thing in comparison. It is a great thing in itself, but it lifts you higher in eternity. Oh, may my words find lodgment in your hearts, and never be forgotten. We have got to another

day in which God breathes freely again, and says, with exultant joy, "It is good." Praise the Lord, it is good.

What is it now that happens? You see, thus far we have this wide waste of bitter waters, producing nothing, defying life to live in it—it is death, that is what it is, death covering the world. God has brought the light in upon the darkness; thank God for that. That is so much gained. God has set the firmament between the waters beneath and the waters above, and a certain portion of these dark, bitter waters, purged of their saltness, rise up into the clouds, and fall in gentle showers, but still they do nothing, water nothing, refresh nothing, give life to nothing. They weep themselves away in sweet, pure and gentle tears down into this ocean, waste and bitter, to be again raised up and go the everlasting round. If you get no further than that, then the will is present with you, but how to perform that which is good you find not. Good and defeated desires all the way, and these attempts to beat back the power that is coming against you, you always fail in it. Ah, brother, come on. Let us get out of that. Let us have a purpose that means something; let us have a purpose that has its way; let us have a will that is triumphant; so that this constant struggle that must go on within us as long as the spirit and flesh survive, that this ceaseless struggle shall be a ceaseless victory! Come with the dear Savior! In Jesus' name, come with me to the third day, and the hopes of your heart will be fulfilled. On the third day the "dry" appears—not the dry land; that is a delusion. And God said, "Let the dry appear," because it is the word dry he wants you to understand. You will see that little word "land" is in letters that can't stand up (italics), showing that they are not God's. All of God's letters stand up straight. God said, "Let the dry appear," and the dry did

appear. What did he do? And God said, as soon as this dry appeared, "Let the seas be gathered; let the waters be gathered into a place by themselves; let us have thus an everlasting distinction. There is the dry land, and there are the waters waste and bitter yet—unpeopled yet. There is not a fin that plies in that great ocean yet. By-and-by God will change that into life, but everything in its season, beloved. Do not be in a hurry; God is not in a hurry. What he wants now is the "dry." And God said, "Let the dry appear." When God speaks he speaks with a voice of authority. He speaks, dear friends, and it is done; he commands, and it responds to his order, because the earth is listening to him; that is all. Faith, remember, cometh by hearing. It is not omnipotent power that goes out without a cause. My friends, it is no almighty fiat that goes out without a cause; but the listening earth has heard the word of God; that is the reason that the dry appears. The light has heard the Word of God; that is the reason the light appears. He speaks to be heard. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God, and so, dear friends, we have this remarkable thing: that the dry appears, and the waters now are gathered into places by themselves; and the gathering together of the waters God calls seas. They retained their name forever. God calls the gathering together of the waters, seas, and by-and-bye he will produce life in them, but they are seas, and will be seas to the end of time. Seas in Hebrew means agitations, tumults and motions; that is the nature of the sea; that will be the nature of the sea to the bitter end. We will find the spiritual meaning of all that, but let us first see what the letter is. I want you to see the thing that is done. This dry appears, and that is the barrier that keeps these seas in their places, so that they shall never overflow the earth

again. That has gone out by a settled decree. They are gathered into places by themselves—not annihilated; that is a mistake. Some of our holiness people have made this mistake. There was never a greater mistake made by men or women. There is no place this side of heaven where there are no seas. Seas, my friends, means this everlasting tumult and agitation, this old nature that is within you, and will ever be in you to the end, the flesh that struggles *against*, that is ever opposed *to* God; the carnality that is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can it be, and the best you can expect of that is to bring it down, to bring it under subjection, for tumult it will be, agitation it will be, until this corruption shall put on incorruption. When I get to heaven there is no more sea, thank God. Don't you get ahead of Scripture. Here is a radical mistake of thousands and thousands of our holiness people. Here is the rock upon which so many have met shipwreck. They believe that the flesh is dead, and they say it is dead; and when it shows signs of life they say, oh, no, it is dead. They become dishonest before God; and so the devil has his own way, and we go down upon that rock. Friends, that is what always happens when we go beyond Scripture. God never says that the flesh is destroyed, never says the flesh is dead. Paul keeps it under and brings it into subjection, and does it continually. That is all that a redeemed soul can do down here on earth. We have, however, on our side, thank God, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and over against these stands the triple alliance, the world, the flesh and the devil. The world confronts the Father, the flesh confronts the Spirit, and the devil confronts the Son. The three are opposed to each other, and so the warfare goes on. Oh, brother, the flesh is no more dead than the devil is dead. If a man went upon the theory because he

was a very happy man, that the devil was dead, oh, dear friends, what an awful snare he would fall into. The world, the flesh and the devil are our lively opponents, and we must be prepared to resist these opposing powers by calling to our aid the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Confront the "devil" in the power of the Son of God ; meet the "flesh" in the strength of the Holy Spirit, and all that you can do with regard to the "world" is, to be "born of God." This, my friends, will secure you an easy victory. There is abundant encouragement around us. I would like to get rid of the devil personally, and I wish he was dead a thousand times. I wish there was no flesh, but wishing will not put them out of the way. I am not going to quarrel with the good fight of faith. I will thank God for his sweetest grace that gives me the power in the Father and in the Son and in the Holy Ghost to beat them all day long, and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year ; never let us weary of the good fight of faith. It is not a weary fight of faith if you are always gaining a victory. I do not mind how much I fight if I can always get the victory. I thank God I have gained victories for five and a half years, and I would not go back to the old condition, not for fifty thousand worlds to-day. Let me tell you how these victories have been secured. On the 25th day of August, 1876, taking the statement made by St. Paul in the fourth chapter of Hebrews, "We which have believed do enter into rest," as a literal fact, I made the following entry on my old Bagster Bible : "By grace through faith I have entered the rest the Lord promises to believing ones." My life had been one of unrest. One day I found out that by faith I entered into rest, and I said, I know I can believe, and I will let the Lord do the rest ; I said, "Lord, I do believe," and I went and wrote it down. I felt no great overturning, overwhelming

wave of peace and joyfulness, not a bit of it; but I had something a great deal better, I had the word of God, I had Hebrews, 4th chapter and 3d verse: "We which have believed do enter into rest;" and I said, in the face of man and devil, "I have entered into the rest the Lord promises to believing ones," not to "feeling ones," but to believing ones; not to working ones, but to believing ones. "He can and will keep what I commit to him until that day." You see it was forever. It was no experiment I tried with the good Lord. It was not, "I will try and see whether I get rest, and if I do not I will go back to my old way." I enlisted for the war, made an unconditional surrender. No going back! sink or swim! live or die! survive or perish, here I am, for God alone! I entered into his rest. That was crossing the Jordan. Since then I have not been tossed about. Since then everything has been settled, strengthened, established. Since then I have walked worthy of my father unto all pleasing. I have adorned the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things. Since then the ceaseless struggle that has gone on within me has been a ceaseless victory, praise the Lord.

Well, dear friends, now what happens? and how does it happen? The seas are gathered—these tumults, these notions, these agitations that will be in you as long as life lasts, are gathered together into places by themselves. God has settled it by a perpetual decree. God has declared by another decree, and has ordained that out of the ground everything shall grow. There has nothing grown yet, but now you have got ground, it is the easiest thing in the world for things to grow; and so, behold on the surface of this "dry"—we will come to talk about the dry directly, I do not want you to forget it—on the surface of this "dry," the green grass first covers the earth with a carpet; then the ten-

der herb springs up, the herb bearing its fruit and bearing its flowers ; then a stately tree arises ; for God's work is always from small to great, always from darkness to light. Every step in life is from small things to greater things. Then, lo ! the stately tree appears that bears fruit which bears a seed, and after it is gone and that seed scattered in a thousand ways, they covered the earth with what we see now ; the lovely green grass, these beauteous herbs, these springing flowers, these stately forests. The world is crowned with beauty and with verdure. We have the same old bitter seas, but the waters are confined in their places, and then on the "dry," God has ordained that out of the ground everything shall grow, nowhere else. Out of that comes the herb, the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind. The next thing God teaches man to do after the third day, is to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts ; that is the negative part. The positive is, that we live soberly, righteously and godly in this present age. There is always negative and positive life. The first thing God taught me was to lay aside the sin that so easily beset me. The first token I had was this : I had a very bad devilish temper, that had ravaged my life, and made myself and family unhappy for thirty-five years. My mother had it before me. I got it by honest descent. She had a red head, and I had a red head ; and if you have got red hair you have got the devil's own temper. I got it in the course of nature, and got rid of it in grace. And that devil is cast out of me ; but notice that is only the negative side. These seas are only confined in their places—these hateful tempers, these damnable tempers, these earth-born tempers that drag you down, that is the first part of this blessed third day. These are seas confined in their places by themselves so that they shall no more overflow the earth. But the positive appears closely upon the heels of the negative. Right

after denying ungodliness and worldly lusts comes living soberly, righteously and godly in this present age; right with yourself, right with your fellow man, right towards God; that is the positive side; that is the grass, that is the herb, that is the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, that is the positive side. Do you suppose God is going to take these hateful things out, and leave a vacuum there? No! for grace, like nature, abhors that. That is a principle in grace as well as in philosophy, and so in place of these hateful, horrible monsters of hell, come beautiful things that afterwards appear on the ground; but first of all comes the herb, the grass, the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind; praise the Lord for that, for this negative and positive always succeeding each other in God's appointed time. That is the life I live, I live by faith in the Son of God. It is so different from my old life. If you were to ask me to go back to my old life that I lived seven years ago, or to have both hands cut off, both feet cut off, both eyes put out, both ears stopped, I would say, let me be maimed all over. I would not dare to go back to where I was in the Christian life seven years ago—nothing could induce me; for if you take away my eyes, my ears, my hands, my feet, I have got Jesus left. Jesus is the power of life, Jesus is perpetual joy. No, dear friends, I could not go back there; I could not live there, for the soul that has lived with Him once, that has walked in fellowship with him day and night, so that where you go he leads you, when you sleep he keeps you, and when you awake he still talks to you, cannot go back to that life; it is death outright, and I could not live there.

Oh, that I could speak a word that would become with you a desire to go on with this blessed third day. * * * On the 25th of August, 1876, these earth-born affinities

dropped out of me because they could not hold me any longer; I had something so much better, and not only did these drop off of me, but everything else. I went right out of a barren ministry into a successful one. In a few months after this blessed victory I first commenced working in Moody's enquiry rooms, and then saw that God had called me to a wider sphere than that. Mr. Ransom had just furnished me a handsome house and an income of $4,600.00. I said, good brother, I must go. He was too good a man to want to hold me. He saw what had happened, and said, "The will of the Lord be done!" And in four days I was off to Kentucky, and since then my daughter and I have been going. She joined me a month or two after that, and we have been going ever since. Do you suppose I would go back to the old barren life I led before I knew how to trust and rest? I would rather be dead than preach the gospel without winning souls. I have an insatiable thirst for souls. Souls converted are the legitimate wages of my ministry, and if I continue a faithful servant in the Lord's service, I may reasonably expect increased remuneration. I may come up to Moody some of these days, though I hope he will go on, and keep ahead of me. I am not ambitious except to do God's blessed will. I am not ambitious to get ahead of anybody. But, dear friends, that is the way God makes our lives to blossom and bud, first the grass, then the herb, then the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind. Praise the dear Lord's name. Ah, brethren, that is the beauty of it; as you go on and God gives you better wages and this spiritual life develops, this fruitfulness of it comes out by abiding with Jesus Christ, a fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind. I can go on day after day, and drop these seeds, and not know where they go to. If a bad habit brings a thousand in its train, why does not a good habit? It does. You

and I know full well how one habit brings a thousand in its train. I do not see half that God does through me—not the thousandth part of it. It would make a fool of me. God knows too well how to train his children to let them see all the good they are doing, but I know that God keeps a book of remembrance, not only a Book of Life in which my name was written, but a book of remembrance in which everything is written and the outcome of everything, and I think wherever a seed is scattered that produces another tree that in its turn yields seeds after its kind, going on. God has got a book of remembrance where it is all put down every day. I have a deep interest in the unfolding of that book of remembrance. Praise the Lord whose seed is in us. I know enough to fill me with joy and peace, and not to spoil me. God is wise and prudent with his children. Brother, the unfolding joy is all reserved for the happy day when the book shall be opened, the book of remembrance in which everything is put down, the sprouting of every seed shall be unfolded, and I will have the capacity to take it in.

I was working not long ago in Green County, Kentucky, and I noticed there was a big yellow plum in Green County. If you ever go there in the plum season—about this season of the year, you will find the whole face of the earth covered with yellow plums. I went into General Hobson's office, and I said, "How does it happen you have so many yellow plums down in this country?" Said he, "Do you see that old stump? My grandfather planted that tree when he came from Virginia; he brought one seed in his pocket, and stuck it down in the front yard, when this was all wilderness, and that is the parent of every yellow plum in Green County." Whose seed is in us—birds picked them and men ate them and animals carried them away, and it was spread until the face of the country is covered.

Whose seed is in us. That divine life, how it fills my soul with joy! I can sleep, but the work does not sleep. I can sleep, but the seed sprouts. I had a friend in your community, that I used to think was a very odd sort of fellow. Whenever he ate even an apple, he would carefully take the core out of his mouth, make a whole in the ground, and put it in and cover it up. When he ate a plum or a pear he would always scrape out a little hole and put it in and cover the seed up. Said I, "What do you do that for?" Well, he said, "I am planting it for somebody else. If somebody had not planted this tree thirty years ago, I would not be eating its fruit." I think a man that carefully does that, and does it with a good intent as he did, plants a seed up yonder in the orchard of the immortals.

You see where it comes to. I need not point it out to you any more. It is not simply negative, it is not simply controlling your lusts and tempers and appetites and passions, and is only negative; but he that abideth in me bringeth forth much fruit. Fruitfulness is what God is waiting for in his children. Brother, sister, is your life fruitful? If it is not abide with Jesus, he will do all. How does it all happen; that is the thing that I want to come to. God has ordained that out of the ground shall everything grow. Let us go back to that "dry." You know what dry means. The best derivation that I can get out of it is the Hebrew root that means, the thing that is broken; in other words, its real equivalent is ground; out of the ground, that is the ground broken up into infinitesimally small particles, just as wheat is ground into flour, just as corn is ground into meal. That is "the dry." That is the Hebrew word that is translated earth. God called the "dry" earth, or ground. It comes from the Hebrew root that means to break to pieces, to crumble. Do you see the point yet? God exhorts you

and me to be clay in the hands of the potter; that is dry earth. You see what that is. If you will only be clay in the hands of the potter everything that I have been telling you will become true in your life. Just be clay in the hands of the potter. Dear Lord, do you want to knead my body up and fix that into a different shape? Oh, no, that is not what does it. You are to be in God's hands as clay in the hands of the potter. I will tell you what it is; it is the heart, it is the "I will;" that is the only thing that you can do. You can put your "I will" into God's hand, and he can fashion you into a vessel meet for his use. Until you do that nothing can be done. It does not matter what you are. Mrs. Smith beautifully brings that out in her "Secret of a Happy Life." She says, that the clay, when it is first put into the hands of a potter, may be filled with gravel stones, may be uncouth, lumpy, but it is exactly what the potter wants. All he asks is just to have it in his hand, that is all. He tears it to pieces, gets the gravel stones out of it, kneads it in his hands. Then he tears it to pieces, wets it down, until at last it is a lump of mud. It is fit for nothing, yet exactly what the potter wanted it to be. Then he puts it upon his wheel, gives it a single revolution, puts his thumb down into what is a lump of mud with a hole in it. What can you do with it? It is fit for nothing, but it is exactly what the potter wants it to be. He then deftly puts his fingers inside and skilfully turns it into a vessel, puts a spout and a handle there—dear me, it looks like something—yes, but it is fit for nothing. Take it up by that handle and it will fall to pieces; yet it is what the potter wants it to be at that stage, but it is not finished. He puts it in the oven, and now it is hard, but it is still not fit for use. It is uncouth in design, unshapely. So he puts it through another process and it comes out all ornamented and adorned with

beautiful lines and lovely flowers, and now it is useful, meet for anybody's use; and yet it was once a lump of clay. What the clay did was to put itself in the potter's hands. He did all the rest. God is satisfied with you if you will just submit to His will in you; surrender your will to the will of God. A very feeble will may be all that you have to offer, but that is all God asks. He wants you to be as clay in the potter's hands. By-and-bye your will will grow stronger, and by-and-bye you are fashioned into a vessel meet for his use; but God never asks you to put yourself in a place you cannot easily put yourself in. No tongue can tell how weak I was on the 25th of August, 1876, when I put myself as clay in the hands of the potter. The very moment I said, "My God, I will trust you," that very moment God said, "Let the dry appear," and the "dry" did appear; let the seas be gathered into places by themselves, and it was so. Now, dear friends, here comes the answer to this standing question of Jesus, how am I to subdue my lusts? By what means? I know that God must do it. "Give me some answer, Mr. Barnes," you say—"something practical that I can do to-day. You tell me that God will take away my temper. That is so vague and intangible. I know that theoretically just as well as you do, but how?"

That is what I am going to tell you. That is what I want you to understand. Jesus answered that question that was propounded by the wise man. I see these torrents from the mountains pouring into the sea. What troubles me is, why does it not flow over? Why doesn't it get too full? Here is the Mississippi, the Orinoco and Amazon, the Nile, the Danube, the Niger, every one of them pouring their mighty floods into the ocean, and there it is, no fuller than it was—how does that come? I will tell you how it is; God has declared by a perpetual decree as it is there, fear ye

God, who hath made the sand of the sea; sand that you can pick up in your hand and you cannot hold, it will slip between your fingers. God hath made that by a perpetual decree to be like bars and gates to the sea, so that it says to that proud thing, Hitherto shalt thou come and no further. Can sand fence it in? God has fenced it in with the sea shore, and that sea shore is made up of these little particles, the clay in the hands of the potter. God commanded not rock to appear. He commanded not solid granite to appear; he commanded the "dry" to appear; and these are the things that keep the sea within its bounds. So the beloved God asks you to give up your whole heart to him. He takes that, yielded, and makes it a barrier against the sea; more than that, God has commanded that out of the "dry"—out of the ground, that is what he called it—shall grow everything that does grow. Out of your broken will yielded into his hand—out of your willingness shall grow every fruit and flower, even a blessed new life, the negative and the positive. Your will, put into God's hand like clay into the hands of the potter, shall bring these proud lusts into perfect subjection. Your will, broken and put into God's hand, out of it he has ordained that all fragrance and beauty and loveliness of the vegetable creation shall grow. What are you going to do? Put yourself as clay into the hands of a potter to use, as a lump of mud, if you please. You say, Brother Barnes, I am not fit to be anything; I am not a vessel meet for the master's use. No, I know you are not; you are only a lump of unshapely clay, but you may put yourself a little in advance if you like; put yourself in the potter's hands to-day, if you please. I will promise you he will bring you out a vessel meet for the master's use.

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